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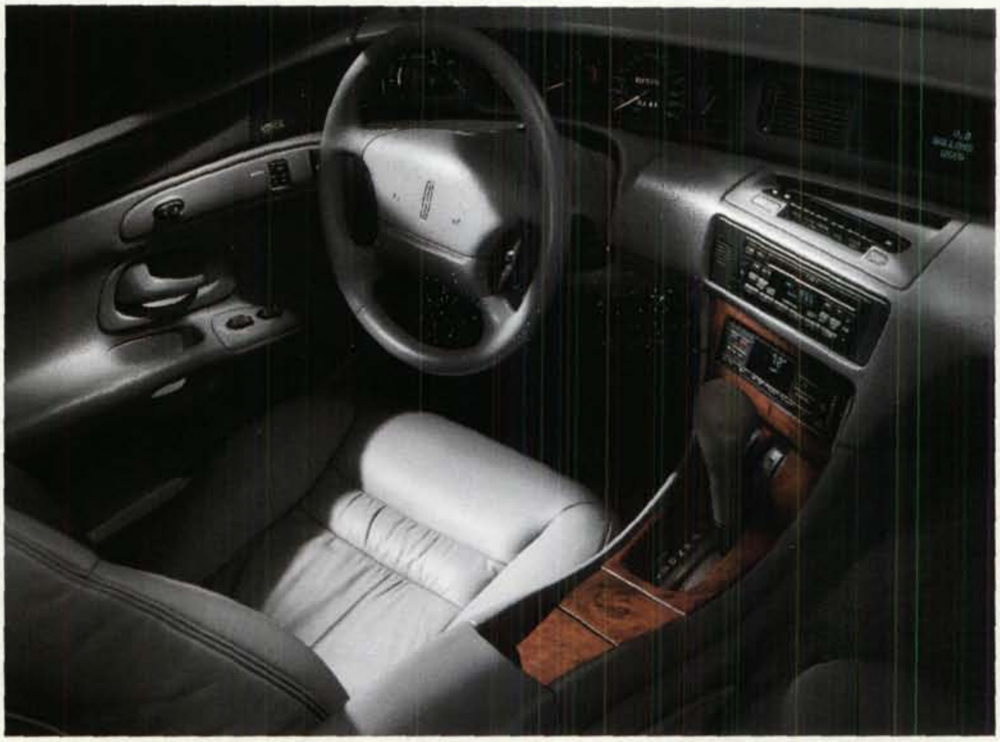

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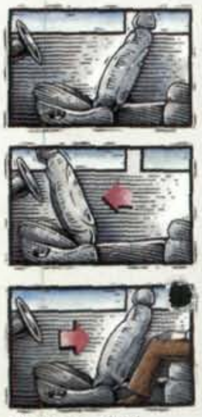

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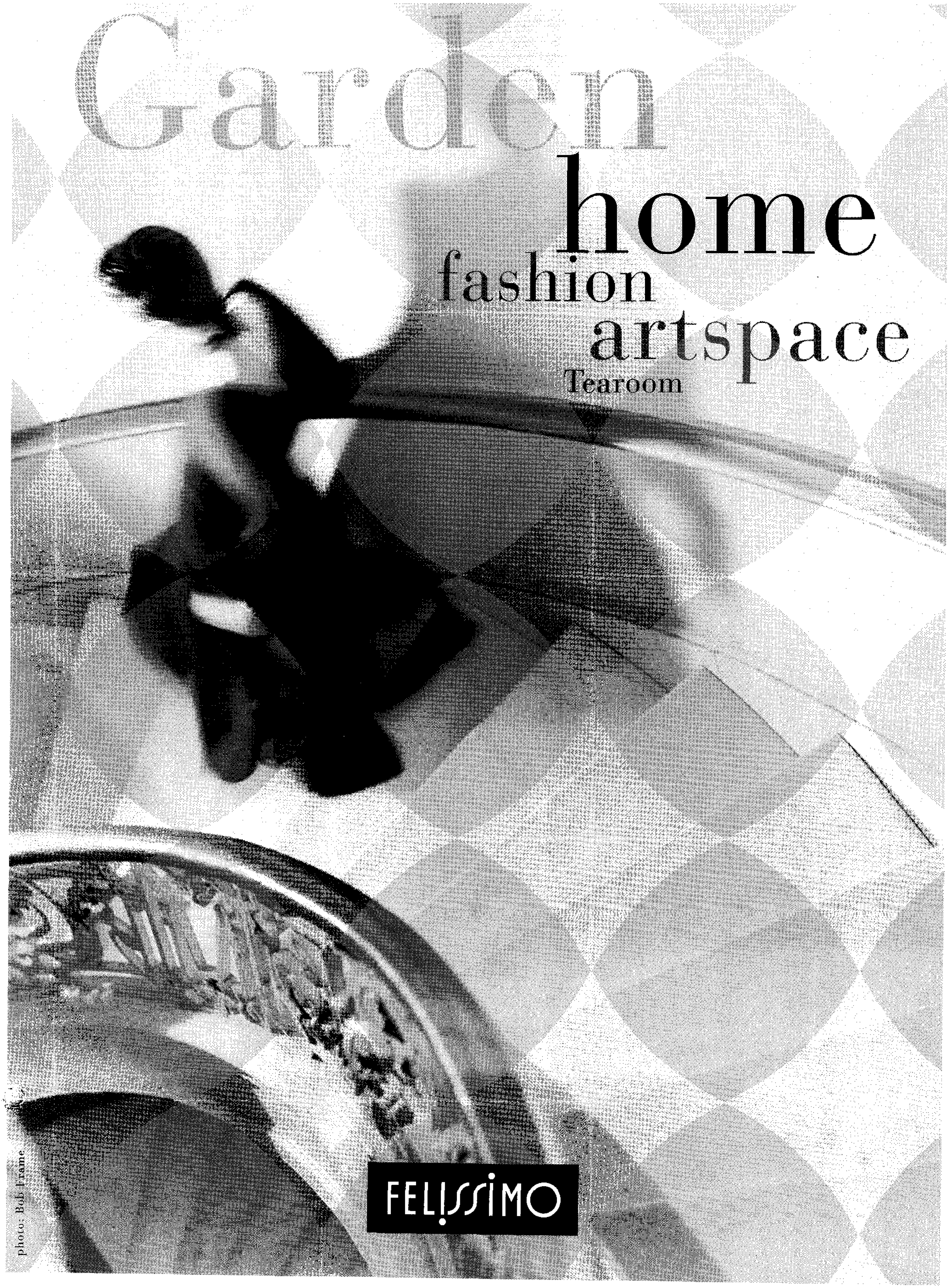
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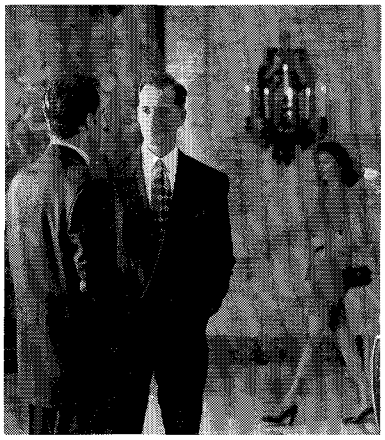

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THE NEW YORKER

JULY 18, 1994

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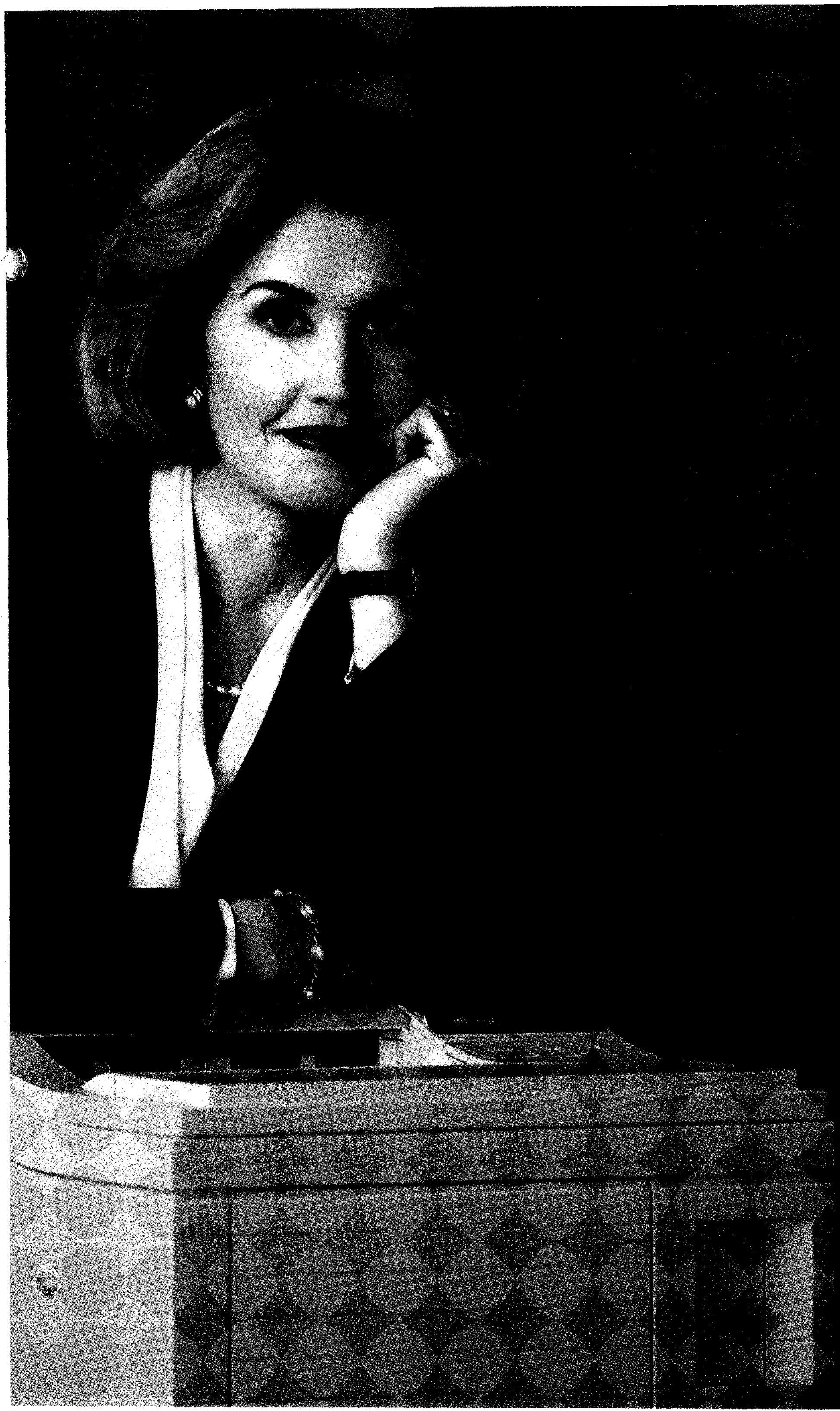

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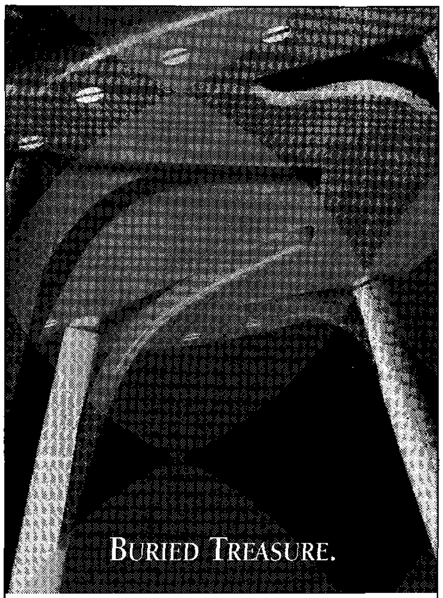

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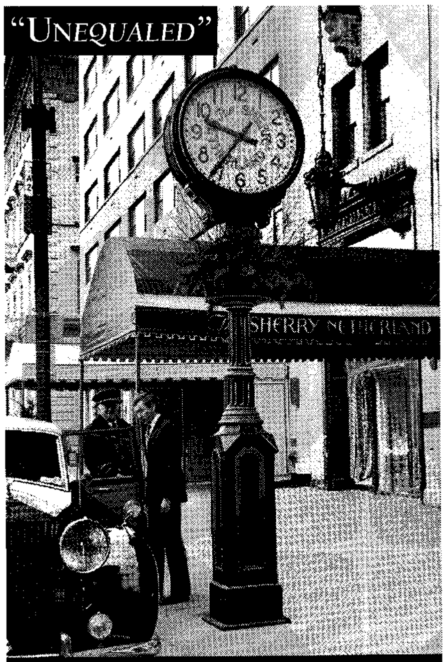

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COMMENT

GALLIC MISCHIEF

Why is France in Rwanda?

FRANCE has played a singular role in postcolonial Africa, sending its commandos no fewer than a dozen times into French-speaking former colonies that were descending into chaos. The ruthless efficiency of these interventions—somehow the French always managed to sweep aside such sentimental notions as sovereignty and accountability, and just go in and do it—won the sneaking admiration of other Western countries. And so when France announced its intention, late in June, of dispatching several thousand troops to stop the massacres in Rwanda, after the United Nations and the United States had spent eleven weeks wringing their hands and quibbling over the definition of "genocide," the relief in Western capitals was palpable.

Some commentators have taken a positive view of the intervention. For example, A. M. Rosenthal wrote, in the *Times*, "The French do not want to occupy the country. . . . There is no economic or strategic gain to be found in that land of corpses. They went in because their stomachs could not stand it anymore . . . and it does them credit." But others, particularly in the European press, have seen a darker mix of motives. They point to the close relationship that had existed between a succession of French politicians and Rwanda's President Juvénal Habyarimana, who was assassinated in April after twenty-one years of despotic rule. In 1973, Habyarimana, who was then the minister of defense, seized power. He was a Hutu—the Hutus, mostly peasant farmers, make up eighty-five per cent of the population—but he was also a Westernized military man, and it looked as if he would be relatively magnanimous toward the Tutsis, who had been the ruling class before independence. As it turned out, though, he presided over a sort of black-on-black apartheid, with "tribal" identity cards and an ethnic-quota system that limited Tutsis' access to schools and jobs.

Habyarimana, a protégé of the Élysée, formed warm friendships with President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing (with whom he signed a defense pact in 1975) and then,

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in 1981, with Giscard's successor, François Mitterrand. Mitterrand's son Jean-Christophe, who was in charge of the Élysée's Africa desk until 1992, befriended Habyarimana's son Jean-Pierre. In recent years, millions of dollars' worth of French arms have flowed into Rwanda.

Habyarimana became, toward the end, extremely rich. He bought mansions in France, Greece, Canada, Monaco, and Kenya, but he shrewdly made sure, while stripping his country to the bone, that the foreign development agencies got a good return on their aid money. Western donors hailed Rwanda as an African success story. As long as their flow charts were favorable, they were willing to overlook the occasional slaughter of a few hundred Tutsis.

In 1990, a guerrilla army calling itself the Rwandan Patriotic Front and composed mainly of Tutsi refugees and the children of refugees invaded Rwanda from Uganda. Habyarimana would have been quickly overthrown if France had not sent in several hundred military "advisers"; their participation in the fighting kept the capital, Kigali, from falling to the R.P.F., and freed the Rwandan Army and extremist Hutu youth militias to kill several thousand Tutsi civilians over the next several years—killings that the French did nothing to stop.

"*Whatever.*"

• •

Last August, Habyarimana reluctantly agreed to form a coalition government and to integrate his Army with the R.P.F.'s. An important stipulation in the accords was that the French military presence would end, and in December the advisers supposedly left. But it now appears that at least a few of them may have stayed. On the evening of April 6th, Habyarimana's plane, which was a gift from France and was manned by French pilots, was shot down by rockets, and he and the President of Burundi, who was travelling with him, were killed. According to information obtained by one of the most knowledgeable reporters on Central Africa—Colette Braeckman, of the Brussels daily *Le Soir*—the plane was shot down by surface-to-air missiles fired from the shoulders of two white Frenchmen dressed in Belgian uniforms. Habyarimana's wife, Agathe, was not on good terms with her husband and had violently opposed the August accords; after the assassination, she decamped for France. Braeckman has been unable to find out whether those she believes fired the missiles were freelance mercenaries or were acting on behalf of France.

The French government vehemently denies any part in the destruction of the plane. But no one who recalls the 1985 sinking of the Greenpeace ship *Rainbow Warrior* by French saboteurs can doubt that elements of that government are capable of mayhem. Why they might involve themselves in something like the April assassination is a harder question; might they have wished to derail the accords and keep Rwanda from slipping out of the Francophone sphere? (Many members of the R.P.F. grew up in Uganda and speak English.) Why the French decided to intervene eleven weeks later is equally perplexing. Was it for the humanitarian reasons they proclaimed? Was it out of a sense of guilt over the massacre of perhaps half a million Tutsis, and an unknown number of Hutus, which the plane crash precipitated? Or, as some believe, was it to retrieve compromising dossiers from Habyarimana's office, and French operatives and military equipment, before they could fall into the hands of the R.P.F.?

Roger Winter, the director of the U.S. Committee for Refugees, which has been involved in the Rwandan refugee problem for years, maintains that even if the French didn't shoot down the plane, they bear some responsibility for the genocide. "The French went in to evacuate their nationals in early October, 1990, and stayed for three years as combatants," he says. "They became the major military, financial, and diplomatic supporter of the regime. It was an anachronistic, nineteenth-century intervention. Now they're trying to look like white knights in shining armor coming in to save the day. But what has happened in the past two months was not a standard African bloodletting. It was a planned genocide by their friends. The quality of genocide is very different. Journalists and human-rights investigators will keep picking at its scab until the very nasty role France has played in all these terrible events has been exposed."

In the light of all this, the United States and the United Nations are clearly guilty of, at the very least, wishful thinking. In recent days, the French have shown signs of realizing that the Habyarimana clique is finished, and that it might not be wise to open fire on the R.P.F. with the world watching. Perhaps they are truly trying to turn over a new leaf. The old one was anything but unblemished.

—ALEX SHOUMATOFF

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IN THE MAIL

SALLE SALVO

It is clear from Janet Malcolm's piece on the artist David Salle ("Forty-one False Starts," July 11th) that nobody should underestimate the morbid sensitivity of some Americans. Here is a painter who, at the age of forty-one, has enjoyed a degree of success and acclaim beyond the wildest dreams of most of his peers. Prices around a hundred grand per canvas; the plaudits of the enthusiastic critics, with a few demurrals by, among others, me; a file drawer more than two feet long stuffed with his press clippings; a "retrospective" at the Whitney Museum in his mid-thirties; a lavish book in the works, soon to be published by Rizzoli; Sardanapalian dinner parties that take over whole restaurants in his honor and are attended by the very cream of the art world; and yet the artist David Salle still feels misunderstood and is presented by Ms. Malcolm as the butt of a hostile and reactionary culture. Victimhood is powerful, but what else can he want? The Oprah Winfrey Star for transcendence in suffering?

Apparently, yes. The artist David Salle feels burdened by an excess of empathy; he can even empathize, he says, with "the torturer," such as me, for he really and truly understands the stupidity, ignorance, and sadism a critic must have to not like his work. Unmoved by this magnanimous cry from the cross, I don't think you need to be a torturer to be less than enthusiastic about the repetitive amalgam of late Picabia and early Rosenquist he has been turning out for the last decade. But it was certainly a mistake to run the artist David Salle's self-portrait full page in an article that complains about the charge that he can't draw. That picture was worth a thousand words.

ROBERT HUGHES
New York City

THE FLAME GAME

I must disagree with John Seabrook's description of the culture of the computer-network discussion groups ("My First Flame," June 6th). A fraction of the discourse is raucous and aggressive, and the sort of profane flame he received is all too common. To focus exclusively on the negative aspects, however, paints a distorted picture. People on the network share information about everything from how to run their computers to how to make a cheesecake. Most of the people who post are trying to be helpful, even when they disagree.

I received *my* first flames through more old-fashioned means. Two years ago, I wrote a letter to the editor of the Boston *Globe*. Early on the morning it was published, I was awakened by a phone call hurling an ethnic slur at me. Then, later that week, the postal worker brought me a note informing me I should "get my head examined." So much for the theory that abuse from strangers is new, and exclusive to E-mail.

One shouldn't expect the level of civility on computer networks to be greater than that in the rest of the culture. Our national media pay millions to people such as Howard Stern and Rush Limbaugh, whose influence is far more pernicious than that of the worst of the people who post computer messages. AM radio has been around for most of the century, but it only recently turned mean. I don't know why offensive and obnoxious voices seem so much louder today than they did in the recent past, but Mr. Seabrook is being unreasonable when he blames the E-messenger for the message.

MITCHELL GOLDEN
Somerville, Mass.

The Internet and its news groups are often called the information highway. This implies that people are somehow an afterthought—that information is its chief contribution. What the net is to me is a formal parlor, a salon where conversations occur in different areas among different people. It is a place where people essentially remain strangers, and thus courtesy becomes an ethical imperative.

MELYNDA CLAIRE REID
Greensboro, Fla.

FALSE TRIBUTE?

As a lifetime reader and booster of your magazine, I was saddened and disappointed by the cover of your June 6th issue ("Memorial Day," by Mark Zingarelli). Could there be anything more insensitive than to portray the flag-raising at Iwo Jima in such a crude and frivolous manner? Thousands of our marines died in that bloody battle in the Pacific. The courage of our "young lads who will never grow old" will go down in American history. Their valor should not be trivialized.

I served as a Navy pilot in the Pacific—in the Guadalcanal, Solomon Islands, and Aleutians campaigns—and I deeply resent your allowing such a cover to be published.

WILLIAM H. MCELNEA, JR.
Carbondale, Colo.

Your June 6th cover was odious. The Suribachi flag-raising was not cute. Iwo Jima was not a day at the beach.

BILL HASSAN
Amherst, Mass.

Thanks to Mark Zingarelli for his allegorical "Memorial Day" cover. We do reap the rewards of Iwo Jima.

LOUISE SKELLY
Arlington Heights, Ill.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

The Open Page

When Mary Zimmerman, the director of "The Notebooks of Leonardo da Vinci," first presented the piece's rough, plot-thin script to Scott Bradley, her set designer, he was apprehensive. It was not immediately obvious to Bradley, who is thirty-two years old and was trained at Yale, how a music-and-movement piece based on five thousand unbound pages of the Renaissance artist's myriad imaginings could be made workable. "I knew something about Leonardo's painting, but very little about his notebooks," Bradley says. "When I delved into them I still couldn't grasp how the artist's thought and theories—about everything from war machines to autopsy techniques—could be adequately translated to the stage." The stage in question was the tiny space of the Goodman Studio Theatre, in Chicago, which made the process even more daunting. Soon, however, Bradley found that, as Walter Benjamin remarked of one of Kafka's projects, "everything worked out for him en route as in a dream."

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In fact, the resulting set, which mesmerized Chicago audiences and which arrives this week at Lincoln Center's Serious Fun! festival, can aptly be called a dreamscape. A looming mass of wooden file cabinets suggests the compartments of the brain, and the drawers open onto secret stairways and spinning balconies that suggest a Quattrocento city scene. At the end of the ninety-minute performance, the cerebral brown interiors give way to a cool blue backdrop inspired by the "Mona Lisa." "I couldn't imagine a piece about da Vinci using only intellectualized devices," Bradley says. "There had to be a hint of nature, too."

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.)

Broadway on Broadway—A free outdoor concert of show tunes from the current Broadway season, performed by Beth Fowler, Harry Groener, Carole King, Billy Porter, Vanessa Williams, and Karen Ziemba, among others. (Broadway between 43rd and 44th Sts. July 1 at 11:30 A.M. A "pre-show" starts at 11:10.)

The Manchurian Candidate—John Lahr's adaptation of the Richard Condon thriller, presented by the Art & Work Ensemble. Previews through July 15. Opens July 16 at 8. (Theatre Row Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. For reservations, call 925-3960.)

OPENED RECENTLY

All in the Timing—Six sparkling short plays by David Ives add up to one enchanted evening. Ives and the deft director, Jason McConnell Buzas, are wonderfully served by their actors, especially Robert Stanton and Nancy Opel. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.)

Beauty and the Beast—Disney's Broadway money-spinner, adapted from the animated-film version, has a few moments of solid-gold theatrical amazement: the showstopping "Be Our Guest" production number and the Beast's transformation into the Prince at the finale. Directed by Robert Jess Roth. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/2/94.) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 307-4100.)

Birdbones—In a one-man show that had a brief run last winter at the Kitchen, Dudley Saunders tells the story of a poor Southern single woman and her two children. The characters are chronically abused and down on their luck, but Mr. Saunders' writing and his performance have power, humor, and grace. (HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., at Spring St. 647-0202.)

Blown Sideways Through Life—In her sixty-fifth job, Claudia Shear charmingly and observantly tells us about her previous sixty-four, which have ranged from working in a

"The Notebooks of Leonardo da Vinci," at Serious Fun!

hardware store to being a "phone girl" at a whorehouse, with a stint as a Bloomingdale's cosmetics salesgirl thrown in. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2285. Closes July 17.)

BOYS DON'T WEAR LIPSTICK—Brian Belovitch's one-man show. (Charles Ludlam Theatre, 1 Sheridan Sq. 677-5389.)

CAROUSEL—Nicholas Hytner's authoritative direction combines with Bob Crowley's inspired sets to transplant the National Theatre's 1993 smash hit onto the Vivian Beaumont stage. Bold, beautiful, and controversial, this multicultural reinterpretation launches Rodgers and Hammerstein toward the twenty-first century. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

DAMN YANKEES—The big musical hit of 1955 is back, in its first Broadway revival, with Victor Garber as the Devil and Bebe Neuwirth as Lola. George Abbott and Douglass Wallop's book has been jarringly updated by the director, Jack O'Brien (with the help of the hundred-and-six-year-old Mr. Abbott). The result is a vehicle that swerves between fifties stodginess and nineties cynicism. But the cast delivers Richard Adler and Jerry Ross's music with sporty energy, and Rob Marshall has created some lively dance numbers. (4/4/94) (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100.)

THE FAMILY OF MANN—Theresa Rebeck, a Ph.D. who has written for sitcoms, has written a play about a Ph.D. who writes for sitcoms, and it isn't pretty: megalomaniacal producers, go-along-to-get-along writers, craven network honchos, sexism by the megadose. No surprises here, but Ms. Rebeck's portrait of the funny-horrible good old boys' world of TV land has the vividness of sharp reporting and the satisfaction of revenge. The good cast, directed by Pamela Berlin, includes Julie White, David Garrison, Robert Duncan McNeill, Lisa Gay Hamilton, and Anne Lange. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103. Closes July 30.)

GREASE!—The talented cast and the inventive production team show off the gleeful phonyness of Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey's musical with unembarrassed affection, and the result is a fun fake that's not trying to pass as the real thing. Rosie O'Donnell is very likable as the tough-talking Rizzo, and Billy Porter blows the lid off the joint with his Little Richard-like rendition of "Beauty School Dropout." The set, a riot of Day-Glo colors, is by John Arnone, and the lighting and the witty costumes are by Howell Binkley and Willa Kim, respectively. Jeff Calhoun directed and choreographed. (5/30/94) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 239-6200.)

HEDDA GABLER—Kelly McGillis has the title role in Henrik Ibsen's 1890 psychological drama. Directed by Sarah Pia Anderson. (Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400.)

HYSTERICAL BLINDNESS AND OTHER SOUTHERN TRAGEDIES THAT HAVE PLAGUED MY LIFE THUS FAR—An autobiographical musical-comedy revue written by, and starring, Leslie Jordan. It's a tale of growing up Tennessean, thespian, and gay. Joe Patrick Ward's energetic musical numbers run the gamut from corn to gospel. Directed by Carolyne Barry. (Playhouse on Vandam, 15 Vandam St. 691-1555.)

AN INSPECTOR CALLS—J. B. Priestley's 1945 mystery is not really a play—it's a speech, about every man's link to every other man. The fine cast, which includes Kenneth Cranham, Philip Bosco, and Jane Adams, has ideas, not actions, to play. Directed by Stephen Daldry. (5/16/94) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

JACKIE MASON: POLITICALLY INCORRECT—A former rabbi from a family of rabbis, Mason uses the stage as his bully pulpit. Behind his shtick, which is sometimes vulgar but always funny, is a fundamentalist disgust at the world's fraud, wickedness, hypocrisy, and inhumanity. (4/25/94) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

LAUGHTER ON THE 23RD FLOOR—Neil Simon's twenty-seventh Broadway play, about a group of writers for a fictionalized version of "Your Show of Shows," is one of his finest comic efforts. Directed by Jerry Zaks, with Mark Linn-Baker, Lewis J. Stadlen, Nathan Lane, Ron Orbach, John Slattery, and J. K. Simmons. (12/20/93) (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 307-4100.)

MERRILY WE ROLL ALONG—Stephen Sondheim's 1981 musical about a show-biz sellout, based on the Kaufman and Hart play of the same name, has been given a spirited revival by Susan H. Schulman. A few new songs have been added, but no amount of spirit can disguise the essential sourness of George Furth's book. As the story moves backward in time, from the mid-seventies to the late fifties, the characters progress from shrill bitterness to wide-eyed innocence and the show hammers home its dubious point, which seems to be that being an adult is a bummer. With Malcolm Gets, Adam Heller, Amy Ryder, and Michele Pawk. (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 534-5366. Closes July 17.)

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR—Shakespeare's comedy, set during the California Gold Rush. With David Alan Grier, Andrea Martin, Brian Murray, Tonya Pinkins, and Margaret Whitton; directed by Daniel Sullivan. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Closes July 24. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 861-7277.)

PASSION—Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine's listless epistolary musical, in which the main characters spend much of their time singing love letters to and from each other. Jere Shere and Marin Mazzie are in fine voice as a dashing soldier and his lover, and Donna Murphy gives a stunning performance as Fosca, the predatory heroine. Lapine, who wrote the libretto, directed. (5/23/94) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

SALOME—Oscar Wilde's play, presented by the Rakka-Thamm!!! Theatre Company. (Greenwich Street Theatre, 547 Greenwich St. Closes July 17. For reservations, call 603-9987.)

SANCTIFYING GRACE—It has been seventeen years since his last confession, and Colin Quinn, actor and standup comedian, is doing a humorous one-man excavation of his old Irish neighborhood in Brooklyn. At the wake of a friend ("That's where the party is"), with a coffin as centerpiece, Quinn offers up a gallery of kind hearts and unredeemable characters, in a brutally funny portrait of a block where alcohol, drugs, and regret are bountiful. Quinn co-wrote the piece with Lou DiMaggio. Robert Moresco directed. (Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. 757-3318. Closes July 17.)

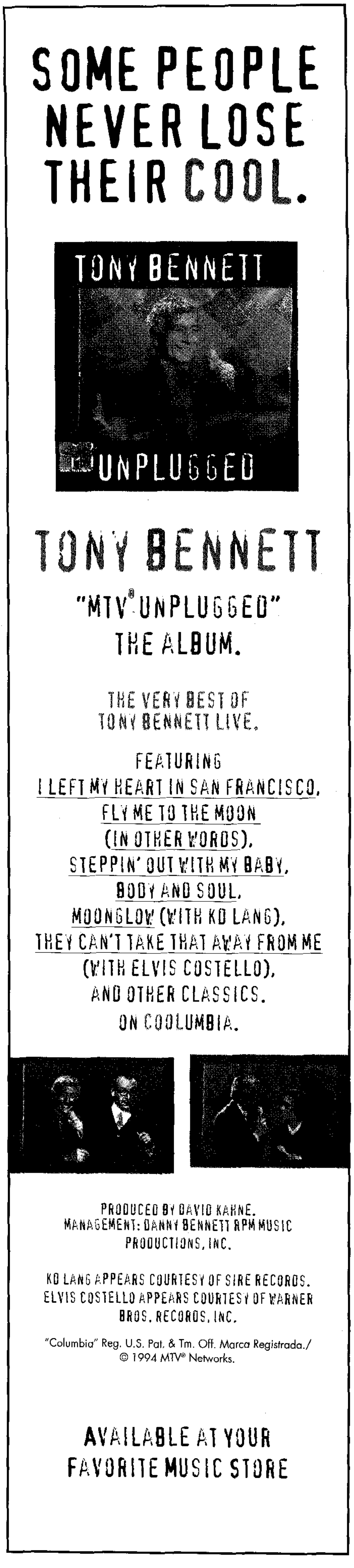
THE SPIRIT MOVES—Trazana Beverley stars as a young woman exploring her past in order to rid herself of guilt. (Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Closes July 17.)

STOMP—A group of eight British rhythm specialists who use unconventional percussion instruments. The noise is terrific. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477.)

STONEWALL: NIGHT VARIATIONS—En Garde Arts presents the stories of nine characters who were at the Stonewall Inn on June 27, 1969. (Pier 25, West St. between Chambers and Laight Sts. Closes July 17. For tickets, call 779-9777.)

SUBURBIA—In his one-man shows, Eric Bogosian looks hard at himself in the mirror; in this play, he holds a mirror up to a group of angry and aimless twenty-somethings who hang out in the parking lot of a suburban 7-Eleven, and asks, "What's wrong with kids today?" The answers, alas, are predictable and unilluminating. With Steve Zahn, as a whacked-out dervish of free-floating manic energy, and Josh Hamilton, Wendy Hoopes, and Martha Plimpton. Directed by Robert Falls. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

THAT'S LIFE!—A seriocomic revue about the variety of Jewish life in America. The songs



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BODY AND SOUL,
MOONGLOW (WITH KD LANG),
THEY CAN'T TAKE THAT AWAY FROM ME
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THE THEATRE—Cont'd

deal with a girl trying to find her place in a patriarchal tradition, a woman embracing the born-to-shop stereotype, a father teaching his three-year-old son a Yiddish song, etc. Thirteen composers and lyricists collaborated on the twenty musical numbers. The choreography and direction are by Helen Butleroff. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Closes July 24.)

Three Tall Women—A moving, poetic play by Edward Albee, which is dominated by the huge, heroic performance of Myra Carter. Jordan Baker and the droll and delightful Marian Seldes are also in the cast. Directed by Lawrence Sacharow. (5/16/94) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200.)

The Truth About Ruth—A musical satire about a bearded lady, by Peter Morris. With Toni DiBuono. (Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226.)

LONG RUNS

ANGELS IN AMERICA: "Millennium Approaches" and "Perestroika." (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.) . . . **BLOOD BROTHERS:** Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **CATS:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **CRAZY FOR YOU:** Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **FAMILY SECRETS:** Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100. . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **GUYS AND DOLLS:** Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **KISS OF THE SPIDER WOMAN:** Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MISS SAIGON:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **NUNSENSE:** Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. . . . **PERFECT CRIME:** Duffy, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. 695-3401. . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE SISTERS ROSENSWEIG:** Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. (Closes July 16.) . . . **TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING:** St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 279-4200. . . . **THE WHO'S TOMMY:** St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

Serious Fun!—At the John Jay Theatre, 899 Tenth Ave., at 58th St. July 13-16 at 8: Mary Zimmerman's "The Notebooks of Leonardo da Vinci." . . . ¶ At Alice Tully Hall. July 19 at 7:30: The Balanescu Quartet, a modern string quartet, playing music by Kraftwerk and others. (For information about tickets to all performances, call 875-5050.)

DANCE

Alfresco

It's summer in the city, and just as New Yorkers head for the Park and what E. B. White called "a green escape from stone and steel," dance companies abandon the theatres for more congenial, open-air venues. Here, for example, are some events in July and August that may be worth planning ahead to see:

Central Park SummerStage is presenting several outdoor dance events, including, on July 22, a performance by David Parsons' daring athletic company. (Parsons himself will dance his solo work "Caught.") The public gardens at Wave Hill, in the Bronx, are the setting for a series of site-specific works, including pieces by Reggie Wilson and Joy Kellman. In Brooklyn, at the Prospect Park Band Shell, on July 15, the Bebe Miller Dance Company will perform. And at the South Street Seaport, there will be waterfront programs by the junior companies of Paul Taylor (July 13) and Dance Theatre of Harlem (July 16).

Even stately Lincoln Center turns inside out for the summer. Starting August 5, the Out-of-Doors programs will offer three weeks of dance in various styles—African, Native American, modern, tap, and jazz. On Wednesdays through Saturdays through July 23, Midsummer Night Swing is providing dancing to live bands by the fountain in front of the Metropolitan Opera House. On Wednesdays through Fridays, the admission fee includes lessons; the fast-spinning stars overhead are free.

(For more information on the above events, call Central Park SummerStage at 360-2777, Wave Hill at 1-718 549-3200, the Prospect Park Band Shell at 1-718 768-0699, the South Street Seaport at 732-7678, and Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors at 875-5400.)

Royal Ballet—Final performances of the engagement. July 13 at 8: "Tombeaux," "The Dream," and "The Judas Tree." . . . ¶ July 14-15 at 8 and July 16 at 2 and 8: "Mayerling." . . . ¶ July 18 at 8 and July 19 at 2 and 8: "The Sleeping Beauty." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

Pilobolus Dance Theatre—July 13 and July 19 at 8: "The Particle Zoo," "Duet," "Quatrejeux," and "Rejoyce." . . . ¶ July 14 at 8: "Untitled," "Pseudopodia," "Animundi," "Televisitation," and "Sweet Purgatory." . . . ¶ July 15 at 8: "Collideoscope," solo from "Empty Suitor," "Shizen," and "Day 2." . . . ¶ July 16 at 2 and 8 and July 18 at 8: "The Particle Zoo," "Alraune," "Vestidigitations," "Walklyndon," and "Début C." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Through July 30.)

Pilar Rioja—Final performances of the engagement by the renowned flamenco artist. (Repertorio Español, Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. 889-2850. July 13-16 at 8 and July 17 at 3.)

OUT OF TOWN

New York City Ballet—July 13 at 8:15: "Mozartiana," "Red Angels," "Chiaroscuro," and "Dances at a Gathering." . . . ¶ July 14 at 2: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Pastoral Dances." . . . ¶ July 14 at 8:15: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "Red Angels," "Chiaroscuro," and "Fearful Symmetries." . . . ¶ July 15 at 8:15: "Apollo," "Episodes & Sarcasms," "Viola Alone," and "Symphony in Three Movements." . . . ¶ July 16 at 2: "Pastoral Dances," "Mozartiana," and "Symphony in Three Movements." . . . ¶ July 16 at 8:15: "Concerto Barocco," an untitled ballet (première), "Symphonic Dances," and "The Concert." . . . ¶ July 19 at 8:15: "Mozart Piano Concerto," "Episodes & Sarcasms," and "Cortège Hongrois." (Saratoga Performing Arts Center, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. 1-518 587-3330. Through July 23.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—July 13-14 at 8, July 15 at 8:30, and July 16 at 2 and 8:30: Les Grands Ballets Canadiens. . . . ¶ July 15 at 8, July 16 at 5, and July 17 at 7: Jazzdance by Danny Buraczeski. . . . ¶ July 19 at 8: Rhythm in Shoes and the Urban Bush Women. Through July 23. (Becket, Mass. 1-413 243-0745.)

NIGHT LIFE

Sam I Am

The rock singer and songwriter Sam Phillips has a wonderfully fuzzy, dusky voice, which an unenchanted critic recently compared to a mule's. Phillips, who came across the simile in a review of her new album, "Martinis & Bikinis," was unperturbed. "I couldn't really argue," she cheerfully told us, "because my voice *sometimes* reminds *me* of a mule." Self-mockery may come easy to someone who rarely gets negative press. Since the late eighties, when Phillips ended her association with a Christian-music label and began recording under the name of the man who discovered Elvis (Sam had been her nickname since childhood), the artist formerly known as Leslie Phillips has generally inspired critical hyperbole of the favorable sort. "Martinis" is another excellent showcase for her alluring alto, lyrics that combine yearning and world-weariness, and intricate folk-pop arrangements, which she devises in collaboration with her husband-producer, the tall, cool Texan T-Bone Burnett.

For all their sophistication, Phillips' songs are most striking for their rich, concise melodies. "Somebody asked me the other day if I thought I was a poet, and I said no, absolutely not," she said. "The lyrics could never stand up on their own." Some of the lyrics on the new album were co-written with Burnett, and he will be accompanying his wife on guitar when she performs at the Bottom Line on July 19. Phillips also pointed out that the band will feature the veteran bassist Jerry Scheff, who, in a connection that makes perfect sense, "played with both Elvises, Costello and Presley."

CONCERTS

Santana / Buddy Guy—Guitar gods by the sea. Carlos Santana is yet another Woodstock vet who's touring in this silver-anniversary summer. Back in '69, his band called itself the Santana Blues Band, and in the early seventies the guitarist's assimilationist blend of bluesy solos backed by salsa rhythms gave a world beat to post-Hendrix rock. Although his recent studio albums have been power-chord retreads—somebody get this man the right producer!—his live shows are always impassioned affairs. A more traditional blues veteran, Buddy Guy is a gentleman guitarist who's finally getting his due. Both his 1991 commercial breakthrough album and his 1993 autobiography were called "Damn Right I've Got the Blues." He gives as good as he's got: his feral and frenetic licks provide a most emphatic experience. (Jones Beach Theatre. 1-516 221-1000. July 14 at 8.)

WOMAD Festival—Peter Gabriel's annual world music-alooza makes its second stopover in our parts. Besides featuring Gabriel himself, whose performances are always a sonic and visual treat, the eclectic assortment of celebrated international artists includes Australian rockers Midnight Oil, whose tender social conscience is relayed through fierce and hard-driving songs; our own similarly gifted hip-hop heroes Arrested Development; and the Levellers, a U.K. outfit that's like a Celtic version of the early Clash. With Live, Uganda's Geoffrey Oryema, South Africa's Lucky Dube, and numerous others. (Jones Beach Theatre. July 16 at 3.)

Shoukichi Kina & Champloose with Ry Cooder—An Okinawan star with a penchant for radical politics and tree worship, and with enough musical eccentricities to put him in a class with Bill Monroe, Shoukichi Kina plays what might be best described as Asian country-surf. It's manic party music, propelled by Kina's twangy three-string, python-skin *sanshin* and the singsong incantations of his wife, Tomoko. Ry Cooder, something of an eccentric himself, has worked with Kina since 1980, and the added attraction of his crystalline guitar work should make for an inspired and unpredictable show-down. (Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, mid-Park at 72nd St. July 17 at 3. No tickets necessary.)

The Temptations / the Four Tops—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 247-4777. July 13 at 8.

Sister Carol—World Financial Center plaza, Battery Park City. July 13 at 7:30. No tickets necessary. Rain date, July 14.

Bikini Kill—With Shudder to Think and others, in a benefit concert. (Manhattan Center Ballroom, 311 W. 34th St. July 14 at 8. For tickets, call 307-7171.)

Phish—Jones Beach Theatre. July 15 at 8.

Bette Midler—Meadowlands Arena. 1-201 935-3900. July 15-16 at 8. . . . ¶ Nassau Coliseum. 1-516 794-9300. July 18-19 at 8.

"Tell Me It's the Truth"—The Chicago Jazz Ensemble, conducted by William Russo, plays compositions by Ellington, Basie, and others. (Pace Downtown Theatre, Spruce St. between Nassau and Gold Sts. 346-1715. July 17 at 5.)

Pink Floyd—Giants Stadium. 1-201 935-3900. July 17-18 at 8:30.

Artie Shaw Orchestra—Conducted by Dick Johnson. (World Financial Center plaza, Battery Park City. July 19 at 7:30. No tickets necessary. Rain date, July 20.)

Brooklyn Philharmonic—With Brazilian jazz singer Leny Andrade. (Prospect Park Band Shell, Prospect Park W. at 9th St., Brooklyn. July 16 at 7. No tickets necessary.)

Peter Frampton—With Robin Trower. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. July 19 at 7:30.)

"Jazz in July"—Pianists Dick Hyman and John Sheridan and the Jim Cullum jazz band play traditional New Orleans jazz in the opening concert of the 92nd Street Y's annual series. Singer Terry Burrell lends a hand. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100. July 19 at 8.)

CLUBS

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—July 14: Former Plimsouls vocalist **PETER [illegible]SE**, whose sharp new unplugged album is titled "Sings Like Hell." Singer-songwriter **DAVID WILCOX**, who sounds a bit like a New Age James Taylor, stops by on July 18. On July 19, don't miss the enchanting **SAM PHILLIPS**.

Café Sin-é, 122 St. Marks Pl. (982-0370)—On July 18, **SUZANNE RHATIGAN** serves up catchy, endearing folk-rock with a wry twist.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—**ALICE DONUT** is here on July 18.

The Cooler, 416 W. 14th St. (229-0785)—July 14: A Bastille celebration with **LOUP GAROU**. July 15: Catch the **VELDT**.

Duplex, 61 Christopher St., at Seventh Ave. (255-5438)—The **LADY BUNNY** continues her extended run.

Fez, 380 Lafayette St. (533-7000)—On July 13: **BABE THE BLUE OX**, **WILLIAM HOOKER**, and **TERRAPLANE**. The **MINGUS BIG BAND** packs them in every Thursday. Dining.

Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (777-6800)—**JOAN JETT** and the Blackhearts are here on July 13, with **LUNGFISH**. Jett's forte has always been unpretentious, guitar-driven, bar-friendly music. Her new album is called "Pure and Simple," and that's just the way she delivers rock and roll. . . . ¶ The Swing Dance Society gathers here every Sunday night, at the Continental Club. The dancers all share a passion for the Lindy Hop, a dance that involves a lot of whirling and the occasional display of underwear. Sets from eight until midnight. For information on the society, call 696-9737.

Ludlow Street Café, 165 Ludlow St. (353-0536)—Mondays belong to **BEAT RODEO**, a straight-shooting bar band that plays a mixture of country, blues, Dylan, Byrds, Velvets, and various pop curiosities.

Maxwell's, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—**MIMI** performs on July 19, with Pictures & Stories.

Mercury Lounge, 217 E. Houston St. (260-4700)—July 13: **CHAINSAW KITTENS**. July 15: Don't miss the **HOLMES BROTHERS**. The excellent **FREEDY JOHNSTON** kicks off a three-night run on July 18. Johnston is a young singer-songwriter from Kansas, who has already produced a remarkable batch of tough, literate, haunting songs. He brings a country-punk spirit to folk-rock music, and he has a shot at attracting the kind of intelligent audience that Mary-Chapin Carpenter has built for herself. His new album, "This Perfect World," is the gem that may do it.

Paddy Reilly's Music Bar, 519 Second Ave., at 29th St. (686-1210)—**BLACK 47** usually plays on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and Speir Mor (Gaelic for Big Sky) performs for a hearty following on Fridays. Séisiún—a traditional Irish jam—is on Thursday nights.

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—**LESLEY GORE** continues through July 16. **CYBILL SHEPHERD** begins a three-week engagement on July 19. Closed Mondays.

Tramps, 51 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—On July 14, catch "The Great American Music Review," featuring rockabilly guitar legend **DANNY GATTON**, with guest **PAPA JOHN DEFRANCESCO**, the **NIGHTHAWKS**, **ROD PIAZZA & THE MIGHTY FLYERS**, and **JUANITA WILLIAMS**.

Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200)—Ballroom dancing on Thursdays and Sundays. The rest of the week: another dark, sweaty rock club, with flannel-clad stage divers and the occasional whirling mosh pit. Eighties pop-metal relic **MÖTLEY CRÜE**, featuring Heather Locklear's ex-husband, Tommy Lee (he's the drummer, in case you're interested), rocks the house on July 15, with Type O Negative.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—On July 13: **CULTURE**, with **PATO BANTON & THE REGGAE REVOLUTION**. The **ANDY NARRELL** group is in on July 14. Closed Sundays. Dining.

Supper Club, 240 W. 47th St. (921-1940)—Thursday nights belong to **GIANT STEP**, a roving collective of musicians, rappers, and d.j.s who mix jazz, funk, and hip-hop. July 13: Hip-hop-jazz guitarist **RONNY JORDAN**. **IRIS DEMENT** makes a special appearance on July 14. This sweet-voiced Midwestern songbird recently released her second major-label album, "My Life," and a purer and more pleasurable example of country-folk inspiration would be hard to find. This club will be a splendid setting for her intimate storytelling.

Wetlands, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—The **CALL** arrives on July 14, with **VIGILANTES OF LOVE**.

JAZZ AND STANDARDS

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**JIMMY WEBB** is currently at work in the woody nook known as the Oak Room. Dining.

Birdland, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—July 15-16: **JERRY GONZALEZ AND THE FORT APACHE BAND**. Sunday evenings belong to the **PETE (LA ROCA) SIMS** sextet.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**LLOYD PRICE** continues through July 16. Starting July 19: "Tingle Tangle," a musical revue. Cabaret legend **BLOSSOM DEARIE** presents an early show (6:30) on Friday and Saturday evenings.

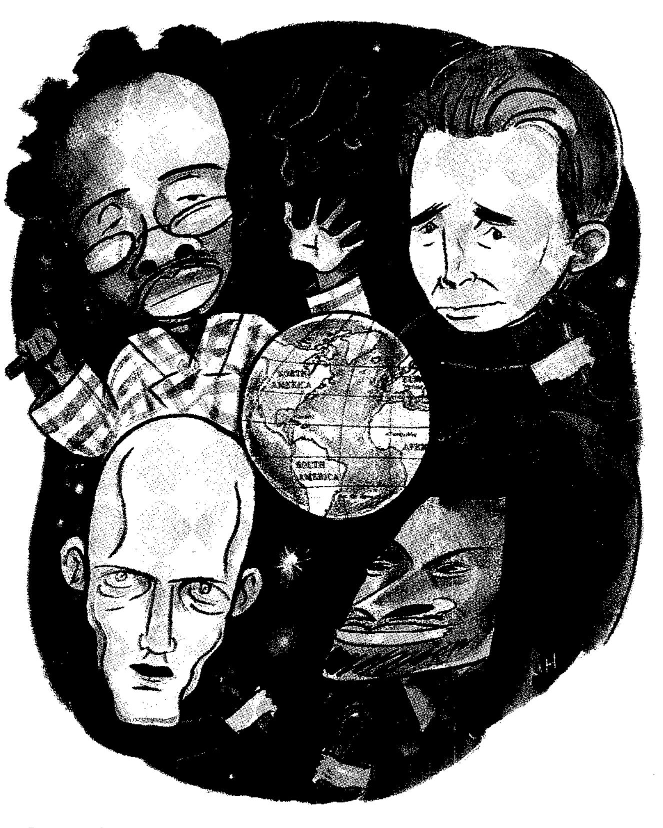
Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Through July 17: **JOE WILLIAMS** performs with the **COUNT BASIE ORCHESTRA**. To hear this singer with this ensemble is to experience jazz transcendence. Williams can moan the blues like Big Joe Turner's half brother or inhabit a sophisticated ballad as if instructed by Cole Porter himself. The Basie band may no longer have its aphoristic leader, but it can still bruise its way through patently swinging charts. Such immortal Williams-Basie band collaborations as "Every Day I Have the Blues" and "Alright, Okay, You Win" never fail to rattle the roof. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—**JOANNE BRACKEEN** (piano) and **CECIL MC BEE** (bass) are here through July 16. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—In Bemelmans Bar, the fabulous **KURT WIETING** presides at the piano.

Eighty Eight's, 228 W. 10th St. (924-0088)—Actress **JULIE HALSTON** tells tales on July 17.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—July 13-17: **MOSE ALLISON**. The **LOUIS HAYES** quintet begins a weeklong run on July 19. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL** leads a trio. Dining.



Clockwise from top left: Speech (of Arrested Development), Peter Gabriel, Lucky Dube, and Peter Garrett (of Midnight Oil), in the WOMAD Festival at Jones Beach Theatre.

NIGHT LIFE–Cont'd

Iridium, 44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121)—Through July 13: the **VALERY PONOMAREV** quartet. The **STEPHEN SCOTT** trio plays on July 14-16. Scott approaches the piano differently from his peers. Linearity is only one option for this prodigiously gifted, wholly eccentric upstart; Scott's phrasing and rhythms seem accountable only to his whims. His dashing style has all the I'll-try-if-I-want-to bravado of his mentor, singer Betty Carter. **CAROLYN LEONHART** arrives on July 17.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Pianist and vocalist **DARYL SHERMAN** performs alone on July 13-14, and is joined by **JOE TEMPERLY** on July 15-16. It takes a brave vocalist to share the spotlight with a baritone saxophonist as grand as Temperly, but Sherman is up to it. Temperly, a Scot, has soaked himself in the essence of Harry Carney, Ellington's magisterial baritonist; Sherman has yet to meet a standard whose charms she couldn't extract.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—Brazilian percussionist **NANA VASCONCELOS** is in on July 15.

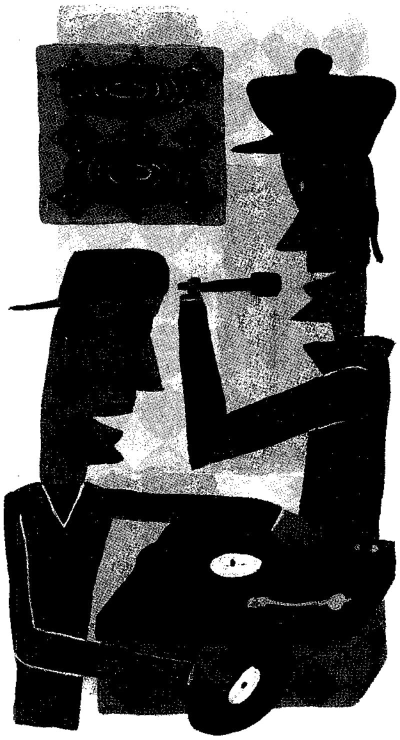
Le Madeleine, 403 W. 43rd St. (246-2993)—July 17: Jazz guitar with **DON DE MARCO.** Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—On Mondays, Woody Allen continues his night job as clarinet player in the **NEW ORLEANS FUNERAL AND RAGTIME ORCHESTRA,** a Dixieland-jazz ensemble. The rest of the week **VERNEL BAGNERIS** salutes Jelly Roll Morton. Closed Sundays.

Metropolis, 31 Union Square W. (675-2300)—July 14-16: Don't miss the **DEWEY REDMAN** quartet. Dewey's son Joshua may be grabbing the spotlight, but the old man is quite the tenor saxophonist himself. Having apprenticed with Ornette Coleman, Redman isn't afraid of the outer limits; still, he's just as likely to wrap his broad tone around a sturdy standard or a bebop jaunt. On Monday nights, catch **CON-TRI-BUTION,** a reggae-tinged jazz collective.

Red Blazer Too, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—Thursdays belong to Stan Rubin's big band; Fridays to Lew Anderson's big band and Sam Ulano and his Bourbon Street Swingers; and Saturdays to Bob Cantwell and his Stompers.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—The **CARL ALLEN** quintet plays through July 17. If you've visited a jazz club within the past year, chances are you've seen Allen. This drummer gets so much work because he can juice up a band from note one. His own neo-bop groups are kept stocked with promising and able young players. An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter **MILES EVANS** is in action on Mondays. Dining.



Tavern on the Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200)—The Chestnut Room welcomes the **JOE BUSHKIN** quartet, July 13-17.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Through July 17: the **BARRY HARRIS** trio. A card-carrying devotee of Bud Powell, pianist Harris might be expected to spin out high-velocity bop lines. Instead, he takes his time, lolling in the music's laconic poetry rather than flaunting its marathon athleticism. Starting July 19: the **BLUIETT FOUR,** featuring **HAMIET BLUIETT.** The **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA** holds sway on Mondays.

Zanzibar, 73 Eighth Ave., at 13th St. (924-9755)—July 15-16 belongs to percussionist **MINO CINELU** and his band.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—**HAROLD MABERN** and **JAMIL NASSER** are here through July 16. Beginning July 18: **JANE JARVIS** and **MILT HINTON.**

RECORD STORE ARRIVALS

A roundup of new and recent albums that hold promise for summer listening pleasure.

THE ROLLING STONES,
"Voodoo Lounge" (Virgin).

FREEDY JOHNSTON,
"This Perfect World" (Elektra).

ARRESTED DEVELOPMENT,
"Zingalamaduni" (Chrysalis/EMI).

JOAN JETT & THE BLACKHEARTS,
"Pure and Simple"
(Warner Bros.).

WARREN G,
"Regulate . . . G Funk Era" (Violator/Ral).

YOUSSOU N'DOUR,
"The Guide (Wommat)" (Columbia).

SPIN DOCTORS,
"Turn It Upside Down" (Epic).

VELOCITY GIRL,
"¡Simpatico!" (Sub Pop).

HELMET,
"Betty" (Interscope).

"KISS MY ASS: CLASSIC KISS REGROOVED"
(Mercury).

JIMMY SCOTT,
"Dream" (Sire).

JOHN MELLENCAMP,
"Dance Naked" (Mercury).

L7, "Hungry for Stink"
(Slash).

DEEE-LITE,
"Dewdrops in the Garden" (Elektra).

LUKA BLOOM,
"Turf" (Reprise).

BLUE AEROPLANES,
"Life Model" (Beggars Banquet).

THE WHO,
"30 Years of Maximum R & B" (MCA).

VINCE BELL,
"Phoenix" (Watermelon).

SAINT ETIENNE,
"Tiger Bay" (Warner Bros.).

BLUR,
"Parklife" (SBK/EMI).

ART

Seven Sisters

IN "Sense and Sensibility: Women Artists and Minimalism in the Nineties," at the Museum of Modern Art (through September 11), the curator Lynn Zelevansky has assembled seven contemporary women artists—Polly Apfelbaum, Mona Hatoum, Rachel Lachowicz, Jac Leirner, Claudia Matzko, Rachel Whiteread, and Andrea Zittel—whose work addresses the complex legacy of sixties minimalism. In one way or another, each of these artists engages an aspect of minimalism, be it repetition or geometric form, in a sensuous, metaphorically charged way that owes more to "eccentric abstraction" (to borrow the title of an influential exhibition curated by Lucy R. Lippard in 1966) and the postminimalism of Eva Hesse than to the founding monuments of Judd, Andre, and Flavin.

The women of "Sense and Sensibility" insistently recast the formal problems of minimalism in terms of femininity and domesticity. In "Color Chart Flat #1" (1993), Rachel Lachowicz parodies Ellsworth Kelly's "Colors for a Large Wall" (1951), itself in the collection of the Modern, using eyeshadow rather than paint. In other works, she uses lipstick and face powder, indulging in a perhaps too broad satire of "macho" minimalism's predilection for hard-edged industrial materials. Andrea Zittel is more poker-faced. Her comically spartan "Living Units" combine kitchen, vanity, and sleep stations in a single unit, which folds up into a neat, rather Judd-like box.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Dali: The Early Years." Several paintings and drawings by the Spanish Surrealist (1904-89) who brought you melting watches. The earliest work predates Dali's student days in Madrid; the latest is from 1931. . . . ¶ "Picasso and the Weeping Women: The Years of Marie-Thérèse Walter and Dora Maar." Some eighty paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints. . . . ¶ The Annenberg collection of Impressionist and Post-Impressionist works, which includes paintings by Picasso and Renoir, has returned to the nineteenth-century European paintings and sculpture galleries. . . . ¶ The roof garden, complete with sculptures, is open through the end of October. . . . ¶ Masterpieces from the museum's furniture collection, including a Mies van der Rohe tubular-steel armchair. . . . ¶ "American Impressionism and Realism: The Painting of Modern Life, 1885-1915." John Singer Sargent and Mary Cassatt are included in the first major exhibition to focus on the similarities of these turn-of-the-century schools of painting. Through July 24. . . . ¶ A companion exhibit to the above, "American Impressionism and Realism: Drawings, Prints, and Photographs" features work from the museum's collection. . . . ¶ "Petrus Christus: Renaissance Master of Bruges." Twenty-seven works by the Flemish painter—three-quarters of Petrus's known œuvre—in an exhibit reconstructing his career as an artist of the first rank. Through July 31. . . .

¶ "Divine Protection: Batak Art of North Sumatra." Seventy primarily wooden works from the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, ranging from puppets to a three-inch-square ritual book. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Stills," an exhibit of film stills from movies ranging from "Intolerance" (1916) to "Danton" (1983). Opens July 14. . . . ¶ "Masterpieces from the David and Peggy Rockefeller Collection: Manet to Picasso" includes Cézanne's "Still-Life with Fruit Dish" and Matisse's "Interior with Girl Reading." . . . ¶ "Sense and Sensibility: Women Artists and Minimalism in the Nineties." (Open Saturdays through Tuesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays and Fridays, noon to 8:30.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Oskar Kokoschka, Works on Paper: The Early Years, 1897-1917." . . . ¶ "The Tradition of the New: Post-War Masterpieces from the Guggenheim Collection." (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, 10 to 6, and Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 8.)

Guggenheim Museum SoHo, 575 Broadway—"Rolywholyover A Circus." John Cage (1912-92) took his title from Joyce's "Finnegans Wake" and used, among other things, a computerized version of the "I Ching" to create a circus. Cage said, "The basic idea is that the exhibition would change so much that if you came back a second time, you wouldn't recognize it." It includes a rotating exhibit of work by fifty artists, including Rauschenberg and Joseph Cornell; *enso* scrolls; an interactive computer installation; an object each from the permanent collections of several New York museums; and a media room with a program that is always changing. For schedule information, call 423-3836. Through Aug. 7. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6, and Saturday evenings until 8.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of more than two hundred paintings and works on paper by Joseph Stella (1877-1946), the American Futurist, who occupies a small but secure niche in the canon of twentieth-century American art. A celebrant of the brash energies of industrialism and technological innovation, he painted the Brooklyn Bridge repeatedly in the late teens and the twenties. Coming from an acolyte of modernity, it's often a surprisingly drab picture—cramped in composition and rife with sooty shadows. This show emphasizes the immigrant experience; Stella is the perpetual outsider, stranded between the traditions of the old country and the New World. . . . ¶ "From the Collection: Photography, Sculpture, and Paintings." Includes work by Nan Goldin, Sally Mann, Agnes Martin, and Ad Reinhardt. Opens July 14. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Royal Tombs of Sipán." Gold, silver, and gilded copper objects of the Moche, a pre-Inca civilization of northern Peru. . . . ¶ The Lila Acheson Wallace Wing of Mammals and Their Extinct Relatives has opened. The museum's extensive collection of mammalian fossils has been organized according to evolutionary history, beginning three hundred million years ago. Seven murals by Charles R. Knight, three of which have been recently restored, flesh out the bones, providing full-color pictures of how some prehistoric creatures might have looked. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Louise Bourgeois: The Locus of Memory, Works 1982-1993." An expanded version of the sculptor's 1993 Venice Biennale exhibit, with some twenty-five works made from Carrara marble, rubber, wood, bronze, steel, and glass. There are also thirty works on paper. Bourgeois has long been a subterranean force in contemporary art, her haunted and often intensely theatrical sculptural investigations of memory, dread, and desire have become key works in the current artistic climate. Through July 31. . . . ¶ An exhibition of more than five hundred Egyptian objects from the museum's extensive collection, spanning thirteen hundred years of Pharaonic history. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Alternative Museum, 594 Broadway— "Life Crisis," an installation by Carl Tandatnick. Through Aug. 6. . . . ¶ Third Annual National Showcase Exhibition. Through Aug. 6. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—"Bauhaus Workshops: 1919-33." Furniture, metalwork, glass, textiles, and ceramics made by disciples of the German school of architecture and design, including Mies van der Rohe, Josef Albers, and Marianne Brandt. . . . ¶ "Sculptural Concerns: Contemporary American Metalworking." Jewelry, sculpture, and furniture, among other craftwork. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Bronx Museum of the Arts, 1040 Grand Concourse—"Artist in the Marketplace XIV." Opens July 15. . . . ¶ "Xu Bing: Recent Work." Opens July 15. . . . ¶ "Building the Collection: Recent Acquisitions and Selected Works from the Permanent Collection." Opens July 15. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

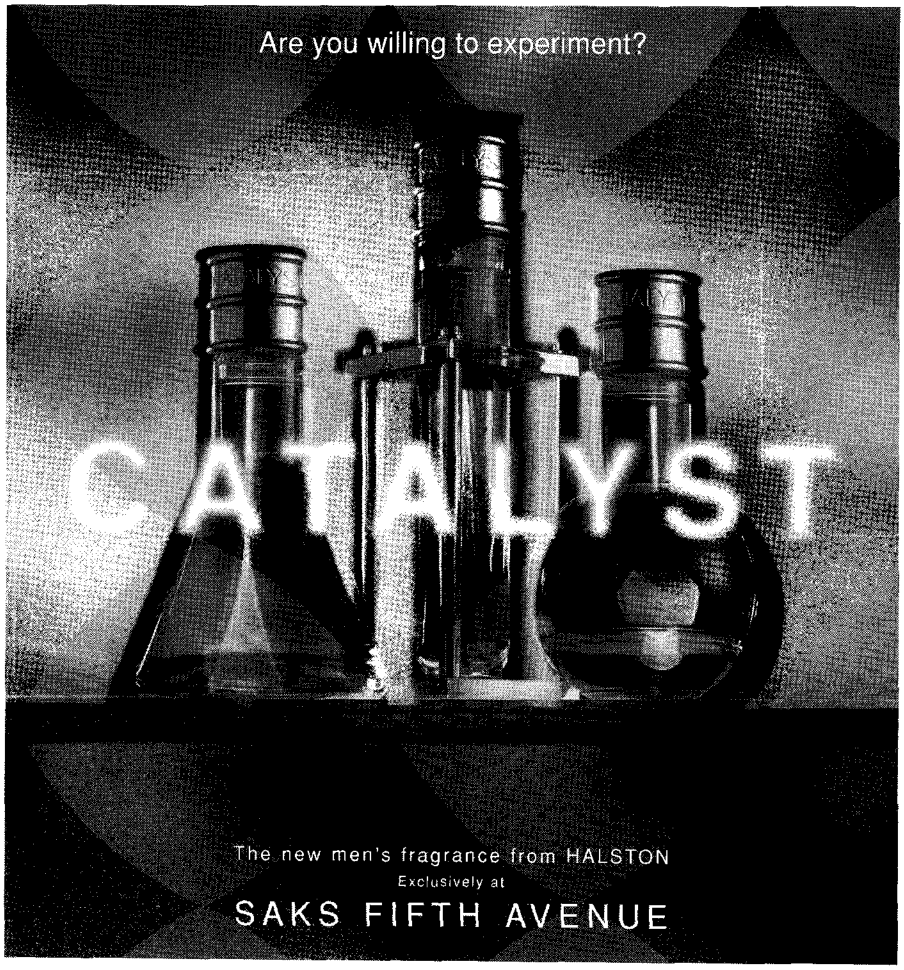
Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—"Angles of Repose: A Garden Exhibition of Central Park Benches." A selection of benches from the Park, dating back to 1858. . . . ¶ "Packaging the New: Design and the American Consumer 1925-75." A trip down short-term-memory lane, documenting the rise of industrial designers, who became indispensable to the quenching of America's thirst for new products. The pink Formica kitchen display looks like a perky old magazine advertisement come to life. The docents should look like Stepford wives. Through Aug. 14. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Forbes Magazine Galleries, Fifth Ave. at 12th St.—"The Words of War: Documents of World War II from the *Forbes* Magazine Collection" commemorates the fiftieth anniversary of D Day. (Open Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, 10 to 4.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—"The Currency of Fame: Portrait Medals of the Renaissance." Gold, silver, bronze, and lead depictions of Lorenzo de' Medici and Dürer, among others. . . . ¶ Sèvres porcelain, Limoges enamel, and paintings by Vermeer, Rembrandt, Whistler, and El Greco are all on view in this former residence of Henry Clay Frick (1849-1919). (Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"The Art of Memory: Holocaust Memorials in History" chiefly uses documentary material—architectural models, designs, photographs, and video—to trace the development of these memorials in Europe, Israel, and the United States. The exhibit confronts us again and again with aesthetic choices—narrative versus abstraction, passionate immediacy versus austere recollection. Ultimately, this show proposes the memorial as a place for remembering rather than as a repository for memories. Through July 31. (Open Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 11 to 5:45; Tuesdays, 11 to 8.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Treasures in Heaven: Armenian Illuminated Manuscripts" focusses on the Gospel as the central cul-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ART–Cont'd

tural artifact of the Armenian people. The exhibit provides a history of the area, particularly of its religious struggles. Enormous pains were taken to illustrate the manuscripts and protect them from marauders; it was thought that therein lay salvation for book owner and maker. The approximately ninety manuscripts on display offer a variety of illustrative techniques, from the folksy to the ornate, executed in remarkably vibrant mineral-based colors. The details—facial expressions, or animals woven into ornamentation, for example—reward scrutiny. Several framed pages from "The Gladzor Gospel" (completed in 1307) allow visitors to see more than one page at a time. Other selections include a tenth-century Gospel and items dating from the Armenian diaspora of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. There's also a display case detailing the particulars of binding and pigment production. Through Aug. 7. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5; Saturdays, 10:30 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Museo del Barrio, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—To celebrate its recent reopening and its twenty-fifth anniversary, the museum has organized a three-part show, "Artists Talk Back: Visual Conversations with El Museo." The first exhibit, "Reclaiming History," focusses on Latin-American history. Through Aug. 14. . . . ¶ "Revelaciones: The Art of Manuel Alvarez Bravo" includes more than a hundred black-and-white photographs by this Mexican artist. Through July 31. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 5; Thursdays, noon to 7.)

Museum for African Art, 593 Broadway—"Western Artists/African Art." An exhibit of African objects that define African art for Western artists. Through Aug. 7. . . . ¶ "Fusion: West African Artists at the Venice Biennale." Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Mor Faye and Moustapha Dimé, of Senegal, and Tamessir Dia, Ouattara, and Gérard Santoni, of the Ivory Coast, all of whom were in the 1993 Venice Biennale. Particularly notable are Ouattara's mixed-medium paintings/reliefs, which combine elements of traditional tribal culture with aesthetic strategies of the avant-garde. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5:30; Saturdays, noon to 8; Sundays, noon to 6.)

National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Glancing Backward: Edith Wharton's New York." Paintings, drawings, sculpture, and books that detail the literary career of Edith Wharton. . . . ¶ Thirty-two Old Master drawings, by, among others, Claude Lorrain and Giovanni Domenico Tiepolo. . . . ¶ "The Artist's Eye: Wayne Thiebaud." The painter has selected more than fifty paintings from the Academy's collection. Fifteen of Thiebaud's own pictures are also on exhibit. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5; Friday evenings until 8, with no admission charge after 5.)

New Museum, 583 Broadway—"Huang Yong Ping: Chinese Hand Laundry and Chen Zhen: Field of Waste." Two installations for which the artists have divided the gallery into both shared space and individual territory, positioning their work according to the principles of Chinese chess. Through Aug. 7. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Saturdays, noon to 8.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Becoming Visible: The Legacy of Stonewall." Photos, posters, and related material place the Stonewall rebellion in the larger context of gay history. (Mondays, Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, 10 to 6; Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6.)

New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—"Revealing Roots: Uncovering Influences on the Contemporary American Puppet Theatre." Six stunning exhibits show how the puppetry traditions of Japan, Indonesia, Mexico, and western Africa, among other places, have infused American puppet artistry with their mythos and technique. The puppets on display include Paul Zaloom's Punch and Judy avatars, fresh from a tangle with a Manhattan landlord; several of Jim Henson's Muppets, who bear an interesting family resemblance to some puppets from Mali; and Julie Taymor's *wayang*-inspired players, who cast their shadows in Indonesian, Eskimo, and New York settings. Presented as part of the International Festival of Puppet Theatre, which will sponsor performances at the New York Shakespeare Festival, September 6-18. (Open Mondays and Thursdays, noon to 8; Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Schomburg Center, 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St.—"South Africa: The Cordoned Heart." Photo-essays on the working and living conditions of black South Africans. . . . ¶ Photographs of Nelson Mandela's June, 1990, visit to New York City. (Open Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Socrates Sculpture Park, Broadway at Vernon Blvd., Long Island City—"Bongo Park '94" includes work by Gunilla Bandolin, Mark di Suvero, and Nancy Rubins. (Open daily, 10 to sunset.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. The following listings lead off with new shows.)

Georges Noel—Abstractions with distressed surfaces, done in the sixties, by a French painter. Opens July 13. Through Sept. 9. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

"Art en Route: M.T.A. Arts for Transit"—An exhibition of paintings, sculpture, drawings, and models, including a watercolor collage by Romare Bearden that was the prototype for a glass triptych at the Westchester Square station, in the Bronx, and a composition by Roy Lichtenstein for a porcelain mural in the Times Square station. Also included are photographs, tiles, decorative grilles, and other architectural elements, dating from the turn of the century. Opens July 14. Through Sept. 23. (Paine Webber, Sixth Ave. at 51st St.)

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Ann Agee / Julie Trager—Elegantly painted porcelain sex toys, by an artist whose work was featured in the "Bad Girls" show at the New Museum. / Coarsely textured fibre sculptures. Through Aug. 6. (Yoshii, 20 W. 57th St.)

Willem de Kooning—Paintings and drawings from the fifties through the eighties. Through Aug. 12. (C & M, 45 E. 78th St.)

Jacob Kainen—Forty abstract paintings, from 1934 to 1992. Through Oct. 1. (Equitable, Seventh Ave. at 51st St. Opens Saturdays at noon.)

Donald Lipski—An array of small wall-mounted sculptures (circa 1978-91) composed of such everyday objects as razor blades, scissors, rubber bands, and cigarettes. A mood of slightly tiresome whimsy prevails. Through July 29. (Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

René Magritte (1898-1967)—"Le Domaine Enchanté," a suite of eight paintings by the Belgian Surrealist that served as the model for his largest single work, a mural installed in the Chandelier Room of the casino at Knokke-le-Zoute, Belgium. Through July 22. (Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

De Hirsh Margules (1889-1965)—Watercolors and oil paintings by this Romanian-born artist. Through July 29. (Babcock, 724 Fifth Ave. at 57th St.)

Chi Gyun Oh—Impressionistic cityscapes by a Korean-American artist. Through July 29. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Rebecca Welz—Small oil-on-Plexiglas paintings are wired together in vertical rows and hung from a horizontal wooden rod, in a construction reminiscent of Japanese armor. Each panel is an abstract examination of color, but the passage of light through the translucent paint creates an effect both spiritual and serene. Through July 29. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Anniversary—A centennial show in tribute to Otto Kallir (1894-1978), who founded the gallery. Included are paintings, drawings, and prints by Oskar Kokoschka, Morris Hirshfield, and Emil Nolde. Through Sept. 2. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

"The 42nd Street Art Project"—A new edition of last year's event, including works by twenty-five artists, architects, and designers, shown in storefronts, display windows and billboards, and on theatre marquees—even on the sidewalk—between Seventh and Eighth Avenue.

"Graphic Design in Revolutionary Russia"—An exhibition of photographs, drawings, and posters by Gustav Klucis, Alexander Rodchenko, and others. Through Aug. 26. (Schickler, 52 E. 76th St.)

Group Show—The standout here is the Canadian artist Paterson Ewen, who has created a suite of *faux-naïf* views of outer space. Little tin circles are nailed down for planets, accompanied by doodle galaxies and tadpole comets. James Hyde fills glass boxes with big gloopy gobs of paint that resemble brilliantly stained offal. Through July 29. (Baldacci, 41 E. 57th St.)

"Sun and Sea"—Darragh Park's large, lucid landscape "Gloria's Remains" is a lyrical tour de force of watercoloristic transparency. There is also a gloomy, portentous landscape, "Promontory," by the obscure American Romantic painter Louis Eilshemius (1864-1941), which looks like the perfect set for an opera heroine's death leap. The most interesting work in this exhibition of watercolors is the most technically inept: a clumsy, labored, and utterly charming picture of a Key West schoolhouse by Elizabeth Bishop. Charles Demuth, Arthur Dove, Red Grooms, and John Marin are among the other artists represented. Through July 28. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

"Who Needs a Bathing Suit Anyway?"—A group show featuring work by Milton Avery, Paul Cadmus, and Jared French. It explores nudity in American art. Through Aug. 17. (Midtown Payson, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

Rita Ackermann—Acrylic line drawings of nymphets engaged in a variety of activities, from frolicking to taking heroin. Through Aug. 12. (Rosen, 130 Prince St.)

Jef Bourgeau—Video assemblages that address life at the end of the twentieth century. Through Aug. 26. (LedisFlam, 130 Prince St.)

Kim and Simon Deitch—Some seventy original pencil sketches, layouts, inked pages, and hand-colored prints from a comic-book series about the Mishkin brothers—a cartoonist and an executive working in the early days of the animation industry—whose lives revolve around the cartoon star Waldo the Cat. Through July 30. (Four Color Images, 524 Broadway.)

Michael Heizer—Stone sculptures hang from massive steel cables, and rough-hewn boulders have been set into the walls and floor. Through Aug. 15. (Ace, 275 Hudson St., at Spring St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Lisa Mackie—Paintings and works on paper. Through July 29. (Kelly, 591 Broadway.)

Henry Moore (1898-1986)—An exhibition that features "Reclining Connected Forms," one of Moore's last monumental sculptures. Through Sept. 10. (Gagosian, 136 Wooster St.)

Katie Reinhardt—Paintings that incorporate the elements of English country life, in a style the artist calls "naïve realism." Through July 28. (F.D.R., 670 Broadway.)

Julian Schnabel—Paintings from 1990, devoted to the English actress Jane Birkin. They are almost completely lacking in painterly exuberance: clouds of white, pink, and blood-red paint mingle listlessly with pools of gesso and resin on sailcloth canvases. There's a palpable, if indistinct, sense of nostalgia here. Perhaps that's why Schnabel chose a half-remembered former model and starlet as his muse. Through Sept. 9. (Pace, 142 Greene St.)

RICHARD SERRA—"Weight and Measure" (1994), a series of large-scale paint-stick-on-*hiromi*-paper drawings that were executed with the specific spatial dimensions of the gallery in mind. Serra, the master of monumental sculpture (remember "Tilted Arc"?), manages to endow drawing with an almost geological heft. Through July 30. (The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St.)

"A FLOOR IN A BUILDING IN BROOKLYN"—A show curated by Chuck Close that explores the work of eight artists sharing a floor in a Greenpoint factory building. Through July 30. (Anderson, 476 Broome St.)

"DRAWN IN THE 1970s"—Works on paper by Richard Artschwager, Allen Ruppersbury, Richard Tuttle, and others. Through Aug. 12. (Brooke Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

ART KANE—Forty years of pictures by a photographer best known for his landscape and fashion work. Through Aug. 12. (Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway.)

THOMAS RUFF—Photographs of buildings designed by the Swiss architects Jacques Herzog and Pierre de Meuron. Through Sept. 9. (Blum, 99 Wooster St.)

MICHAEL A. SMITH—Recent nudes and landscapes. Through July 23. (Bace, 39 Wooster St.)

W. EUGENE SMITH—Images by a photographer best known for his photo-essays in *Life*. Through Aug. 19. (Mann, 42 E. 76th St.)

"APPEAL TO THIS AGE: PHOTOGRAPHY OF THE CIVIL RIGHTS MOVEMENT, 1954-68"—Through July 30. (Greenberg, 120 Wooster St.)

"FLOWERS"—A group show featuring work by William Abranowicz, Walker Evans, Graciela Iturbide, and others. Through Aug. 5. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway.)

"PEACE, LOVE AND ROCK 'N' ROLL (THE SIXTIES)"—A group show featuring work by Charles Gatewood, Shelly Rusten, and Burk Uzzle. Through July 30. (292 Gallery, 120 Wooster St.)

"VISIONS OF MODERNITY"—Photographs taken in the Peruvian Andes between 1900 and 1930. Through Aug. 10. (Americas Society, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.)

INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.—"Henri Cartier-Bresson: Hommage." Along with a group of lithographs and some of the photographer's most famous and widely reproduced images, "Hommage" presents written tributes by other photographers, artists, writers, and critics. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY MIDTOWN, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St.—An exhibition of contemporary Scandinavian photography. . . . ¶ Portraits of artists and intellectuals, including a wonderful shot of Albert Einstein in a leather jacket (1938), and a closeup of J. D. Salinger, taken by the German-born photographer Lotte Jacobi in 1950. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

(See the museum listings for photography exhibitions at the Museum of Modern Art, the Whitney Museum of American Art, El Museo del Barrio, the New York Public Library, and the Schomburg Center.)

CLASSICAL MUSIC

The Handel Vandal

WHEN Mostly Mozart presents Handel's "Ode for St. Cecilia's Day," at Avery Fisher Hall on July 15-16, listeners will hear not Handel's original score (composed in 1739) but, rather, a version so extensively revised by Mozart that it might be considered, quite literally, to be "mostly Mozart." Our authenticity-minded era generally seeks to replicate the performance practices in force when a piece was written, but Mozart's contemporaries considered old music largely unusable unless it was updated to conform to prevailing tastes, and therein lies a tale.

The Emerson String Quartet at Mostly Mozart and Maverick Concerts.

Baron Gottfried van Swieten was one of late-eighteenth-century Vienna's most ardent connoisseurs of antiquarian music, which (as he saw it) boiled down to three composers—J. S. Bach, C. P. E. Bach, and Handel. The baron, who sponsored concerts of their works on Sunday afternoons, commissioned Mozart to revivify several Handel masterpieces by applying an overlay of up-to-date Viennese style. Four Handel/Mozart arrangements resulted: "Acis and Galatea" (1788), "Messiah" (1789), "Alexander's Feast," and the "Ode for St. Cecilia's Day" (both 1790). Mozart earned his fee for the "Ode": though he kept its structure intact, he altered occasional harmonies, added momentary inspirations that might have occurred to Handel had he lived into the Classical era, and modernized the orchestra by adding a second flute part and by imposing pairs of clarinets, bassoons, and horns onto the original string texture. The result has something in common with, say, Pope's translation of the Odyssey, which is heroically Homeric at the core but clearly born of a different age. Like Pope's Homer, Mozart's Handel is an aesthetic hodgepodge, but we would be poorer without it.

OPERA

NEW YORK GRAND OPERA—Presenting "Un Giorno di Regno" (1840), Verdi's second opera (and his only comedy until his valedictory "Falstaff," written five decades later); with soprano Yoko Ojima, mezzo-soprano Ingrid Zeldin, tenor Ronald Naldi, and baritone Gustavo Camps. Fully staged, with Vincent La Selva conducting. (Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, mid-Park at 72nd St. July 13 at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

MOSTLY MOZART—At Avery Fisher Hall. July 13: Gerard Schwarz conducts the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra in selections from Bach's "The Art of Fugue" and Third Orchestral Suite, as well as Mozart's E-Flat-Major Piano Concerto (K. 482, with Yefim Bronfman) and Flute Concerto No. 2 (with Jean-Pierre Rampal). . . . **NOTE:** In a pre-concert recital, beginning at 7 and open to ticket holders, Messrs. Rampal and Bronfman will perform Tchaikovsky's "Dumka" and an arrangement of Mozart's G-Major Violin Sonata (K. 301). . . . ¶ July 14: Joshua Rifkin leads the Bach Ensemble in Bach's B-Minor Mass, employing the one-on-a-part choral forces that Mr. Rifkin believes reflect the composer's practice. . . . ¶ July 15-16: Gerard Schwarz conducts the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra in Handel's B-Minor Concerto Grosso (Op. 6, No. 12) and "Ode for St. Cecilia's Day" (as arranged by Mozart), as well as Mozart's C-Major Piano Concerto (K. 503, featuring Ivan Moravec). . . .- **NOTE:** In a pre-concert recital on July 16, beginning at 7 and open to ticket holders, Mr. Moravec will perform Beethoven's C-Minor Variations and a set of short pieces by Brahms. . . . ¶ July 18: The Emerson String Quartet plays Beethoven's three "Rasumovsky" Quartets (Op. 59), named after the Russian ambassador who commissioned them. Their style was so radical that a fellow-composer who attended the première of the first quartet, in 1807, could report of

CLASSICAL MUSIC–Cont'd

the audience's reaction, "They laughed, and were convinced that Beethoven was playing a joke and that it was not the quartet that had been promised." . . . ¶ July 19-20: Christof Perick conducts the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra in Weber's "Der Freischütz" Overture, Beethoven's Symphony No. 1, and Mozart's Clarinet Concerto (with Sabine Meyer) and Piano Concerto in E-Flat Major (K. 271, with Jeffrey Kahane). (Evenings at 8. 875-5030.)

National Chorale—Martin Josman conducts free concerts in Lincoln Center's Damrosch Park. July 14 at 7: Music by Leonard Bernstein. . . . ¶ July 19 at 7:30: A Broadway program.

Goldman Band—Gene Young conducting free concerts. (Seaside Park, Brooklyn. July 16 at 8. . . . ¶ Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. July 17 at 7.)

RECITALS

Midtown Lunchtime—Free hour-long concerts beginning at 12:30, weather permitting. July 13: Mezzo-soprano Lauren Lipson. . . . ¶ July 18 (rain date, July 20): Soprano Angelina Réaux and pianist Ricky Ian Gordon, in a program of Mr. Gordon's compositions. (Bryant Park, Sixth Ave. at 42nd St.)

Bargemusic—Cellist Fred Sherry and pianist Carol Archer perform Schumann's "Fantasy Pieces" (Op. 73); violinist Ik-Hwan Bae and Ms. Archer play Grieg's Violin Sonata; and all join for Beethoven's Piano Trio in E-Flat Major (Op. 1, No. 1). (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. July 14 at 7:30 and July 17 at 4. 1-718 624-4061.)

Cage Concert—Various works by John Cage, interpreted by pianists David Tudor and Margaret Leng Tan, the Merce Cunningham and Doug Elkins dance companies, and others. The program includes several run-throughs of Cage's "4′ 33″," all of whose sounds are provided by the environment rather than by any traditional input from the "performer." (Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, mid-Park at 72nd St. July 15 at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Summergarden 1994—The Museum of Modern Art's summer survey of early-twentieth-century musical styles presents string quartets by Milhaud (his Seventh), Stravinsky (his "Three Pieces" and "Concertino"), and Schoenberg (his Third). (Sculpture Garden, Museum of Modern Art, 14 W. 54th St. July 15-16 at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Morning Baroque—Violinist Chin Kim, cellist Iris Regev, and harpsichordist Ilan Rechtman play sonatas by Corelli. (Le Refuge Inn, 620 City Island Ave., City Island, the Bronx. July 17 at 11:30 A.M. Admission is free, but call 1-718 885-2478 to reserve a seat.)

Trio Time—Violinist E-jung, cellist Alexis Gerlach, and pianist Ilan Rechtman perform Mozart's Trio in B-Flat Major (K. 502) and several of Mr. Rechtman's "Jazzicals." (Hotel Wales, Madison Ave. at 92nd St. July 17 at 6 and 8. Admission is free, but call 876-6000 to reserve a seat.)

Washington Square Chamber Ensemble—A winds-and-piano ensemble performs a trio by Poulenc, quintets by Beethoven (Op. 16) and Mozart (K. 452), and an arrangement of Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel." (Washington Square Park. July 19 at 8. No tickets necessary. Incase of rain, the concert will be held at Loeb Student Center Auditorium, New York University, Washington Sq. and LaGuardia Pl.)

OUT OF TOWN

Tanglewood—July 13 at 8:30: Baritone Thomas Hampson, pianist John Barber, and a string quartet from the Boston Symphony Chamber Players perform music by Barber, including songs, his Piano Sonata, and his "Dover Beach." . . . ¶ July 15 at 8:30: Mariss Jansons conducts the Boston Symphony in Tchaikovsky's Polonaise from "Eugene Onegin," Piano Concerto No. 1 (with André Watts), and Symphony No. 6. . . . ¶ July 16 at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa conducts the Boston Symphony in Mozart's "Le Nozze di Figaro" Overture, Reger's Piano Concerto (with Peter Serkin), and Beethoven's Symphony No. 5. . . . ¶ July 17 at 2:30: Mariss Jansons conducts the Boston Symphony in Stravinsky's "Firebird" Suite, Prokofiev's Violin Concerto No. 2 (with Midori), and Dvořák's Symphony No. 8. (Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 1-413 637-1600.)

Caramoor Music Festival—July 14 at 4:15: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble plays a bassoon quartet by Franz Krommer (a contemporary of Beethoven), Ravel's "Introduction and Allegro," and Brahms' Clarinet Quintet. . . . ¶ July 14-15 at 8:30: The Orchestra of St. Luke's plays sinfonias and concertos by Vivaldi. . . . ¶ July 16 at 8:30: André Previn conducts the Orchestra of St. Luke's in Prokofiev's Symphony No. 1 (the "Classical"), Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 2 (with Ignat Solzhenitsyn), and Mendelssohn's Symphony No. 4 (the "Italian"). . . . ¶ July 17 at 5:30: The Tokyo String Quartet plays quartets by Beethoven (in C Minor, Op. 18, No. 4) and Schumann (in A Minor), Puccini's "Crisantemi," and Wolf's "Italian Serenade." (Katonah, N.Y. 1-914 232-1252.)

Opera Festival of New Jersey—Final performances of the season. July 14: "The Barber of Seville." . . . ¶ July 15: "La Bohème." . . . ¶ July 16: Peter Westergaard's "The Tempest." (Lawrenceville School, Lawrenceville, N.J. 1-609 936-1500. Evenings at 8. All performances in English.)

Glimmerglass Opera—Monteverdi's "L'Incoronazione di Poppea," with soprano Dana Hanchard and countertenor Brian Asawa; directed by Jonathan Miller, and with Jane Glover conducting a period-instrument ensemble. (July 14 at 8 and July 18 at 2.) . . . ¶ Strauss's "Ariadne auf Naxos," with sopranos Sheila Smith and Valerie Gonzalez, mezzo-soprano Charlotte Hellekant, and tenor Tim Tobin; directed by Mark Lamos and conducted by Stewart Robinson. (July 16 at 8.) . . . ¶ Gilbert and Sullivan's "Iolanthe," directed by Dorothy Danner and conducted by Hal France. (July 17 at 2.) (Cooperstown, N.Y. For information about tickets, call 1-607 547-2255.)

Aston Magna Festival—Vocal and instrumental music from seventeenth-century Italy. (Bard College, Annandale-on-Hudson, N.Y. July 15 at 8. For information about tickets, call 1-914 758-6822. . . . ¶ St. James Church, Great Barrington, Mass. July 16 at 6. For information about tickets, call 1-413 528-3595.)

Norfolk Chamber Music Festival—July 15 at 8:30: The New York Woodwind Quintet performs music

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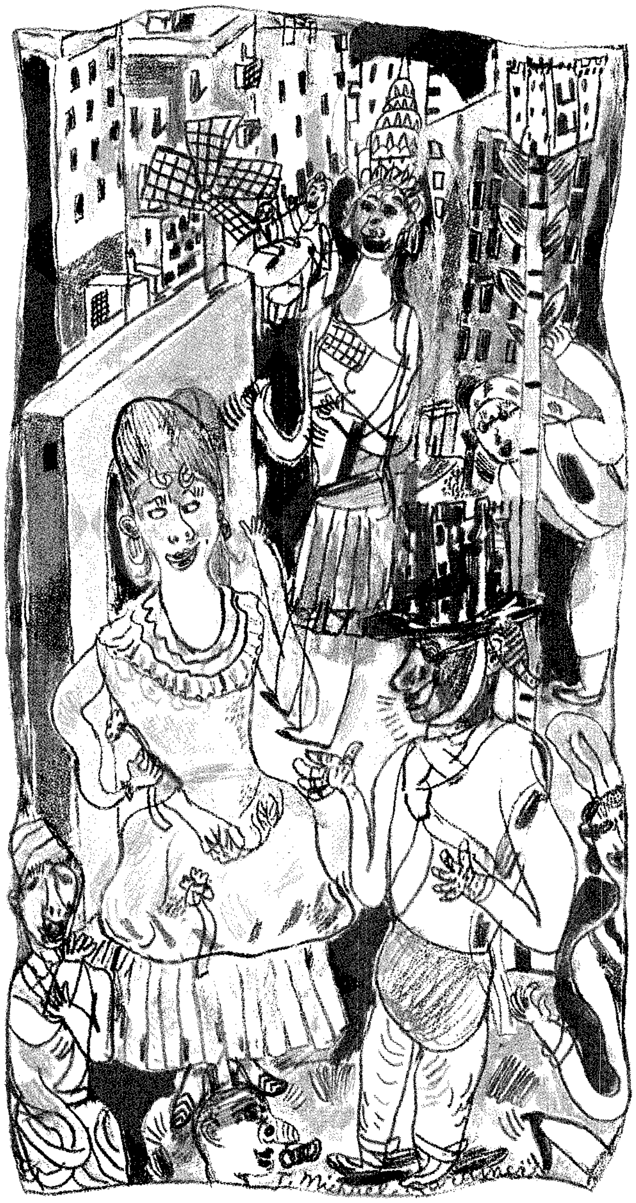
LISTENING BOOTH

Handel's "Scipione," Les Talens Lyriques, Christophe Rousset conducting (FNAC). This first recording of "Scipione," based on last year's production at the Festival de Beaune, may be the most exciting Handel opera recording ever made. No composer has benefitted more from the revisionist spirit of the historical-performance movement; Handel's operas, which a generation ago seemed pompous and repetitive, now burn with color and passion. Like his cast and exceptionally accomplished orchestra, the thirty-something Rousset (who is also a brilliant harpsichordist) grew up on the "new" *sound of Handel. The ensemble's ease* belies the vibrant intensity of this performance, both in musical details (subtle articulation, fearless embellishment) and in large-scale effects (compelling delivery of recitative, over-all dramatic sweep). Countertenor Derek Lee Ragin, soprano Sandrine Piau, and mezzo-soprano Doris Lamprecht deliver memorable singing, and the three-disk set is a model of elegant packaging.



Bastille Day party on Gansevoort Street. (See Above and Beyond.)

by Mozart, Janáček (his "Mládi"), and Thea Musgrave; pianist Gilbert Kalish joins them for Poulenc's Sextet. . . . ¶ July 16 at 8:30: The Tokyo String Quartet plays Beethoven's C-Minor Quartet (Op. 18, No. 4), Schumann's A-Minor Quartet, and Brahms' Piano Quintet (with Claude Frank assisting). (Route 44, Norfolk, Conn. 1-203 542-3000.)

Music Mountain—July 16 at 8: The New Black Eagle Jazz Band. . . . ¶ July 17 at 3: The Allegri String Quartet performs quartets by Janáček (his First) and Beethoven (in B-Flat Major, Op. 130), as well as Brahms' G-Minor Piano Quartet (with pianist Pamela Mia Paul). (Falls Village, Conn. For information about tickets, call 1-203 824-7126.)

Maverick Concerts—The Emerson String Quartet plays Beethoven's Quartets in F Major (Op. 59, No. 1) and E Minor (Op. 59, No. 2), as well as Shostakovich's Quartet No. 12. (Woodstock, N.Y. 1-914 679-8217. July 17 at 3.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Storming Gansevoort Street—Off with their heads? More like out of their minds. Cancan dancers, Edith Piaf imitators, and the Lady Bunny will be on hand to entertain the masses, foment revolution, and eat cake, in celebration of the two-hundred-and-fifth anniversary of the storming of the Bastille. You can even stick your neck out—onto a guillotine. Gansevoort St. will be closed between Hudson and Washington Sts. for the festivities, on July 17, from noon to 10. The block party and performances are free. For reservations at Restaurant Florent, which organizes the fête and will present an alfresco dinner for four hundred, call 989-5779.

Thai Drama—Lakhon Chatri, an ancient form of Thai devotional dance and drama which incorporates comedy, romance, and commentary, will be performed on July 15-16 at 8, and will be the subject of a symposium on July 16, from 10 to 4:30. (Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St. 517-2742.)

Plaza Steps—Midsummer Night Swing continues at Lincoln Plaza. Dancing begins at 8:15, on Wednesdays through Saturdays, through July 23. Don't know whether to twirl your partner or shake your booty? There's a lesson at 6:30 every night except Saturday. July 13: Brave Combo. Bravely combining swing, salsa, hora, and polka. . . . ¶ July 14: Michelle Willson and the Evil Gal band. Swing à la West Coast. . . . ¶ July 15: Bragada and Tabou Combo. Vamos al carnaval. . . . ¶ July 16: Frank Wess Big Band. Everybody swing. (Tickets available on the evenings of the events.)

Viva Italia—**"Verdi: His Life, His Music, and His Land,"** an exhibit saluting the New York Grand Opera Company's "Viva, Verdi!" Festival, will include the costume that Enrico Caruso wore in "Rigoletto" and a portrait of the composer, made out of black silk thread. (Dime Savings Bank, Madison Ave. at 56th St. No tickets necessary. Open Mondays through Fridays, from 8:30 to 3. Through July 27.) . . . **The Brooklyn Botanic Garden** will offer a discussion and tour of plants native to Italy (including the olive tree), on July 17 at 1. A-cappella songs by the Renaissance Street Singers will follow at 2:30. (1000 Washington Ave., near Grand Army Plaza. No tickets necessary.) . . . **The Feast of the Giglio**, which continues through July 17, honors St. Paulinus, who became a slave so that a widow's only son could go free. Upon hearing of the sacrifice, a Turkish sultan bartered for the saint's freedom. When Paulinus returned to Nola, Italy, he was greeted with *gigli* (lilies). The festival includes a parish feast and a dance through the streets, during which a several-ton platform, complete with a brass band, is carried on the shoulders of hearty participants. (Our Lady of Mount Carmel, N. 8th and Havemeyer Sts., Williamsburg, Brooklyn. 1-718 384-0223.)

Wordplayfield—Dorothy Allison, author of "Bastard Out of Carolina," and Dennis Cooper, who wrote "Try," will read from their own prose. (Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, mid-Park at 72nd St. July 14 at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Walks—July 16 at 9:30: The Municipal Art Society will bus participants to Long Island for a tour of formal gardens. For more information, call 935-3960. . . . ¶ July 17 at 10: The 92nd Street Y will tour Corona Park in Flushing Meadows and visit the Queens Museum of Art and the North American Wildlife Center. For more information, call 996-1100.

FOR KIDS

(A list of activities for children and their parents or other adults.)

Beyond Lanyards—Seven-to-ten-year-olds can decorate wooden boxes with seashells and the like, in a free crafts workshop at the Yorkville branch of the New York Public Library. A storytelling session precedes the workshop. Pre-registration is required; call 744-5824. (222 E. 79th St. July 13 at 3.)

Play Ball—Members of the Original Stickball Old Timers will teach the young'uns a thing or two about the street game, on July 16 at 2. Participants can also take in a "Stickball Hall of Fame" exhibit. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. No charge beyond museum admission. Sign up to play by 1:45.)

Fly Boys and Girls—A fishing tournament gets under way at Brooklyn's Prospect Park on July 19 and continues through July 23, from 11 to 4 each day. The Urban Park Rangers will provide instruction and supervision; later this summer, prizes (for largest bass, sunfish, etc.) will be given out at an awards ceremony. Pick up poles at the Rustic Shelter, near the Wollman Center rink. For ages fifteen and under.

SPORTS

(The Yankees play at Yankee Stadium, 1-718 293-6000, and the Mets at Shea Stadium, 1-718 507-8499. World Cup Soccer is at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. For tickets, call 1-800 769-1994.)

BASEBALL

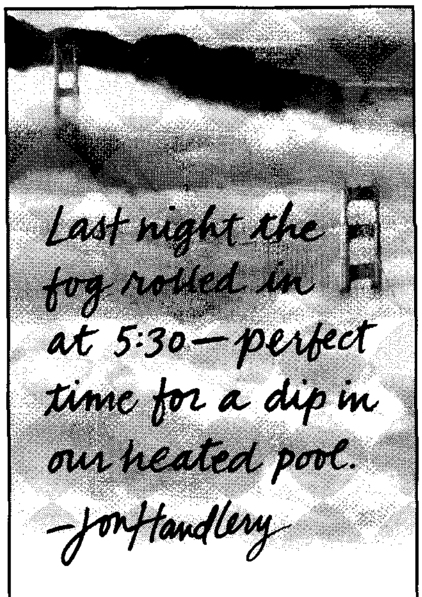
Yankees—Away until July 26, when they'll face the Boston Red Sox.

Mets—Vs. the San Diego Padres, July 14-15 at 7:40, July 16 at 8:05, and July 17 at 1:40. . . . ¶ Vs. the Los Angeles Dodgers, July 18 at 8:05 and July 19 at 7:40.

Rematch—Those Amazin' Mets of 1969 will be back in town to defend their World Series reputation. Tommie Agee, Ed Charles, Cleon Jones, Jerry Koosman, Ed Kranepool, and Tug McGraw will take to the diamond in a three-inning exhibition game against a team culled from the rosters of the 1969 Baltimore Orioles, Chicago Cubs, Atlanta Braves, and San Francisco Giants, including Hall-of-Famers Ernie Banks and Juan Marichal. Eddie Yost, who managed the Washington Senators in 1963, will manage the Mets. Earl Weaver, the firebrand behind the Orioles for seventeen years, including 1969, when they lost in October to the Mets, will manage the visitors. The first pitch will be hurled at noon on July 17, before this year's Mets take on the Padres.

SOCCER

The World Cup—On July 13 at 4, Giants Stadium. This semifinal game (between two teams undetermined as of press time) will be the last local match of the World Cup tournament.


Last night the fog rolled in at 5:30—perfect time for a dip in our heated pool.
-Jon Handlery

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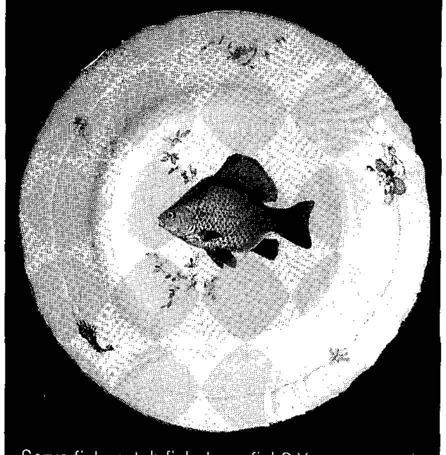

Serve fish, catch fish, keep fish? You may want to bring aboard the Quenelle Collection by Italy's premiere porcelain creator. Ensemble or individual pieces. See them at fine shops. For literature write Richard-Ginori, 41 Madison Ave., NY, NY 10010.

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THE MOVIES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			13	14	15	16
17	18	19				

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN "MOVIES IN BRIEF," STARTING ON PAGE 20.

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)

Theatre 1: "White" (†).

Theatre 2: "Go Fish" (directed by Rose Troche).

Theatre 3: Through July 14: "Even Cowgirls Get the Blues" (Gus Van Sant); and "Grief" (Richard Glatzer). From July 15: "Mi Vida Loca" ("My Crazy Life"; Allison Anders).

Theatre 4: "Kika" (Pedro Almodóvar, in Spanish).

Theatre 5: Through July 14: "My Life's in Turnaround" (Eric Schaeffer and Donal Lardner Ward). From July 15: "Spanking the Monkey" (David O. Russell).

Theatre 6: "Little Buddha" (†).

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)

A program of Italian films.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)

Theatre 1: Through July 14: "Getting Even with Dad" (Howard Deutch). From July 15: "True Lies" (James Cameron).

Theatre 2: "Four Weddings and a Funeral" (Mike Newell), with Hugh Grant and Andie MacDowell.

Theatre 3: Through July 14: "The Crow" (Alex Proyas). From July 15: "True Lies."

Village Theatre VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th. (982-0400)

Theatre 1: "Widows' Peak" (†).

Theatre 2: "Wyatt Earp" (†).

Theatre 3: "Wolf" (†).

Theatre 4: "Forrest Gump" (Robert Zemeckis), with Tom Hanks.

Theatre 5: "Forrest Gump."

Theatre 6: "Little Big League" (†).

Theatre 7: "Wolf" (†).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

"Chicken Hawk" (Adi Sideman).

Village East Cinemas, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (529-6799)

Theatre 1: "Belle Époque" (Fernando Trueba, in Spanish).

Theatre 2: "I Love Trouble" (†).

Theatre 3: "When a Man Loves a Woman" (Luis Mandoki).

Theatre 4: "Woodstock" (1970, Michael Wadleigh).

Theatre 5: "The Lion King" (†).

Theatre 6: "Woodstock."

Theatre 7: "Sankofa" (Haile Gerima).

19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)

Theatre 1: "Wolf" (†).

Theatre 2: "Wyatt Earp" (†).

Theatre 3: "The Lion King" (†).

Theatre 4: "Little Big League" (†).

Theatre 5: "Wolf" (†).

Theatre 6: Through July 14: "The Lion King" (†). From July 15: "Angels in the Outfield" (William Dear).

Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)

Theatre 1: "I Love Trouble" (†).

Theatre 2: "Speed" (†).

Theatre 3: "The Lion King" (†).

Theatre 4: Through July 14: "Baby's Day Out" (†). From July 15: "Angels in the Outfield" (William Dear).

34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "Forrest Gump" (Robert Zemeckis), with Tom Hanks.

Theatre 2: "Blown Away" (†).

Theatre 3: "Wolf" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

"The Shadow" (†).

Eastside Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

"Sirens" (John Duigan), with Hugh Grant, Tara Fitzgerald, and Sam Neill.

Sutton I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

Theatre 1: "The Lion King" (†).

Theatre 2: "The Lion King" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

Through July 14: "Renaissance Man" (Penny Marshall), with Danny DeVito.

From July 15: "True Lies" (James Cameron).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

Through July 14: "Schindler's List" (Steven Spielberg), with Liam Neeson.

From July 15: "Spanking the Monkey" (David O. Russell).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: "The Flintstones" (Brian Levant), with John Goodman.

Theatre 2: "Baby's Day Out" (†).

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)

"Getting Even with Dad" (Howard Deutch).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: "Speed" (†).

Theatre 2: "Forrest Gump" (Robert Zemeckis), with Tom Hanks.

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)

Theatre 1: "I Love Trouble" (†).

Theatre 2: "Little Buddha" (†).

Theatre 3: Through July 14: "When a Man Loves a Woman" (Luis Mandoki). From July 15: "Angels in the Outfield" (William Dear).

First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd. (752-4600)

Theatre 1: "The Shadow" (†).

Theatre 2: "Little Big League" (†).

Theatre 3: "City Slickers II: The Legend of Curly's Gold" (Paul Weiland).

Theatre 4: "The Shadow" (†).

Theatre 5: "Blown Away" (†).

Theatre 6: "Blown Away" (†).

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: "Maverick" (Richard Donner).

Theatre 2: "Woodstock" (1970, Michael Wadleigh).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

"Wolf" (†).

New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: "Beverly Hills Cop III" (John Landis), with Eddie Murphy.

Theatre 2: "Four Weddings and a Funeral" (Mike Newell).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

Through July 14: "Reservoir Dogs" (Quentin Tarantino).

From July 15: "Ciao, Professore!" (Lina Wertmüller; in Italian).

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"Wyatt Earp" (†).

East 85th Street, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

"Blown Away" (†).

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)

Theatre 1: Through July 14: "The Flintstones" (Brian Levant) and "City Slickers II: The Legend of Curly's Gold" (Paul Weiland). From July 15: "True Lies" (James Cameron).

Theatre 2: "Baby's Day Out" (†).

Orpheum VII, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (876-2400)

Theatre 1: "I Love Trouble" (†).

Theatre 2: "Forrest Gump" (Robert Zemeckis), with Tom Hanks.

Theatre 3: "Wolf" (†).

Theatre 4: "Forrest Gump."

Theatre 5: "Speed" (†).

Theatre 6: "Little Big League" (†) and "Wyatt Earp" (†).

Theatre 7: "The Shadow" (†).

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Theatre 1: Through July 14: "Renaissance Man" (Penny Marshall). From July 15: "Angels in the Outfield" (William Dear).

Theatre 2: "The Lion King" (†).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)

Theatre 1: "High School" (1969, directed by Fred Wiseman) and "High School II" (Wiseman), both documentaries.

Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.

Theatre 3: "The Boys of St. Vincent" (†).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: "The Shadow" (†).

Theatre 2: "Speed" (†).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th (929-3350)

Theatre 1: "Blown Away" (†).

Theatre 2: "Baby's Day Out" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: Through July 14: "Bhaji on the Beach" (Gurinder Chadha). From July 15: "Ciao, Professore!" (Lina Wertmüller, in Italian).

Theatre 2: "Coming Out Under Fire" (†).

Theatre 3: Through July 14: "The Slingshot" (Åke Sandgren; in Swedish). From July 15: "L.627" (Bertrand Tavernier; in French).

Theatre 4: Through July 14: "Thirty Two Short Films About Glenn Gould" (François Girard) and "Bitter Moon" (Roman Polanski). From July 15: "The Conjugal Bed" (Mircea Daneliuc; in Romanian).

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)

Theatre 1: "I Love Trouble" (†).

Theatre 2: "The Shadow" (†).

Theatre 3: "Forrest Gump" (Robert Zemeckis), with Tom Hanks.

Theatre 4: "Blown Away" (†).

Theatre 5: "Speed" (†).

Theatre 6: "Forrest Gump."

Theatre 7: "Speed" (†).

Theatre 8: "The Shadow" (†).

Theatre 9: Through July 14: "Forrest Gump." From July 15: "True Lies" (James Cameron).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)

Theatre 1: "City Slickers II: The Legend of Curly's Gold" (Paul Weiland).

Theatre 2: "The Flintstones" (Brian Levant).

Theatre 3: "Baby's Day Out" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

Through July 14: "I Love Trouble" (†).

From July 15: "Angels in the Outfield" (William Dear).

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)

Theatre 1: "With Honors" (Alek Keshishian).

Theatre 2: "Reality Bites" (Ben Stiller).

Theatre 3: "Jurassic Park" (Steven Spielberg).

Theatre 4: "Even Cowgirls Get the Blues" (Gus Van Sant).

Theatre 5: "In the Name of the Father" (Jim Sheridan).

Theatre 6: "The Paper" (Ron Howard).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

"Wolf" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)

"Kika" (Pedro Almodóvar, in Spanish).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

"When a Man Loves a Woman" (Luis Mandoki), with Andy Garcia and Meg Ryan.

Carnegie Hall Cinemas, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)

Theatre 1: "Go Fish" (Rose Troche).

Theatre 2: "Like Water for Chocol[illegible]" (Alfonso Arau; a Mexican film, in Spanish).

Angelika 57, 225 W. 57th. (586-1900)

"Bhaji on the Beach" (Gurinder Chadha).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)

"Widows' Peak" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

"The House of the Spirits" (Bille August).

Columbus Circle, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

"I Love Trouble" (†).

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)

"The Shadow" (†).

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "Little Buddha" (†).

Theatre 2: "White" (†).

Theatre 3: "Four Weddings and a Funeral" (Mike Newell), with Hugh Grant and Andie MacDowell.

Theatre 4: "A Place in the World" (Adolfo Aristarain; in Spanish).

Theatre 5: "Red Rock West" (†).

Theatre 6: "Belle Époque" (Fernando Trueba, in Spanish).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through July 14: "Speed" (†).

From July 15: "True Lies" (James Cameron).

84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)

Theatre 1: "Blown Away" (†).

Theatre 2: "Wolf" (†).

Theatre 3: "Forrest Gump" (Robert Zemeckis), with Tom Hanks.

Theatre 4: "The Lion King" (†).

Theatre 5: Through July 14: "Forrest Gump." From July 15: "Angels in the Outfield" (William Dear).

Theatre 6: "Wyatt Earp" (†).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (316-4962)

Through July 14: "Bitter Moon" (Roman Polanski).

From July 15: "Spanking the Monkey" (David O. Russell).

Metro Cinema I and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Theatre 1: "Baby's Day Out" (†).

Theatre 2: "Little Big League" (†).

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: "The Flintstones" (Brian Levant), with John Goodman.

Theatre 2: "Getting Even with Dad" (Howard Deutch).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: "The Flintstones" (directed by Brian Levant), with John Goodman.

Theatre 2: "Wyatt Earp" (†).

Theatre 3: "Speed" (†).

Theatre 4: "Blown Away" (†).

Theatre 5: "Baby's Day Out" (†).

Theatre 6: "Speed" (†).

Theatre 7: "Blown Away" (†).

Embassy I, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)

"The Lion King" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 1: Through July 14: "City Slickers II: The Legend of Curly's Gold" (Paul Weiland), with Billy Crystal. From July 15: "I Love Trouble" (†).

Theatre 2: "The Crow" (Alex Proyas).

Theatre 3: Through July 14: "Renaissance Man" (Penny Marshall). From July 15: "Mi Vida Loca" ("My Crazy Life"; Allison Anders).

Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)

"Forrest Gump" (Robert Zemeckis), with Tom Hanks.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: Through July 14: "Little Big League" (†). From July 15: "True Lies" (James Cameron).

Theatre 2: "The Shadow" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Film Forum 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)

Through July 14: "The Conformist" (1970, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian).

From July 15: "François Truffaut: Stolen Portraits" (Serge Toubiana and Michel Pascal, in French), a documentary. On July 18: "The Unknown" (1927, Tod Browning), with Lon Chaney; and "Freaks" (1932, Tod Browning), with Olga Baclanova, Wallace Ford, and Leila Hyams.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

July 13: "Red River" (1948, Howard Hawks), with Montgomery Clift and John Wayne; and "My Darling Clementine" (1946, John Ford), with Henry Fonda, Linda Darnell, and Victor Mature.

July 14: "Dr. No" (†); and "Thunderball" (1965, Terence Young), with Sean Connery.

July 15-16: "Annie Hall" (1977, Woody Allen), with Allen and Diane Keaton; and "Manhattan" (1979, Allen), with Allen, Keaton, Michael Murphy, and Meryl Streep.

July 17: "Small Change" (1976, François Truffaut; in French); and "Fists in the Pocket" (1965, Marco Bellocchio; in Italian).

July 18: "L'Avventura" (1959, Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian), with Monica Vitti, Gabriele Ferzetti, and Léa Massari; and "La Notte" (1962, Antonioni; in Italian), with Jeanne Moreau, Marcello Mastroianni, and Vitti.

July 19: "Rosemary's Baby" (1968, Roman Polanski), with Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, and Ruth Gordon; and "Chinatown" (1974, Polanski), with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—A series of films from M-G-M studios. July 14 at 2:30 and July 17 at 2: "That's Entertainment!" (1974, directed by Jack Haley, Jr.). . . . July 15 at 2:30 and July 17 at 5: "My Favorite Year" (1982, Richard Benjamin), with Peter O'Toole. . . . July 16 at 12:30: "Double Wedding" (1937, Richard Thorpe), with Myrna Loy and William Powell. . . . July 17 at noon: A program of Tom and Jerry cartoons. . . . July 18 at 2:30 and July 19 at 6: "Broadway Melody" (†). . . . July 18 at 6: "Lili" (1953, Charles Walters), with Leslie Caron, Mel Ferrer, and Jean-Pierre Aumont. . . . ¶ July 19 at 2:30: "Buddy Buddy" (1981, Billy Wilder), with Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau. . . . ¶ Three films produced for RAI Television, Italy. July 14 at 3 and July 15 at 6: "Enemy Mine: The Kickhams" (1993, Brendan J. Byrne). . . . July 14 at 5 and July 15 at 8: "Enemy Mine: Where the Water Is Deep" (1993, Janos Veszi; in Hungarian). . . . July 14 at 6:30 and July 15 at 3: "Enemy Mine: White Faces" (1993, Gabor Pinter; in Albanian). . . . ¶ Three films from Cuba. July 14 at 6 and July 15 at 8: "Alice in Wondertown" (1993, Daniel Diaz Torres; in Spanish). . . July 14 at 8 and July 16 at 5: "Parallel Lives" (1993, Pastor Vega; in Spanish). . . . July 15 at 6 and July 16 at 3: "Adorable Lies" (1991, Geraldo Chijona; in Spanish).

Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600)—A series of French films. July 13 at 2, 6, and 9:45: "L'Age d'Or" (1930, Luis Buñuel). . . . July 13 at 4 and 7:30: "L'Atalante" (1934, Jean Vigo), with Jean Dasté, Dita Parlo, Michel Simon, and Louis Lefèvre. . . . July 14 at 2 and July 18 at 2 and 6:15: "Children of Paradise" (1945, Marcel Carné), with Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Louis Salou, Marcel Herrand, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès. . . . July 15 at 2 and July 17 at 4 and 8: "The Lovers" (1959, Louis Malle), with Jeanne Moreau. . . . July 15 at 3:50, July 16 at 9, and July 17 at 5:50 and 9:50: "Pierrot le Fou" (1965, Jean-Luc Godard), with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Anna Karina. . . . July 15 at 6:15 and July 16 at 4: "L'Amour Fou" (†). . . . July 16-17 at 2: "Donkey Skin" (1975, Jacques Demy), with Catherine Deneuve. . . . July 19 at 2: "The Earrings of Madame de . . ." (1953, Max Ophuls), with Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux, and Vittorio De Sica. . . . July 19 at 4: "The Third Lover" (1963, Claude Chabrol), with Jacques Charrier. . . . ¶ July 14 at 6:30 and 9:15: "Siren of the Tropics" (1927, Henri Etievant and Mario Nalpas; silent), with Josephine Baker. . . . ¶ July 19 at 6 and 8:45: "Partisans of Vilna" (1986, Josh Waletzky), a documentary.

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—A program of films by Howard Hawks. July 16 at 2: "A Girl in Every Port" (1928), with Victor McLaghlen, Robert Armstrong, and Louise Brooks. . . . July 16 at 3:30: "Paid to Love" (1927), with George O'Brien. . . . July 16 at 5: "Trent's Last Case" (1929), with Donald Crisp and Raymond Griffith. . . . July 17 at 2: "Only Angels Have Wings" (1939), with Cary Grant and Jean Arthur. . . . July 17 at 4:30: "I Was a Male War Bride" (1949), with Grant and Ann Sheridan.

Anthology Film Archives, 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181)—July 14 at 7 and July 17 at 6: "Three Lives" (1970, Kate Millett). . . . ¶ July 14-16 at 9 and July 17 at 8: "The Genius" (1993, Joe Gibbons). . . . ¶ July 15-16 at 6: "On the Bowery" (1956, Lionel Rogosin) and "Come Back, Africa" (1960, Rogosin).

Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (570-3949)—July 15 at 7: "Being There" (1979, Hal Ashby), with Peter Sellers, Shirley MacLaine, Melvyn Douglas, and Jack Warden. . . . ¶ July 16 at 4: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1934, Alfred Hitchcock), with Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, and Peter Lorre. . . . ¶ July 16 at 7: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1956 †).

Bryant Park, Sixth Ave. at 41st St.—Mondays, starting at dusk, free drive-in-style moviegoing, beginning with Looney Tunes cartoons and coming attractions. The feature film on July 18 will be Billy Wilder's "Some Like It Hot" (1959), with Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis, and Jack Lemmon. (Rain date will be the following night.)

Film al Fresco, at Le Madri Restaurant, 168 W. 18th St. (727-8022)—Sunday evenings, more films out of doors, with food and live music beginning at 6 and the main feature starting at about 9. On July 17, the feature will be Federico Fellini's "Satyricon" (1970), in Italian.

Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. (662-2133)—The annual summer screening of silent films. July 13 at 8: "The Eagle" (1925, Clarence Brown), with Rudolph Valentino, Louise Dresser, and Vilma Banky. . . . ¶ July 14 at 8: "Body and Soul" (1924, Oscar Micheaux), with Paul Robeson. . . . ¶ July 15 at 8: "Robin Hood" (†). (Organ accompaniment written and played by Lee Erwin.)

Symphony Space, B'way at 95th St. (864-5400)—July 14 at 6:15: "Paris, Texas" (1984, Wim Wenders), with Harry Dean Stanton, Nastassja Kinski, and Dean Stockwell. . . . ¶ July 14-16 at 9 and July 17 at 8: "Ultra" (1991, Ricky Tognazzi; in Italian). . . . ¶ July 15 at 7: "La Ronde" (1950, Max Ophuls; in French), with Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, Simone Signoret, and Jean-Louis Barrault. . . . ¶ July 16 at 6:45: "Tampopo" (1986, Juzo Itami; in Japanese). . . . ¶ July 16 at 5:45: "Landscape in the Mist" (1988, Theo Angelopoulos; in Greek).

Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—July 13 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Le Jour des Rois" (1991, Marie-Claude Treilhou; in French), with Danielle Darrieux.

Seidy Lopez and Marlo Marron in "Mi Vida Loca."

JAIME HERNANDEZ

MOVIES IN BRIEF

FILMS OPENING THIS WEEK

ANGELS IN THE OUTFIELD—A Disney remake of the 1952 M-G-M picture about a losing baseball team whose fortunes take a turn for the better when supernatural help arrives. With Danny Glover, Brenda Fricker, Tony Danza, Christopher Lloyd, and Joseph Gordon-Levitt. Screenplay by Holly Goldberg Sloan. Directed by William Dear. Opening July 15.

CIAO, PROFESSORE!—Lina Wertmüller returns to directing with this saga of cultural misunderstanding. A schoolteacher from Northern Italy (Paolo Villaggio) is mistakenly transferred to an impoverished village outside Naples, where most of the students skip classes and work for a living. In Italian. Opening July 15.

THE CONJUGAL BED—A black comedy about sex, lies, and moral chaos in post-Communist Romania. Gheorghe Dinica stars as a philandering movie-theatre owner who loses his mind, recovers, and returns from the asylum to find a crazy domestic situation. Directed by Mircea Daneliuc. In Romanian. Opening July 15.

FRANCOIS TRUFFAUT: STOLEN PORTRAITS—This documentary biography of the director, who died in 1984, includes interviews with Gérard Depardieu, Fanny Ardant, Marcel Ophuls, and Eric Rohmer, among others. Directed by Serge Toubiana and Michel Pascal. In French. Opening July 15.

L.627—A thriller about a tough Paris narcotics detective (Didier Bezace) on the trail of immigrant drug dealers. The title refers to a French anti-drug law. Directed by Bertrand Tavernier ("'Round Midnight"); written by Tavernier and Michel Alexandre. In French. Opening July 15.

MI VIDA LOCA (MY CRAZY LIFE)—Allison Anders ("Gas Food Lodging") wrote and directed this tale of working-class Latina women growing up in the barrios of Los Angeles. With Angel Avilea, Seidy Lopez, and Jacob Vargas. Opening July 15.

SPANKING THE MONKEY—When a college student (Jeremy Davies) returns home after his freshman year and is forced to spend his summer vacation caring for his attractive, bedridden mother (Alberta Watson), the frustrated youth finds himself drifting toward incest. Written and directed by David O. Russell. Opening July 15.

TRUE LIES—In their first picture since "Terminator 2," director James Cameron and Arnold Schwarzenegger offer a special-effects extravaganza about a secret agent whose wife doesn't know he's a hero. With Jamie Lee Curtis, Bill Paxton, Tom Arnold, and Art Malik. Cameron wrote the screenplay. Opening July 15.

CURRENT FILMS

(The following notes are by Anthony Lane, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow. If a movie has been reviewed in The Current Cinema, the date of its review is given.)

BABY'S DAY OUT—The producer-screenwriter, John Hughes, turns his trademark formula—rich kid outmaneuvers crooks and redeems parents—into baby formula. A cheerful, dribbling nine-month-old boy named Bink (played by Adam Robert Worton and Jacob Joseph Worton) uses "baby luck" to crawl through the fingers of kidnapper Joe Mantegna and two accomplices. While Bink enjoys a perilous day on his own in the city, his nerve-racked mother, Lara Flynn Boyle, realizes that she's left his upbringing to his nanny (Cynthia Nixon). As usual, Hughes combines sentimentality and slapstick sadism: in the most prolonged and meretricious torture sequence since "Reservoir Dogs," Mantegna's family jewels are roasted, then crushed. Patrick Read Johnson directed.—M.S. (Manhattan Twin, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Art Greenwich Twin, 23rd St. West Triplex, Metro Cinema, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Murray Hill Cinemas; through July 14.)

BLOWN AWAY—As ludicrous as it is bombastic—a Boston-to-Cape Cod version of Scorsese's "Cape Fear" grafted onto an Irish-terrorist backdrop. Tommy Lee Jones outgargoyles De Niro as an explosives freak who escapes from a Northern Ireland prison and somehow makes it to Massachusetts, where he stages a homicidal grudge match against a former mate (Jeff Bridges) who went straight and is now an ace in Beantown's bomb squad. Stephen Hopkins, the director, exacerbates the chaotic silliness of the script by Joe Batteer and John Rice. With Forest Whitaker and Lloyd Bridges. Suzy Amis, as Jeff Bridges' wife, provides the only glimmers of emotion.—M.S. (34th Street Showplace, First & 62nd Cinemas, East 85th Street, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

THE BOYS OF ST. VINCENT—From the outside, St. Vincent—an orphanage, run by a Roman Catholic religious order, in St. John's, Newfoundland—is Boys Town; on the inside, it's a Dickensian hell, in which trapped boys burn for their elders' sins. The head Brother, Peter Lavin (Henry Czerny), is a monster, constantly forcing his sexual attentions on ten-year-old Kevin Reevey (Johnny Morina), and he's not the only abuser on the staff. John N. Smith's movie—a two-part film, made for Canadian television—is muckraking social drama that transforms itself, in the course of its three hours, into something far more disturbing than a straightforward exposé. Part I, set in 1975, is nearly as haunting an evocation of children's helplessness as "The Night of the Hunter." Part II, set fifteen years later, is about the helplessness of adults, and is even finer. Czerny's performance is extraordinary. And Smith, not satisfied with simply provoking moral indignation, zooms in closer and closer on the damaged souls of the abused and the abusers; he ends up with a startlingly detailed picture of spiritual chaos. Also with Sebastian Spence, Lise Roy, and David Hewlett. Screenplay by Smith, Des Walsh, and Sam Grana.—T.R. (Reviewed on our issue of 6/6/94.) (Film Forum.)

COMING OUT UNDER FIRE—Once you get beyond the tendentious rhetoric that opens the film, Arthur Dong's documentary about homosexuals serving in the Second World War has double impact. Implicitly, it argues against any limits on gays and lesbians in the military, while illustrating how even the recent "Don't ask, don't tell, don't pursue" compromise is an improvement over the unrestrained harassment of the past. Interviews with veterans of diverse backgrounds and attitudes—including Marvin Liebman, author of "Coming Out Conservative"—provide a fresh anecdotal history that builds to a devastating account of mid-war anti-gay witch hunts. Co-written by Dong and Allan Bérubé, who wrote the source book, "Coming Out Under Fire: The History of Gay Men and Women in World War II."—M.S. (Quad Cinema.)

LOVE TROUBLE—This newspaper thriller cum romantic comedy, with Nick Nolte and Julia Roberts as rival reporters, fails to brings off the Tracy-Hepburn recipe of sexual tension and prickly repartee. It's like the worst possible Newman-Redford vehicle: the script reduces the stars to twinkling mannequins, and their chemistry barely rises to the buddy-buddy level. The big jokes—with zingers such as "Bitchville" and "little Dick"—would score only in a frat house. The action scenes are standard noisemakers; the suspense is embarrassingly perfunctory. Robert Loggia, Olympia Dukakis, Saul Rubinek, Charlie Martin Smith, and Marsha Mason constitute the mysterious disappearing supporting cast—each drops from sight after very few scenes. Nancy Meyers and Charles Shyer co-wrote, and Shyer directed.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, Murray Hill Cinemas, Cinema I, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, and Columbus Circle. . . . ¶ Guild; through July 14. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting July 15.)

THE LION KING—Disney's new animated feature is a coming-of-age story about animal royalty. It's "Bambi," but with carnivores. The hero, a young lion named Simba, is born to the purple, but before he can ascend to the throne he has to make cute friends, court a soft-eyed female of the species, and see his father die (in a scene that may actually jerk kids' tears more shamelessly than its counterpart in "Bambi"). Between traumas, the movie serves up soothingly banal musical numbers (composed by Elton John and Tim Rice) and silly, rambunctious comedy. The animation, computer-assisted in some of the more elaborate sequences, is sometimes impressive, but rarely impressive enough to overcome a certain impersonality—a stubborn mechanical coldness. Among the celebrity voices on the soundtrack, two performances stand out: Jeremy Irons, as the villainous lion Scar, does an elegant, funny George Sanders impersonation, and Nathan Lane, reading the part of a peppy, skeptical meerkat, gives the picture a welcome shot of Warners-style brashness. Directed by Roger Allers and Rob Minkoff.—T.R. (6/20/94) (Village East Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Murray Hill Cinemas, Sutton, 86th Street East Twin, 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy 1.)

LITTLE BIG LEAGUE—If expansion and reorganization don't kill baseball, maybe butterfingered baseball movies will. In this syrupy kids' stuff, Luke Edwards plays a twelve-year-old who inherits the Minnesota Twins from his grandfather (Jason Robards) and appoints himself manager. He reminds the players that the game is supposed to be fun; when *he* forgets, his star and future stepfather (Timothy Busfield) reminds him. The director, Andrew Scheinman, scuttles the momentum that any baseball film should generate just by following a season. He paces the comedy and drama so poorly that it comes as a relief when the action stops well before the World Series. With Ashley Crow as Mom. Screenplay by Gregory K. Pincus and Adam Scheinman.—M.S. (Village Theatre VII, 19th Street East 6, First & 62nd Cinemas, Orpheum VII, and Metro Cinema. . . . ¶ National Twin; through July 14.)

LITTLE BUDDHA—How the director of "The Conformist," which looks better and sharper every year, ended up making "Little Buddha," which already looks out of date, is anybody's guess. In the late sixties, Bernardo Bertolucci might have got away with this kind of thing—this gentle, wondering, trippy slice of nonsense. Now it just makes you squirm. Bridget Fonda and Chris Isaak play the parents of a young boy who may be the reincarnation of a Tibetan lama. The film therefore splits between their home town of Seattle (gray and blue, glass and steel) and the mountain stronghold of the Buddhist monks (red and orange, silk and wood). This design pattern is the backbone of the picture; there really is nothing else to it. The only fun comes in the historical flashbacks to the story of Buddha, played by Keanu Reeves, stripped to the waist: the spiritual leader as supermodel.—A.L. (5/30/94) (Angelika Film Center, Cinema II, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

RED ROCK WEST—This clever thriller about a good-hearted loner (Nicolas Cage) who trips and falls into a murder plot ranks tops among low-budget neo-noirs. Taut and deadpan witty, it makes spooky use of the setting—a small, windblown Western town—and its surprises actually add up: for once, an angular narrative serves to sharpen the characters. Dennis Hopper and J. T. Walsh do their freshest, snappiest work in years, and Lara Flynn Boyle is a tense, ambiguous love object. Cage's shaggy hangdog charm and core of intelligence and rectitude keep the audience rooting for the hero after several dumb moves. John Dahl's direction, like the script he wrote with his brother Rick, is sure and economical. Dwight Yoakam contributes a piquant cameo as a tough, helpful truck driver.—M.S. (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

THE SHADOW—With Alec Baldwin, directed by Russell Mulcahy. (Reviewed in this issue.) (34th St. East, First & 62nd Cinemas, Orpheum VII, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, 62nd & Broadway, and National Twin.)

SPEED—Trouble on the Los Angeles freeway. Evil mastermind Dennis Hopper (who else?)

is a disgruntled psycho who wires a bomb to the bottom of a city bus. Enter Keanu Reeves as a young cop who is one step behind Hopper, but catching up fast. The director is Jan De Bont, who used to be a cameraman; this is his first feature, and he sees the plot through in a surge of bright images. The result is clean, delirious, and, yes, speedy—the best big-vehicle-in-peril movie since Clouzot's "The Wages of Fear." You leave the theatre exhausted, and blissed out. With Sandra Bullock, who gives a gutsy performance as a passenger who finds herself behind the wheel of the bus.—A.L. (6/13/94) (Murray Hill Cinemas, Baronet, Orpheum VII, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Regency; through July 14.)

White—The second in Krzysztof Kieślowski's "Three Colors" trilogy—"Blue" was released here in 1993, and "Red" was recently screened at the Cannes festival—is the story of a Chaplinesque Polish Everyman named Karol Karol (Zbigniew Zamachowski). The picture traces his progress from utter ignominy, in Paris, to a strange kind of personal power, which he acquires in the unsettled new society of his homeland. Kieślowski has abandoned the elegantly abstract style and enigmatic tones of his recent work and has adopted instead a folksy-picaresque manner, which doesn't suit him. Mysteriously, this great filmmaker lacks the mundane skills to keep us interested in a story that has no real spiritual dimension. Kieślowski isn't searching for immanence: everything has only its face value, and you feel as if a light had gone out in the world. Also with Julie Delpy. In Polish and French.—T.R. (6/20/94) (Angelika Film Center, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Widows' Peak—In the scintillating opening of this corkscrew comedy (set in the twenties), the director, John Irvin, and the writer, Hugh Leonard, introduce a picturesque Irish spot where the choice hillside property belongs to a pack of wealthy widows led by Joan Plowright. Deftly and hilariously, the filmmakers sketch a snobbish, genteel matriarchy and the influence it has over men like the local dentist (Jim Broadbent) and Plowright's son (Adrian Dunbar). The movie doesn't stay at that high level; the script becomes a single-twist mystery about the enmity between the misfit of Widows' Peak—a poor spinster played by Mia Farrow—and its seductive newcomer, Natasha Richardson. But Irvin's direction has never been more confident and spirited, the casting is witty, and the ensemble work wonderful. The standout is Farrow, who brings force and passion to a tricky role.—M.S. (Village Theatre VII, and Paris.)

Wolf—Here's a new idea: a horror film that's frightened of itself. Director Mike Nichols is an old hand at lightly poisoned comedy, but when it comes to violence he shies away. Jack Nicholson plays a man who is bitten by a wolf and then turns into one. It seems such a short journey, since Nicholson, even at his most civilized, never seems more than a grin away from lupine lust. He plays Will Randall, the senior editor at a New York publishing house, who gets sacked by the big boss (Christopher Plummer) in favor of the slimy Stewart (a fine turn by James Spader) and vows revenge. Whether his transformation fills him with commercial greed or with the purer appetites of a wild, pre-industrial age is never quite clear. The movie is smart but confused, sexy but without any sex; the handling of Will's love affair with Laura Alden (Michelle Pfeiffer) reveals a terrible tameness at the heart of the story. For the first half of the picture, the audience is flattered by a series of sly, unforced, and rather cultivated jokes; in the second half, it is insulted by a gradual slide into drab violence. Will runs around in slow motion, exactly like the Six-Million-Dollar Man, and flies through the air as if launched by little off-camera trampolines. Written by Jim Harrison and Wesley Strick.—A.L. (7/11/94) (Village Theatre VII, 19th Street East 6, 34th Street Showplace, Beekman, Orpheum VII, Ziegfeld, and 84th Street Sixplex.)

Wyatt Earp—With Kevin Costner, Dennis Quaid, and Gene Hackman; directed by Lawrence Kasdan. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Village Theatre VII, 19th Street East 6, Tower East, Orpheum VII, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

Jeremy Davies and Alberta Watson in "Spanking the Monkey."

DAVE MCKEAN

REVIVALS

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Michael Sragow.)

L'Amour Fou (1968)—During the first half hour, there's a strong temptation to flee from this legendary Jacques Rivette film, which moves back and forth between the rehearsals for an experimental production of Racine's "Andromaque" and the disintegrating marriage of the actor-director (Jean-Pierre Kalfon) and his actress-wife (Bulle Ogier). But those who stick with the film may find that Rivette's measured, unemphatic style begins to take hold. Tight little Bulle Ogier is ominously compelling; she gives a superlative performance. And there has never been anything like the *folie-à-deux* sex-and-destruction orgy that climaxes the marriage. The purpose of the juxtapositions remains damned elusive, but a highly intellectualized horror story develops inside the smooth, elegantly patterned, abstract camera movements. Rivette has a hypnotic style, partly because of his unusual spatial sense and his "normal" use of time. (4 hours and 12 minutes.) In French.—P.K. (Walter Reade Theatre; July 15-16.)

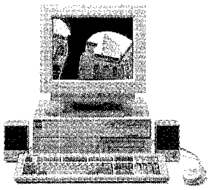
Broadway Melody (1929)—When talkies were new, this was the musical that everyone went to see. It's the one with "The Wedding of the Painted Doll" and "Broadway Melody," of course, and "You Were Meant for Me," all by Arthur Freed and Nacio Herb Brown. It's the one with Anita Page and Bessie Love as the sisters from tank-town vaudeville whose hearts are broken in the big city. With Charles King, Kenneth Thomson, Jed Prouty, and Mary Doran. Directed by Harry Beaumont, with ensemble numbers staged by George Cunningham.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; July 18-19.)

Dr. No (1962)—It's here that Sean Connery, with blasé machismo, states for the first time that his name is "Bond . . . James Bond." The initial 007 team—producers Harry Saltzman and Albert R. Broccoli, and director Terence Young—approached their début boldly and cheekily. Based on Ian Fleming's 1958 book, the script (by Richard Maibaum, Joanna Harwood, and Berkely Mather) sends 007 to Jamaica, where he uses his "licence to kill" against the minions of a Eurasian renegade named Dr. No (Joseph Wiseman), who misguides missiles launched from Cape Canaveral. Ken Adam designed the production with comic-book high style—the blastoff to a Bond tradition. The "Bond girl" tradition starts here, too: in her bikini-and-hunting-knife ensemble, beachcomber Honey Ryder (Ursula Andress) fills the big screen. With Bernard Lee as M and Lois Maxwell as Miss Moneypenny.—M.S. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 14.)

The Man Who Knew Too Much (1956)—In a clever, affecting remake of his 1934 suspense film about a child kidnapped by terrorists, Alfred Hitchcock proves that a functional family with problems is more dramatically compelling than the dysfunctional families of contemporary thrillers. Here the parents are a mildly mismatched Indianapolis doctor (James Stewart) and a retired musical star (Doris Day). The action, which takes them from Morocco to London, brings out his edge of paternalism and her floating frustrations, only to unite them as equals in two classic set pieces—an assassination attempt during a concert in the Royal Albert Hall and a covert search for the snatched kid in an unnamed foreign embassy. Day gets to use her voice as a weapon and a homing device. She's excellent; so are Stewart, Brenda de Banzie, and Bernard Miles. John Michael Hayes and Angus McPhail wrote the script, from the original story by Charles Bennett and D. B. Wyndham-Lewis.—M.S. (Metropolitan Museum of Art; July 16.)

Robin Hood (1922)—The big, handsome Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., version, directed by Allan Dwan, and featuring extraordinarily expensive sets and Fairbanks' beautiful athletic prowess. With Wallace Beery as Richard the Lion-Hearted, Enid Bennett as Marian, and Alan Hale as Little John (the same role he played sixteen years later in the Errol Flynn version). Silent.—P.K. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine; July 15.)

Ellie Frame could view the Mona Lisa, the Grand Canyon, the statue of David, the Great Wall of China – and be back in time for The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air – if she had a PS/1 with built-in CD-ROM.



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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

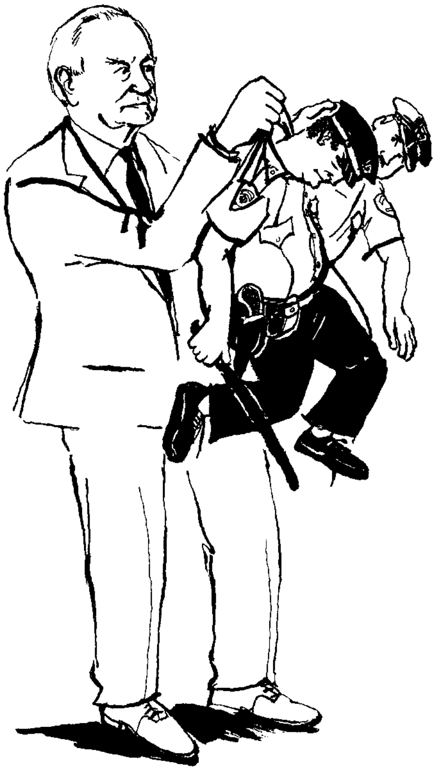
MILTON MOLLEN STILL HAS HIS EYE ON THE COPS

THE Mollen Commission, which released its final report on corruption in the New York City Police Department last Thursday, spent two years investigating the ranks, but for Milton Mollen, the commission's chairman, the research goes back much further—to 1952, when, as a top lawyer in the city corporation counsel's office, he helped bring charges against a group of cops who had been fingered by Harry Gross, the city's preëminent bookmaker of the era. Last Wednesday morning, sitting at a burnished oval desk in the New York office of Judicial Arbitration & Mediation Services, a private firm where he has been employed since he stepped down as a deputy mayor, in 1992 (his anti-corruption duties were pro bono), Mollen recalled how Gross had disappeared on the eve of his scheduled appearance at the criminal trial of some of those cops. He had gone to Atlantic City, Mollen said, adding that "there was a great deal of puzzlement" about what might have happened there, because upon his return he suddenly refused to testify at all. But Gross became coöperative again after receiving five consecutive one-year sentences for contempt of court (his stern sentencer was Judge Samuel Liebowitz, who, as a defense lawyer, had represented the Scottsboro Boys), and in the trials he proved to be, in Mollen's words, "a tremendous witness" who "stood up beautifully on cross-examination."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY LUCINDA RODGERS

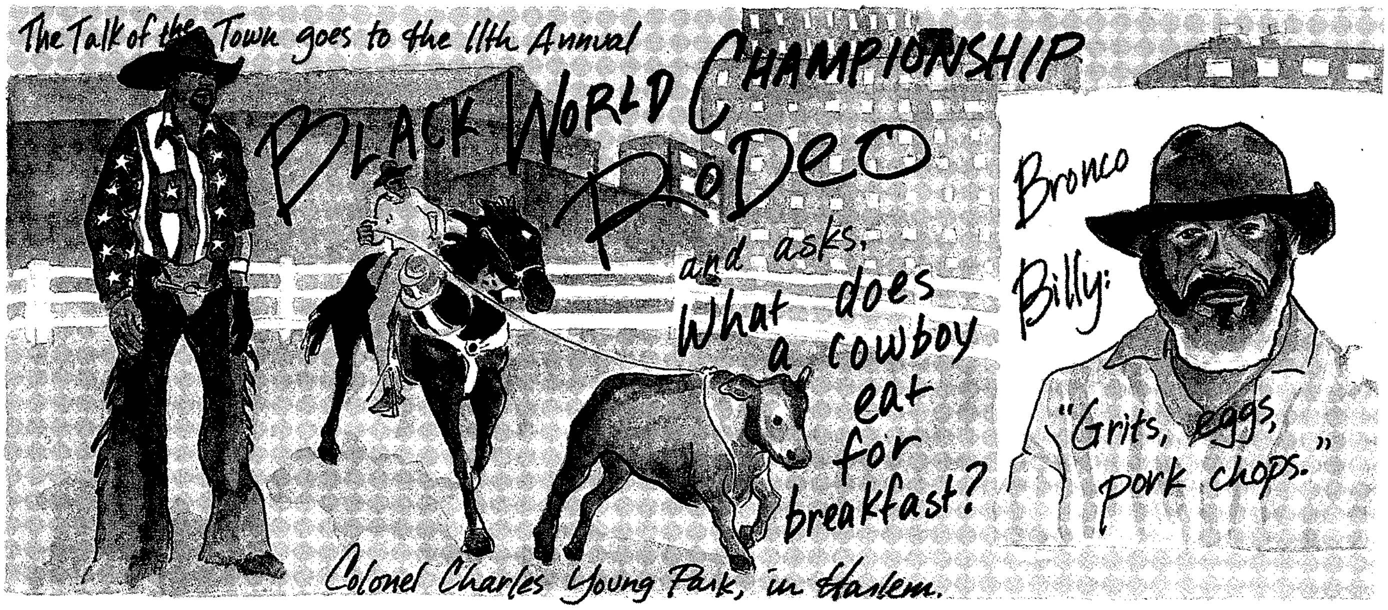
Mollen, who is seventy-four, has the white hair and the long résumé that are virtual prerequisites for chairmen of commissions of inquiry. He also has the leathery bronze complexion of a Florida retiree—acquired, he assured us, on the porch of his house in Flatbush. "People say to me, 'You must have gone South,' " he said. "I say, 'Yes, south Brooklyn.' "

Mollen then went on to recount how he prepared for the police-corruption trials of forty years ago by interviewing Gross on successive Saturday afternoons: "They would take him out of the cell at the Tombs and put him in a private room, where three of us spent hours listening to him." Gross had been paying off nearly half the force, it turned out, and he seemed to remember every transaction. "His stories were astonishing to me," Mollen said, adding, "Since then, I have not been astonished by anything I've heard concerning the Police Department."



The members of the Mollen Commission, who are hoping not to be remembered as just another wave in a hundred-year cycle of police scandal and reform, have called for the creation of an independent agency to monitor the department's own anti-corruption efforts—a sort of permanent Mollen Commission. Police Commissioner William Bratton contends that he can handle the problem of rogue cops without that particular kind of help, and Mollen, who is careful not to offend his many friends in government, has gone to some lengths to establish his unquestioning faith in the commitment that Bratton and, for that matter, Mayor Rudolph Giuliani bring to the anti-corruption task. What worried him, Mollen explained, was a seemingly inviolable historical tendency of the police leadership to grow lax and self-protective as the trauma of the latest scandal fades. "My concern is about generations to come," he said.

When the current scandal began to spill out, in 1992, police brass were quick to declare that the problem was not the systemic corruption of past eras but, rather, mere pockets of corruption. The Mollen Commission, however, has pointed out that most of the corrupt cops it studied worked in "crews," sometimes of a dozen or more, and, in any case, that whatever the new style of corruption (burglarizing drug dens, robbing drug dealers, selling the stolen drugs, selling protection to dealers) lacks in pervasiveness it makes up for in invidiousness. The commission has also

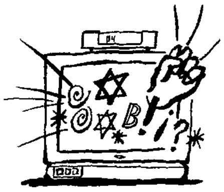

The Talk of the Town goes to the 11th Annual
Black World Championship
Rodeo
and asks Bronco Billy:
What does a cowboy eat for breakfast?
"Grits, eggs, pork chops."
Colonel Charles Young Park, in Harlem.

noted some less sensational but more widespread problems, such as the giving of false evidence in police documents and testimony.

Another pattern that has come to light in the last few years is a deliberate police pullback from areas of law enforcement that beginning in the mid-seventies, following the release of the Knapp Commission's police-corruption report, were deemed "corruption hazards"—the arrest of prostitutes, bookies, and low-level drug dealers. Some people have argued that this handcuffing of the police by the police, though it was born of the fear of on-the-beat bribes, actually caused cops to become more cynical about their jobs, and readier to take money. Mollen is inclined to agree, and he pointed out that, in fact, the N.Y.P.D. seemed to suffer from a broad reluctance to get involved in situations presenting a risk of any kind. He cited as a leading example the passivity of a large police detail assigned to a City College gymnasium in Harlem, where, in December, 1991, nine young people were crushed to death as thousands of fans tried to push their way into a charity basketball game that featured rap performers. As Deputy Mayor for Public Safety at the time, Mollen was asked to conduct a mayoral investigation, and in his report he chastised the captain in charge for "questionable judgment"—which, he said to us, he "thought was letting him off pretty mildly." To his bewilderment, however, the Police Department, in its own report on the matter, absolved itself completely.

Mollen's face took on a pained look as he recalled an Emergency Medical Service worker who had asked for a police escort into the gym, only to be told that the cops were under orders to remain outside. The pained look softened, though, when he remembered three cops who had disobeyed those orders and gone in with the E.M.S. "I had them in for questioning later," Mollen said. "Lovely kids. They felt they had to do it. They just couldn't let this thing happen inside and look away. There are a great many cops like that. The leadership is where the real problem lies."

BROADCASTING HATE



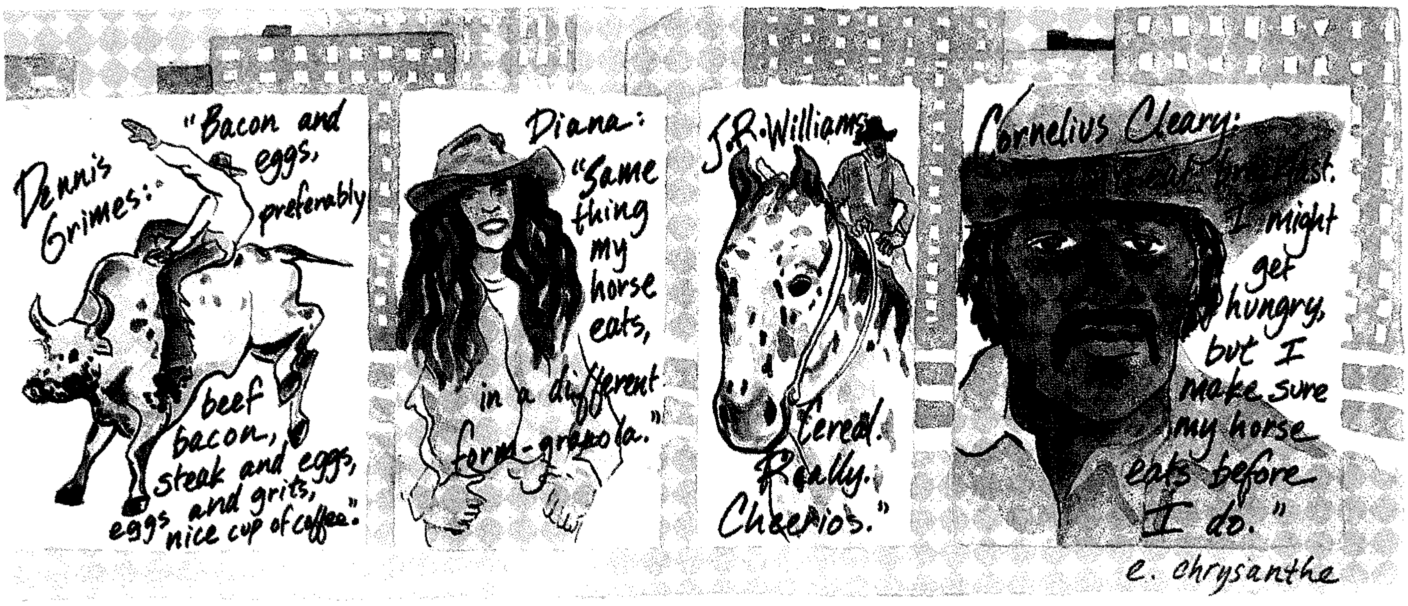
CHAIM BEN PESACH says that he is sick of blacks. He says it on TV—on public-access cable—and he says it four times a week: twice on Queens Cable and twice on Manhattan Cable, each time for half an hour. During one recent show, he said of blacks, "They are in your hair, under your feet—everywhere you go, they're all around, begging, stealing." There has never been anything quite so vicious on television in New York.

Ben Pesach also says that he is sick of the current Israeli government. While speaking on the air, he has come astonishingly close to calling for Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin's assassination. "As long as Jews allow this slimy, filthy animal to live, they really deserve everything they've got coming to them," he declared one evening this past spring.

Ben Pesach, who is thirty-seven, slight, and boyish-looking, says what he says while standing at a lectern wearing a black fedora, sunglasses, and a plaid shirt. A portrait of the grim visage of his late mentor, Rabbi Meir Kahane, can be seen on a wall behind him. Formerly known as Victor Vancier, Ben Pesach completed a five-and-a-half-year term in a Texas federal prison in 1991. He was convicted of carrying out a string of terrorist bombings in the mid-eighties; among these was the hurling of a tear-gas cannister into the Metropolitan Opera House at the opening performance of Russia's Moiseyev dance company in September, 1986.

Ben Pesach now lives with his mother in Flushing, Queens. Reached there by phone recently, he asserted, "From January, 1992, through June, 1994—the two and a half years we've been on the air—we've received fifty-four hundred letters. The majority of those are supportive."

Starting in the fall, Ben Pesach's show is also to be on in Brooklyn. Last year, Queens Cable briefly took him off the air, but when he threatened to sue, the program was put back on. By law, only programs that are obscene or call for the commission of crimes can be banned from public-access cable. When we asked Ben Pesach if his on-air musings about Rabin's demise might


Dennis Grimes: "Bacon and eggs, preferably beef bacon, steak and eggs, eggs and grits, nice cup of coffee."
Diana: "Same thing my horse eats, in a different form—granola."
J.R. Williams: "...tered. Really. Cheerios."
Cornelius Cleary: "...fast. I might get hungry, but I make sure my horse eats before I do."
e. chrysanthe

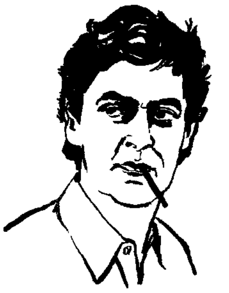
have amounted to calling for the commission of a crime, he replied angrily, "I'd love to see him assassinated. Legally, I have a right to express a wish."

WRITING, FILMING, SMOKING

CHAIN-SMOKING and making a movie with the notoriously temperamental actor William Hurt are two things that a lot of people would have qualms about these days, but one afternoon not long ago the novelist Paul Auster was doing both with aplomb as the filming of "Smoke," for which he wrote the script, was about to get under way in Brooklyn. Harvey Keitel is also one of the film's stars, Wayne Wang is the director, and Mr. Auster has discovered himself to be a rare creature—a screenwriter who has nothing to complain about. The director's respect? He has it. Casting? He had input. Script changes? He has control. William Hurt? "What an extraordinary actor—we're very lucky to have him," Mr. Auster said. "But I can't talk about working with him. That would be like walking in on someone's physical checkup."

While Mr. Hurt and Mr. Wang were in session on a closed set at Empire Stages of New York, in Long Island City, Mr. Auster was in his neighborhood, Park Slope, standing on the corner of Prospect Park West and Sixteenth Street, in front of what looked to be a cigar store. Mr. Auster, who is forty-seven and sheikh-ishly handsome, was wearing khakis and a leather jacket and was smoking a small Dutch cigar as he explained that a cigar store plays an important role in the film; that "Smoke" 's producers had rented the former post office on the corner and temporarily transformed it; and that shooting was scheduled to begin the next day.

As production people did some last-minute touch-ups with paint, Mr. Auster said he was delighted with the way things had turned out—with the authentic-seeming turn-of-the-century cornice fashioned from plastic foam that had been attached to the building, and with the "Beech-Nut Chewing Tobacco" and "Te-Amo Cigars" signs hanging in the windows of the store. "Set design has a spiritual component to it," he said. "Set designers are trying to re-create the world closely, and you can do that only if you're looking carefully. That kind of looking is good for the soul."



The soul is by no means unfamiliar territory for Mr. Auster. Detective novels he has written have been characterized as Kafka goes gumshoe. His fascination with loneliness is Beckettian. And the literary puzzles he devises for his readers tend to leave you asking all sorts of *meta*-metaphysical questions. You'd think a guy like that—who also happens to be a translator of Mallarmé and Sartre, the editor of "The Random House Book of Twentieth-Century French Poetry," and the author of a novel titled "Mr. Vertigo," due out in August—would be lofty, grim, and not really into chatting and basking in the sun. But he sat down on a bench near the cigar store and leaned back comfortably, somehow radiating both a bookish chic and the cheerful air of a guy who has perfected the art of hanging out. He said that the movie is the first comedy he's ever written; that it deals with the relationship of a white writer, a black teen-age boy, and the manager of the cigar store; and that it is about the kind of "pseudo families" that people who are not related to one another form.

"Smoke" is based on a story Mr. Auster wrote that appeared on the Op-Ed page of the *Times*—a commissioned story about Christmas, published on December 25, 1990. Mr. Auster described the story as "an odd little work about stealing and giving, lying and telling the truth. Stealing turns out to be giving, and lying turns out to be the truth."

The movie, he said, also deals with one of his favorite themes, storytelling—and, in particular, storytelling as an emblem of New York life. "The people in this city are dazzling talkers," he said. "A couple of months ago, my barber wanted to say something deprecatory about a singer, and came up with 'He's the guy who sings the national anthem at the cockfights.' " Mr. Auster gave a big belly laugh. "I could live on this planet for a thousand years and never think of that line," he said. And then he lit another cigar, his third in an hour. ♦

JAMES THURBER

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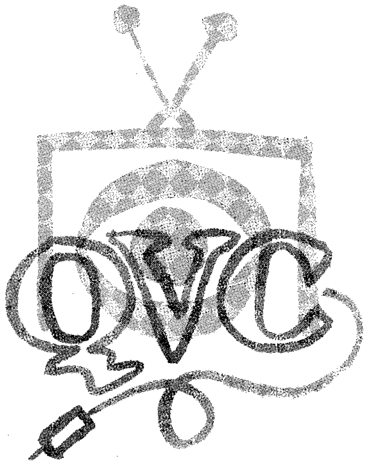
ANNALS OF COMMUNICATIONS

BACK IN PLAY

Barry Diller has said that network broadcasting is the past, so what does he see for CBS? And what will happen now that Larry Tisch has put CBS in play?

BY KEN AULETTA

As is true of any enabling relationship, Laurence A. Tisch, the chairman of CBS, and Barry Diller, the chairman of the QVC home-shopping network, needed each other in order to go on to something else. Tisch, bruised by criticism that he lacked vision and was too miserly to run a network, wanted to extricate himself from a souring relationship with CBS. Joining forces with Diller, in a merger announced at the end of last month, gave him a way to depart from CBS without appearing to have fled a failure; now he could appear to be a statesman who would be leaving CBS in strong hands. As for Diller, he needed a larger platform for his talents than QVC allowed, particularly since its meteoric rise may have stalled. "They are saving each other," Christopher Dixon, PaineWebber's media and entertainment analyst, says of Tisch and Diller.



ANDERS WENNGREN

The motivation for this union is two parts emotion and one part economics. If Tisch had been thinking only of the economics, he might have demanded a steeper purchase price for CBS than the one he engineered with Diller—a hundred and seventy-five dollars a share in cash and a stock swap between the two companies. He might also have cashed out all his CBS stock—through the family-held Loews Corporation, he owns twenty per cent of the company—instead of retaining 9.4 per cent. But emotion, too, was involved. While Tisch has never been known as a jolly man, those who have worked alongside him at CBS say that he has been especially unhappy of late. He was furious when, last December, he had to choose between continuing to lose as much as a hundred and fifty million dollars a year by televising National Football League games and losing the television rights to those games—which CBS had broadcast for thirty-eight years—to Rupert Murdoch's Fox network. The N.F.L. went to Fox. Then, in May, Tisch lost eight CBS-affiliated stations when the financier Ronald Perelman's New World Communications Group shifted its allegiance to Fox—a move that triggered the kind of bidding war for affiliates among the networks that Tisch had entered the business vowing to end.

Tisch did, of course, have his successes at CBS: he recruited some accomplished managers; he opened his wallet and allowed Howard Stringer, the CBS broadcast president, to lure David Letterman away from NBC; he presided over CBS's third straight prime-time-ratings triumph; and CBS, according to a ranking official there, earned three hundred and twenty-five million dollars last year and is expected to earn slightly more than that in 1994. Nevertheless, Tisch could hear a mounting chorus of criticism. CBS's hit shows had begun to slip in the ratings. Its sports division was devastated by the loss of the N.F.L. games. Its nightly newscast, once the pride of the network, was flipping between second and third place. The affiliates were restive. By selling off CBS's non-broadcasting divisions—CBS Records, the magazine division, the regional cable sports networks, and the book division—Tisch had invited the charge that he lacked vision. Then, when he declared that he was earning at least nine per cent interest by investing the money from the sale of these assets in Treasury bills rather than in new stations or other enterprises, his critics were certain that he was straitjacketing CBS. Tisch has long believed that if an investor worries first about the downside of his investments, as his son Tom, who manages the family investments, once said, "then the upside will take care of itself." This, obviously, is the strategy of a trader, not of a builder. Its weakness, one CBS executive who has worked in other companies complains, is that it protects the asset but does not enlarge it. And, at age seventy-one, with no successor in sight, Tisch was criticized for not thinking enough about the future of the asset. The Tisch who jumped into CBS by buying its stock in 1985 ("It surprises me, too," he told me at the time, when I noted that this was not a typical Tisch trade, because things like sentiment and pride were involved) was the same Tisch whose pride was now telling him to leave.

DILLER, too, was motivated by more than mere business logic. Early in 1992, at age fifty, he suddenly resigned as the chief executive officer of Fox, Inc. He was inundated with job offers, but he wanted to take a year off and look into the future of the communications industry before deciding what to do next, and he visited broadcast networks, Hollywood studios, and cable, computer, telephone, consumer-electronics, and publishing companies prior to joining QVC. At one point, he did explore the idea of buying a network: he talked with NBC, but the discussions never got serious enough to require a meeting with NBC's parent, General Electric, and its chairman, John F. Welch. Diller left the distinct impression that he felt that the network-broadcasting business represented the past. Owning a network "would be fun," he told me in early 1993. "But, even as I say it, I bore myself. In the end, I thought, it only involves ego."

Now Diller says he must have uttered these words in another context; perhaps he was saying he would not try "to repeat myself" by returning to the Fox network, which would "bore" him. At the time, however, Diller said he was following his head, which told him that cable enjoyed many advantages over the networks: cable had two sources of revenue—subscriptions and advertising—while broadcasting had a single source, advertising; cable owned its distribution system, while the networks, in effect, rented time on two hundred-plus local stations; and cable had the most sophisticated wire into households and the best entrepreneurs. The future of television, Diller said then, would be "led by the cable systems."

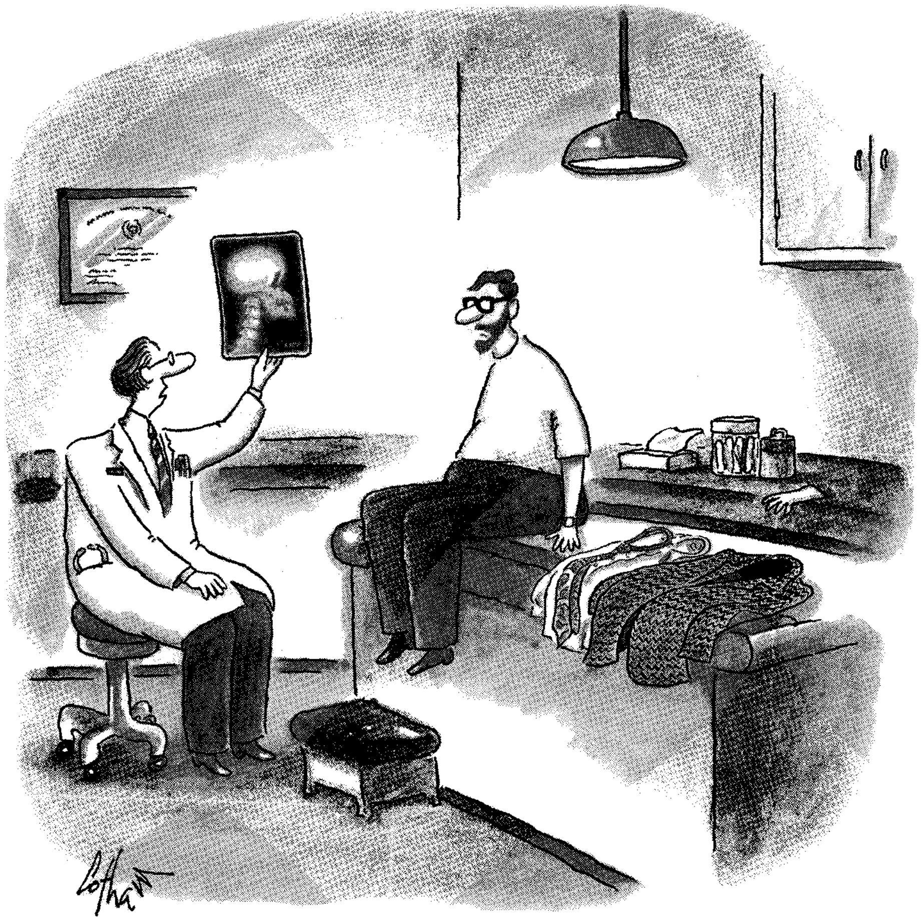
So, armed with twenty million dollars of his own money and capital from three of the nation's major cable companies—Tele-Communications, Inc., Comcast, and Time Warner—Diller chose cable. In January of 1993, he became the chairman and C.E.O. of QVC, which is based in West Chester, Pennsylvania. He was said to be on the front line of interactive television, poised to use his rare blend of managerial and programming skills to fill the most glaring need of a cable universe that will someday encompass five hundred-plus channels: more and better programming. Diller said that viewers would no longer be passive, as they had been when they watched network television. That was the past, he said. In the future, they would be able to summon up information, acquire a book, hear and see a great teacher lecture. They would be liberated from the tyranny of a television schedule, which told them what they could watch and at what time. This was the future.

On June 30th, the future reached back to the past. "QVC could never be enough for Barry," his friend David Geffen, the music impresario and producer, says. "It was the first step in Barry's going to work. It was the beginning, not the end." Diller's closest friend, the designer Diane Von Furstenberg, commenting on the power of emotion as a motivator in the making of the deal, says, "How about sitting in Bill Paley's seat!" Diller was the vice-president for prime-time television of ABC Entertainment in the seventies, and the chairman and C.E.O. of Paramount and then Fox in the eighties. Being a major player matters to Diller, a close friend who has worked for him observes. "He was such an important factor," this friend says. "Barry Diller's being put in the TV Hall of Fame"—as he was recently—"is like being embalmed." When Diller went to QVC, he ceased to be a major player in the entertainment business. Whatever QVC's business successes, it is an operation that sells things. CBS buys things, including the products produced by the Hollywood studios.

Diller recoils at the suggestion that somehow Tisch and CBS have rescued him. "I'm so tired of people saying how lucky I am to be out of West Chester, Pennsylvania," he says. "They're all wrong. I have friends who were saying that. They don't get it. The evolution of that business fascinates me. Interactivity fascinates me." Diller and Tisch are both notoriously tough-minded, as can be attested by those who watched Tisch sell his flagship Loews theatre chain and Diller refuse to raise his bid for Paramount last year because he thought the prize was not worth the price.

"I think it's a good deal for everybody," Mario Gabelli, who is a major investor in media properties, says. Tisch gets away from CBS, Gabelli points out, and Diller gets the opportunity to enlarge an asset. "I think it's a very shrewd exit for Larry," NBC's president, Robert Wright, says. "If he had simply announced that the company was going to issue a hundred-and-seventy-five-dollar-a-share dividend—equal to sixty per cent of the market value of CBS—people would have said, 'The company is going nowhere. There is no vision. There is no future.' By combining his taking out a huge dividend and gluing on QVC, he gives it a sense of a future and takes away all the sting. The market is happier with Barry Diller glued on."

THERE are good business reasons for the union. Network profit margins may not be what they were when ABC, CBS, and NBC formed a virtual monopoly, but as mature businesses they have yielded steady profits over the past few years. Together, the three networks and Fox reach more than sixty per cent of all viewers on any given night, and on many nights CBS alone reaches twenty per cent of them. Extolling this "remarkable engine of communication," Diller says, "In a fractionated world, being able to get that kind of mass circulation regularly, and not wanting to extend that brand—my God, what an opportunity! On that, I've never wavered." And, while Diller says that he continues to think that cable is "a ter-



"Your vocabulary is enlarged."

• •

rific business," he also says that the "geopolitics" of television has changed since 1992. The federal government has ceased treating the networks as monopolies but has placed new restrictions on the cable industry and is also freeing the telephone companies to compete against cable. Direct-broadcast satellites will siphon off cable customers, particularly in rural areas. Despite talk of a technological new frontier, there remains at present a scarcity of cable channels. The network audience share, which declined by nearly a third between 1980 and 1992, has levelled off in the past two years. And advertisers, for all their complaints about the arrogance of the networks, still need a mass audience, particularly when they are introducing new products. "You can feel the earth trembling, but it hasn't shifted dramatically yet," a senior Capital Cities/ABC official says.

What does CBS allow Diller to do strategically? "I think broadcasting can be a huge growth business," he says. To achieve growth, he plans to focus first on what exists at the network today, starting with costs. "In any change of ownership, you have a window to cut costs," says a CBS executive who is thrilled at the prospect of Diller's heading the network. CBS owns seven stations, and Diller will try to bring their profit margins up from about forty per cent, which is low, with better programming. He was an advocate of more youthful programming at ABC and at Fox, and he will no doubt try to improve CBS's demographic appeal to advertisers, who are convinced that only younger viewers—and particularly younger women—shop, and that they are impulse shoppers.

Then, there are longer-range things that Diller might do. He hopes to enlarge the amount of programming that CBS produces itself. "I tend to speed up everything," he says. "My tendency is to go faster rather than slower." Might he try to acquire a studio, as friends suggest? "It's not for me," Diller says. "It's ridiculously speculative. But if an opportunity came up that made sense, I'd look at it." He also sees an opportunity to challenge CNN by creating a twenty-four-hour news operation. "I think that the news divisions are underutilized," he says. "All of them. They have really remarkable resources." Diller could sell programs that CBS produces to his cable partners. He could aggressively expand CBS's sales and partnerships overseas, as ABC has long done and as NBC has begun to do. He could program fewer hours, as the Fox network does.

Does Diller still believe—as he told me in 1993, soon after joining QVC—that if he had acquired control of NBC he would have reduced the cash compensation that is paid to the network's affiliated stations? Is he still open to the possibility of switching from a broadcast to a cable-system affiliation, with cable reversing the process and paying compensation to the network? Diller avoids the compensation question. As for switching affiliations to a cable system, he now says, "I can't imagine it."

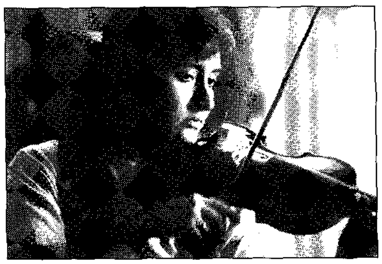
One opportunity that Diller can imagine will be provided by compression technology, which will allow a network to squeeze anywhere from four to six channels onto the current broadcast-spectrum space that the government has granted it for a single channel. Diller wants to "multiplex"—offer "distinct program services"—under the CBS brand name. "If you get the right to do that, look at your ability to compete, with your brand name," he says. CBS might offer the all-news channel that Diller mentioned, and an all-sports channel, and an all-cultural channel—or, he says, an all-quality CBS entertainment channel. He believes that the CBS name and its reputation as "the Tiffany network" will be valuable assets in helping to sell such services. "Which is why Howard Stringer is such a critical executive in the proceedings," he says. "What Howard Stringer represents is the best of the tradition."

A former employee of Diller's who admires him says, "He'll use CBS as he used QVC. Barry has a big dream. He'll use this as a step, not as the end of the game. He'll buy a studio. He'll buy a publisher." In other words, he'll reverse the direction that Tisch took, which was to shrink CBS into a simple broadcasting company. Diller brings to CBS his cable partners, who will own about twenty per cent of the network. (TCI could wind up as CBS's biggest shareholder, owning more shares than Tisch if the merger is consummated.) Diller acknowledges that he will try to build CBS into a multimedia giant.

Diller surely realizes that there are obstacles in his path. CBS could now become a prize in an auction, as Paramount became a prize after Viacom and Paramount thought they had arranged "a strategic partnership" and Diller thought otherwise. More than one studio is taking a look at CBS. A ranking Disney executive, who was asked last week about the merger, refused to comment on Diller or Tisch or any aspect of CBS, "for legal reasons"—a remark suggesting that Disney is considering a bid. When Diller was asked if he thought that Michael Eisner, a friend and former colleague at Paramount and ABC, and now Disney's chairman, might attack, he said, "I don't know. I hope not. It's tough for any studio to do." (Diller has talked with Eisner and has told associates that he is convinced Disney will not make a bid for CBS.) A studio would need government antitrust waivers and the approval of the Federal Communications Commission to take over a network—requirements that Diller says he doesn't need to meet, because in the merger CBS will technically own QVC, so there is no "change of control" of the network. Of any potential rivals, Diller says, "I'll make it as difficult as I can."

Others may try to make matters difficult for Diller. "The fact that a significant block of ownership is in the hands of cable operators is dangerous, and should not be permitted," an important ABC official says. He worries that the owners of the cable box could, to harm ABC, shift the local ABC channel from 7 to, say, 72 on the dial. And Wright, NBC's president, says of the merger, "It certainly scares a lot of people here." Wright is not sure that NBC, ABC, and Fox have the legal standing to petition the F.C.C. to challenge the merger.

Barry Diller is "more excited now than he was when he was trying to buy Paramount," David Geffen says. "I've never heard him like this. He said to me recently, 'This is my destiny.' " And according to Diller's investment banker, Herbert A. Allen, once you have money, people are inspired to keep score a different way. "The same three things drive everyone," he says. "The fun of the business. Pride. And the fear of failure." ♦



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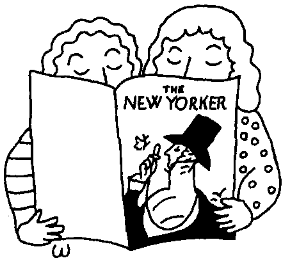

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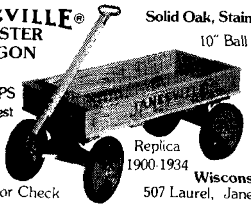

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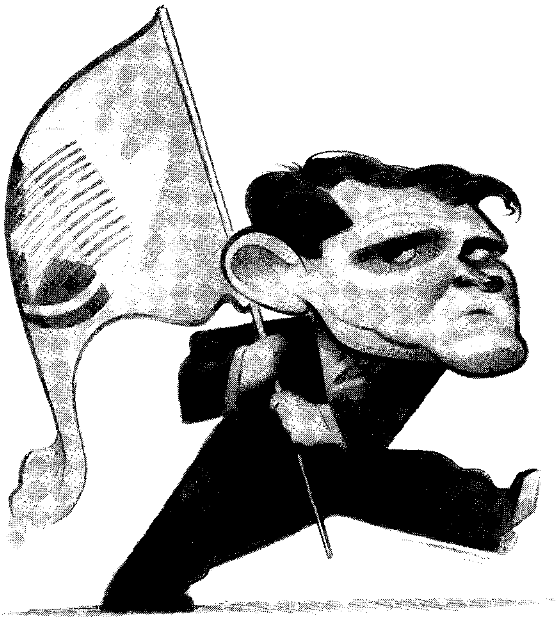
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS

The religious right is winning its holy war in the state Republican Parties. With such leaders as Bob Dole falling in step, how far will their crusade go?

BY SIDNEY BLUMENTHAL

THREE years ago, Ralph Reed, the executive director of the Christian Coalition, wished not to be seen. "I want to be invisible," he said. "I do guerrilla warfare. I paint my face and travel at night. You don't know it's over until you're in a body bag. You don't know until Election Night." But on June 25th Reed played the expansive host at a luncheon given by the Coalition, the most influential group on the religious right, which was attended by hundreds of delegates to the Iowa Republican Party Convention. They were celebrating their victories in gaining control of the state Party's central committee, ousting moderate Republicans, and in dictating a platform that supported the teaching of creationism in the public schools and opposition to "secular humanism, political correctness, New Age concepts, the PETA (People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals) philosophy, one world government, situational ethics, and the teaching of homosexuality as an acceptable life style or behavior." Reed told the crowd, "I don't think it's the American way to oppose people with religious faith getting involved."



Oliver North: His nomination was a signal victory for the Christian Coalition.

ERIC PALMA

Earlier that month, at the Texas Democratic Party Convention, Governor Ann Richards had assailed the "radical religious right," declaring that her quarrel wasn't with "people who have fervent religious faith but with those who would force beliefs on others." David Wilhelm, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, vowed to prevent the right from making "God a wedge issue." Representative Vic Fazio, of California, chairman of the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee, held a news conference at which he claimed that "Republicans are being forced to the fringes by the aggressive political tactics of the religious right." In return, on June 23rd, all forty-four Republican senators rushed to the religious right's defense by sending a letter to President Clinton demanding that he "repudiate" the "orchestrated attack on religious conservatives" as "bigotry."

For the religious right, invisibility is no longer possible. From South Carolina to Oregon, state parties are falling under its sway. The movement became a truly volatile and defining issue with the Virginia Republican Convention, held on June 3rd and 4th—the most clarifying political event to occur since the 1992 Presidential election. By itself, it may have seemed a sensational singularity, but it was not. Virginia was followed a week later by the Texas Republican Convention, a week after that by the one in Minnesota, and a week after that by Iowa. In Texas, the religious right took control of the state Party, enthusiastically electing

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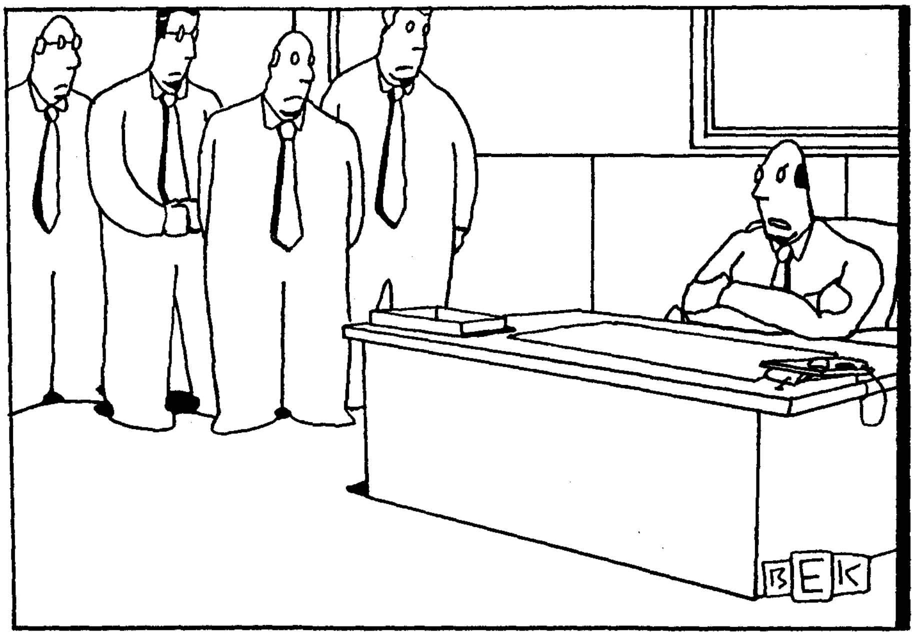


"Damn it, agree to whatever she demands. No matter what it takes, I want my mommy."

• •

one of their own as chairman and voting down a resolution, proposed by a benighted moderate, that read, "The Republican Party is not a church. . . . A Republican should never be put in the position of having to defend or explain his faith in order to participate in the party process." In Minnesota, the religious right overwhelmingly dominated the state Convention, pledging their support for governor to Allen Quist, a creationist and anti-abortion activist, who in 1985, after his first wife, who was six months pregnant, was killed in a car accident, had the fetus displayed in the open coffin. Quist's opponent at the Convention was the incumbent Republican governor, Arne Carlson, who is a moderate. Across the nation, the flag and the cross are becoming one.

The upsurge of the religious right at the 1992 Republican National Convention, in Houston, startled many, but the shifts in the G.O.P. that came into stark public view then are now flaring into open combat nationwide. In the 1992 Presidential election, Evangelical Protestants became the single largest constituency within the Republican Party, without which it would not have had even a minimally credible base within the electoral college. Consequently, a cultural and religious war is being waged within the Party between the mainline Protestants, who defined Republicanism, and the ascendant Evangelicals, whose claims on Party structures are depicted by the Old Guard as takeovers. Since 1992, the conservative movement has steadily folded itself into its one concentrated point of energy—the religious right. There may be another Republican Party, but it exists only in the irretrievable past. For now, the G.O.P. is gathering in a permanent Houston Convention.

THE Richmond Convention was a far less diluted and mediated event than the one in Houston. Every side of the Richmond Coliseum—east and west, north and south—was plastered with signs reading "North." Fourteen thousand delegates to the Virginia Republican Party Convention, the largest deliberative body in American politics, were packed in from floor to rafters, coiled in anticipation. Suddenly, the thunderous chords of "Eye of the Tiger," the theme song from "Rocky III," crashed through the loudspeakers, stilling the eager humming of the crowd. The hall was thrown into darkness. On a thirty-foot-tall video screen, which was just behind the platform and was flanked by statues of trumpeting elephants, a huge black-and-white picture of Jane Fonda appeared. *"Boo!"* The fight song rumbled on, louder and louder. Jesse Jackson's face appeared. *"Boo!"* Then, ratcheting up the decibel level and the scale of demonology, came Dan Rather. *"Boo!"* After him, Sam Donaldson. *"Boo!"* Then Mephisto himself, Bill Clinton. *"Booo!"* Block letters filled the screen, asking the delegates, "WHOSE SIDE ARE YOU ON?"

Then, abruptly, the film began to solicit love for the hero who could save the delegates from their enemies. In tender tones, his friends and comrades, his wife and mother testified to his bravery, resolve, and fidelity. The hero himself, a Cincinnatus in jeans, strode toward the camera, with his farm as a backdrop, to explain that "family values" has become his "battle cry"—that he must give up the plow for the sword. The music pumped way up. The hero's name was chanted over and over. Spotlights sweeping the arena converged in a pinpoint onstage. Oliver North, Republican candidate for the United States Senate, materialized within it. *"Ollie! Ollie!"*

North's rise from the shame of the Iran-Contra scandal to the respectability of the podium in Richmond may appear to be a hallucinogenic turn in a bizarre Virginia reel. But his nomination is neither a flashback nor a provincial sideshow. The transformation of Ollie North the witness, facing a phalanx of senators, into Ollie North the candidate for the Senate has required a drastic political mutation, not so much in him as in the Republican Party. Ollie has emerged as the most renowned figure of the most vital and aggressive movement within the national Party: the nominee as Christian soldier.

Republican politics nationally, and particularly in Virginia, have advanced so swiftly toward the right in the past two years that North's nomination was almost inevitable. His victory is a direct rebuke to virtually the entire Republican establishment of the Reagan era, including Ronald Reagan himself, who publicly excoriated North, writing a letter that was released during the primary campaign saying, "I am getting pretty steamed about the statements coming from Oliver North." North's detractors were not only the predictable moderates but also Reagan's conservatives: Meese and Weinberger and Laxalt and Bork. Senator John Warner, Virginia's foremost Republican, announced that he would never endorse a man who had lied to the Senate, and, furthermore, would do all in his power to defeat him.

The hope of stopping North rested on James C. Miller III, a libertarian economist, who was one of the most obscure but most enduring figures of the Reagan era—he served as chairman of the Federal Trade Commission and as budget director. Miller's senatorial campaign consisted largely of gestures seeking to demonstrate that, although he was not Ollie North, he was acceptable to the right. His stratagem was to prove his bona fides as an authentic conservative by assembling testimonials from conservative leaders of the nineteen-eighties. Miller's slogan was "Elect a Conservative Who Can Win." If he had not been running against North, he would have been considered a right-wing champion.

On the day before the voting, I ran into Miller on the floor of the Coliseum as he was buttonholing delegates. He is tall and bald, with the genial, concerned manner of a sitcom father from the early nineteen-sixties. He told me, "I've had North people say, 'I really like Ollie, but I'm beginning to have doubts he can win.' Ollie, bless his heart, is polarizing in a way no other candidate today is. In Virginia, there are two people who dislike him for every one who likes him."

Patrick McSweeney, the state Party chairman, relaxing near the base of the podium before the main event, reflected on the recent drift of Republican politics. "A lot of people in politics don't like to confront," he remarked casually. "Every time we've returned to a conservative position, we've won. Ford muddled it. Bush did, too. Reagan returned to it. You have to have a principled opposition to the Democrats or you're not going to win. What's going on in this state is the states'-rights argument without the racial tinge." In the late fifties, Virginia was the leader of "massive resistance" in the South against integration. Now, McSweeney suggested, its conservatism is all-American neo-Confederate.

The corridors of the Coliseum and the Richmond Centre, another convention hall, across the street, were lined with venders' booths—a bazaar of ideological objects. There were several sections promoting North. One booth sold North's books, "Under Fire: An American Story" and "One More Mission: Ollie North Returns to Vietnam." Another was manned by the Law Enforcement Coalition for Oliver North, whose director, James Jones, told me, "We expect eighty thousand members. I've never seen a person be so endorsed by a group. We even got people from the C.I.A. and the Capitol Hill police. . . . No doubt in my mind what happened in Iran-Contra. The man put himself out as a sacrificial lamb." A third booth sought recruits to the Ollie North "prayer network," a group that prays for him daily and "includes everyone from nuns in Texas to Ollie himself," according to an instruction sheet handed out to potential "Prayer Warriors." The sheet also stated that "prayer and submission to the Father's will and His guidance are the key to victory for Ollie" and includes a "program" that involves reading from Psalm 84: "O God, behold our shield, and look upon the face of Your anointed."

Other conservative groups were also hawking their wares at every turn. Citizens United, specializing in Whitewater-conspiracy stories, sold tapes of Gennifer Flowers and Paula Corbin Jones. Accuracy in Media sold T-shirts featuring a still from an old Western of Ronald Reagan with a rope around his neck and the slogan "Stop the Liberal/Media Lynch Mob—Tell the Truth About the Reagan Legacy." The Christian Coalition, from its stand, handed out free copies of its newspaper, *Christian American*, and recruited for its activist training school. "Think Like Jesus. Lead Like Moses. Fight Like David. Run Like Lincoln," read the cover of the recruiting brochure. Inside, it asked, "Can You Spare 12 Hours to Save Christians from Destruction?" A seminar promises to teach "how to elect candidates with Christian values," and aspirants are told, "Believe it or not, the Lord may even want you to run for office. Your availability is more critical than your lack of political ability."

Most booths did a brisk business in buttons, which expressed just a few simple themes: "There Are Americans . . . And There Are Liberals"; "AIDS Abortion Euthanasia—Don't Liberals Just Kill Ya"; "Sodom and Gomorrah Had Gays in the Military"; "Clinton Doesn't Inhale—He Sucks"; "Real Men Are Not Called Hillary"; "If the Clintons Divorce, Who Gets the House?"; "President Clinton: 'You Can Play with the Dog, but Leave My Pussy Alone!' "; and "Where Is Lee Harvey Oswald When America Really Needs Him?"

One booth displayed a T-shirt reading "Justice for Clinton." It featured a picture of an aborted fetus.

WILLIAM BENNETT, who under Reagan was a director of the National Endowment for the Humanities and then the Secretary of Education, addressed a fund-raising dinner during the Convention. In the post-Bush period, Bennett has become the toastmaster of the religious right. He is the G.O.P.'s favorite preacher on morals—an Eastern intellectual urging alignment with the Christian Coalition. Bennett's latest ventures as an authority on values are his editorship, in 1993, of a best-selling volume of uplifting stories and poems, "The Book of Virtues," and his compilation of a pamphlet, "The Index of Leading Cultural Indicators," which was originally published by the Heritage Foundation, and which quantifies the fall of virtue in America.

Bennett's big theme at the dinner was, as always, that traditional values are being undermined by liberalism. He spoke of giving a speech at Stanford University "to defend Western civilization," because "there was no one on the faculty who would do it." Social rot, he warned, was spreading. "Welfare is bad for people, whether they're poor, middle class, or wealthy," he said. Moral fibre was weakening. He gave many illustrations of anti-social behavior caused by liberalism. The last best hope, he concluded, was "the party of Lincoln." After his speech, he joined Ralph Reed at a Coalition reception. When he entered, there were excited cries of "Bennett in '96! Bennett in '96!"

The next day—the day of the balloting—Mike Farris, a prominent new-style Virginia Republican, stepped up to introduce the keynote speaker. Farris's eminence comes from his martyrdom: last year, everyone else on the Republican ticket was elected to statewide offices in a sweep; only Farris, the candidate for lieutenant governor, was defeated. (He carried forty-six per cent of the vote.) A number of Republican leaders refused to support him because he represents the religious right. Farris, who is forty-two and comes from Washington State, drifted across the country and through a host of organizations before winding up as one of the movement's tribunes in Virginia. In the early nineteen-eighties, he founded the Moral Majority chapter in Washington State, and a few years later he went on to found the Home School Legal Defense Association. He has argued that public schools are "unconstitutional," objected to the idea of separation of church and state, approved of discrimination against gays, and enjoined women not to work outside the home. His backers believed that his loss was attributable to betrayal by the Old Guard.

The keynoter was Richard Cheney, who was Ford's White House chief of staff, the House Minority Whip during the Reagan Administration, and Bush's Secretary of Defense, and is now an unannounced candidate for President. His self-designated task at the Convention was to act as a unifier—in effect, to consolidate support for North and, incidentally, score points for his own candidacy. Cheney used the failure of some Republicans to support Farris as an object lesson in what Republicans must avoid. "I want to make certain that what happened last year won't be repeated this year," Cheney declared. "Whoever wins will have my wholehearted, enthusiastic support."

Shortly thereafter, North's name was placed in nomination, and, in the spotlight, he spoke. His eyes glistened; his voice had a tremulous catch. North summoned the Republicans to a new battlefield: "Fifty years ago at this very minute, thirty-five hundred Virginians—the Stonewall Brigade of the 29th Infantry Division—were preparing to spearhead one of the most audacious operations in history. Their mission: to lead the way across Omaha Beach at dawn, on D Day. . . . Now, in this last decade of the twentieth century, Virginians are again being called upon to lead in another great test of resolve. This time the beachhead we need to seize is not on some distant shore. It is across the Potomac—in Washington."

North's farm, where the video introduction to his speech was shot, may be the most telling sign of his self-image. The farm is named Narnia, after a series of children's books by C. S. Lewis. In the first book, "The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe," which is part Christology and part Celtic myth, four English children enter the kingdom of Narnia through the rear of a wardrobe and discover a land ruled by the White Witch, an ice queen, who bewitches one of the children. Out of nowhere comes a lion named Aslan, who has mysterious powers and offers himself as a sacrifice in place of the child. He is killed, but is resurrected by his father, the good Emperor-from-Beyond-the-Sea. In the final battle, Aslan triumphs over the White Witch. Is Aslan North's secret identity? Is he the lionhearted Christ figure who is crucified willingly on behalf of others (the "fall guy"), yet lives again to redeem the kingdom in a holy war?

War, for North, is an all-consuming metaphor. He is a true Prayer Warrior, a charismatic Evangelical who has diligently made the rounds of all the religious-right groups. At a meeting in 1991, he explained, "Government has replaced God as a place we turn. Government couldn't help me. It wasn't even able to pay me my retirement. I had to turn to God." Now, for him, religion is politics, and politics is war. And when the delegates' votes were tallied North easily bested Miller. As the theme from "Rocky" blasted, the nominee strode to the platform to issue a challenge: "This is our government. They stole it. And we're coming to take it back!"

THE Senate Minority Leader, Robert Dole, taking a cue from his colleague Senator Warner, instantly distanced himself from the Virginia candidate, saying that North's nomination "makes it very difficult for some in the Party." North might have got the nomination of his state Party, but it seemed he would not get the endorsement of the leading figure of the national Party. Then Dole began to dither, and after four days he announced that he was not only endorsing North, with whom he had met for an hour that morning, but his PAC was also sending him a five-thousand-dollar donation. Dole managed to dispose of his attachment to the institutional sanctity of the Senate, Warner's stand for integrity, and a certain conception of the Republican Party. (He was probably helped by his own Presidential ambitions.) In supporting North, Dole is bowing to the national political reality of which North's candidacy is the most obvious example.

In the 1992 Presidential election, conservative Evangelicals were revealed to be a large part of the Republican Party's irreducible base. Bush held on to only two voting blocs: those making more than seventy-five thousand dollars a year and white born-again Protestants. Sixty-two per cent of the latter bloc voted for Bush; indeed, twenty-eight per cent of all Bush voters were Evangelicals. No other group in the Republican column matched their size. They are more consistently Republican, more consistently conservative, and more self-motivated than any other group of voters, and their support for Bush grew through 1992 while the support of others shrank. Running against an unprecedented Democratic ticket of two Southern Baptists, Bush nonetheless received a greater percentage of the Evangelical vote than he did running against Michael Dukakis in 1988. The base was immovable. According to the Christian Coalition, forty-two per cent of the delegates at the 1992 Republican Convention were Evangelicals. In the two largest states that went Republican—Florida and Texas—sixty and seventy-two per cent, respectively, of Bush voters were Evangelicals. The only states that Bush won without them were the most sparsely populated Western ones.

The end of the Cold War and the dissolution of the Evil Empire created a vacuum on the right. Ever since the Cold War's advent, the disparate elements of the right wing had been tied together by the thread of anti-Communism. William F. Buckley, Jr.,'s expedient use of the term "fusionism" enabled the isolated and fractured conservative "remnant" to combine in the nineteen-fifties, not least through Buckley's *National Review*, and was a basis for the triumph of Reaganism three decades later. What had begun with squabbling sects of ideologues became a movement with national power. In 1992, Bush presided over the implosion of conservatism as we had known it. But it was not simply his political maladroitness or an economic downturn that unravelled it. The change occurred at "a more seismic level," Ralph Reed told me. "They were united by Communism and now they're not." In America, as in Europe, the removal of the bipolarity of the Cold War unleashed ethnic and religious tensions that had been mostly submerged for nearly half a century. Pat Buchanan's clarion call at the Houston Convention for "cultural warfare" was an instance of such post-Cold War atavism. "The truth is, the ends of wars bring the most divisive politics recorded in American history," Reed said. "The old dichotomies of liberal-conservative, internationalist-isolationist, dove-hawk are breaking apart. There are some ideological categories being formed that don't have any history in the politics of the Cold War. The ends of wars don't bring stability. They bring chaos and recriminations. Postwar eras are periods of an enormous realigning of political lines."

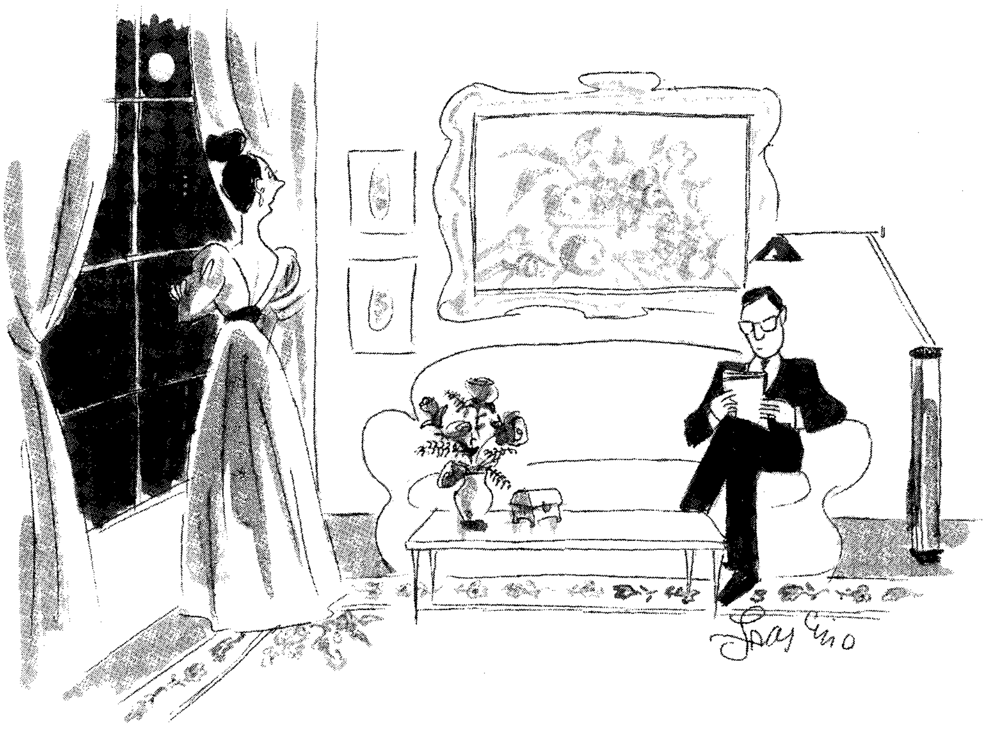
"There's more than ten years of work here," Morton Blackwell, who was North's floor leader at the Convention, told me after North's nomination. In the post-civil-rights era, the enlistment of religion in the cause of politics began with efforts by Republican operatives to split off Southern Baptists from their allegiance to the Democratic Party on the basis of social issues. The intent was to gain a marginal vote. Religion itself was not part of the equation, except for a residual anti-Catholicism. Indeed, the roots of the religious right are surprisingly deep, stretching back at least as far as the Know-Nothing Party of nativists, in the eighteen-fifties. Reverend Lou Sheldon, the chairman of the Traditional Values Coalition, expressed the distilled nativist sentiment perfectly in 1993, when he told the San Francisco *Chronicle*, "We were here first. You don't take our shared common values and say they are biased and bigoted. . . . We are the keepers of what is right and what is wrong."

In 1978, the Internal Revenue Service ruled that Christian academies (whose origins were as "seg" academies, which enabled whites to escape school integration) would no longer have tax-exempt status. That ruling galvanized an element of the clergy connected with the conservative movement to organize against the Democrats. "It began in the nineteen-seventies, when conservative-movement activists made a conscious effort to involve theological leaders in politics," Blackwell said. "Most of the conservative ones were of the opinion that public affairs were not part of their calling." Jerry Falwell was recruited in this period by conservative operatives to head an organization they called the Moral Majority. By 1980, right-wing activists had organized Evangelical preachers into a group called the Religious Roundtable, and it was addressed by Ronald Reagan when he was running for the Presidency. "I want you to know that I endorse you and what you are doing," he told them.

Reagan supported the religious right rhetorically, but, somehow, divisive legislation always conveniently managed to get tabled. In the summer of 1984, for the first time, preachers of the religious right such as Falwell and Pat Robertson appeared on the podium at a Republican National Convention. It was a decisive moment in the shift of Evangelical voters. Blackwell said that "in terms of affecting elections at the grass roots, there was one technique: comparing church membership rolls with voters rolls. They discovered church members weren't registered and registered them." In 1984, Blackwell was serving as the liaison between the Reagan White House and the religious right. It was not his first service to the right wing of the Party: for the 1972 Republican National Convention, he had crafted delegate-selection rules that favored conservatives.

By its very nature, the religious right, rooted in Evangelical Protestantism, is sectarian and schismatic, tending to fall prey to controversies over doctrinal issues. Through the late nineteen-eighties, after the conviction of Jim Bakker for defrauding supporters of a hundred and sixty million dollars, Jimmy Swaggart's sobbing confession of adultery with a prostitute, and the electorate's rebuke of Pat Robertson, the movement suffered numerous fissures and seemed to break up. It was generally assumed that the Evangelicals had retreated into privatism, just as they had done after the humiliating Scopes trial, in 1925. Ralph Reed explained the resurgence of the movement in 1992: "There have been three significant Presidential campaigns that reoriented the political landscape: the Goldwater campaign, which transferred control from the Eastern-establishment wing of the Republican Party to the Southern and Western grassroots wing; the McGovern campaign, which transferred the Democratic Party from the old guard to the New Left, where it remains today; and, third, the Robertson campaign. It gave activists an advanced degree in hardball politics. We took a beating, dusted ourselves off, and got up for another round. The campaign was a midwife. It took a social-protest movement and made it a savvy movement of political veterans, enmeshed in the machinery of party politics."

After Robertson lost, he converted his mailing list of nearly two million names



"The moon is full, Lester. Don't you feel even a teensy bit like howling?"

and organizational contacts into the Christian Coalition. For its executive director he hired Reed, who had been the executive director of the College Republicans and later a campaign staffer for Jack Kemp. The Christian Coalition was not the obvious campaign tool of a politician; it does not endorse or make contributions to candidates. "It's issue centered, not personality centered," Reed told me. "Unlike United We Stand, it's not designed to advance a personality. Whereas when Perot takes a beating the whole organization suffers, as long as issues are being advanced, the Christian Coalition advances." Robertson now presides over an expanding commercial and religious empire in Virginia Beach and plays a strong role in the work of the Coalition, which is based in Chesapeake, the next town. He still makes frequent political pronouncements. In 1993, for example, he said about the separation of church and state, "There is no such thing in the Constitution. It's a lie of the left, and we're not going to take it anymore." In Georgia, at a Christian Coalition rally on June 4th addressed by Robertson, House Minority Whip Newt Gingrich proclaimed deferentially that Robertson "would play a role" in helping the Republicans win majorities in Congress in the midterm elections.

The Christian Coalition, unlike the religious-right groups of the nineteen-eighties, is not devoted mainly to spreading its message through television and radio shows. Instead, it runs training seminars for political cadres, at which participants are taught the rudiments of taking control of local Republican organizations from the bottom up. During the early nineteen-nineties, the Coalition operated quietly—even, as Reed advised, with "stealth." A draft of the Pennsylvania Christian Coalition manual, for instance, instructed, "You should never mention the name Christian Coalition in Republican circles." By the Republican Convention of 1992, it had gained dominance or significant leverage in about twenty state Parties and in numerous counties.

FRUITS
VEGETABLES
HERBS·SPICES
NUTS·BERRIES
ROOTS·TUBERS
STEMS·LEAVES
S. Harris

In 1993, Dr. Steven Hotze, who favors the death penalty for gays, was elected chairman of the advisory committee of the Harris County, Texas, Republican Party with the support of the Christian Coalition. The Oregon Citizens Alliance, which gained control of the Oregon G.O.P. with Coalition support, proposed an initiative in 1992 that would have classified homosexuality as "abnormal, wrong, unnatural, and perverse." In Washington State, the Republican Party, under the sway of the religious right, took an official stand against witchcraft and yoga. "We could not save George Bush from himself," Reed said after the campaign.

Bush's defeat was hardly a defeat for the Christian Coalition. Despite the often exotic causes of some of its local leaders, the strategy from Chesapeake is to forge alliances wherever it can with Republican candidates who do not necessarily share the Coalition's entire agenda, in order to get practical experience for its troops and a share of the spoils; its object in every campaign is to build an infrastructure to help promote itself in the long run. Even if a candidate loses, the organization grows. According to Reed, the Christian Coalition has a million two hundred thousand supporters, with more than half of them contributing fifteen dollars a year in dues. "We've organized them into precinct captains, providing a full menu of activities for them beyond giving money," he told me. He claims that at the moment there are eight hundred and seventy-two chapters, with at least one in every state, and that nineteen states have full-time field staffs who raise their own salaries. This year, the budget for the national organization is twenty million dollars.

THE Christian Coalition has emerged as the political powerhouse of a large alternative culture that includes schools, institutes, newspapers, magazines, radio and television stations, and thousands of politically mobilized churches—a culture that religious-right leaders consciously see as a counterweight to a coherent liberal establishment and its institutions, which, Robertson has explained, "are firmly in the hands of secular humanists who are exerting every effort to debase and eliminate Bible-based Christianity from our society." For the activists of the religious right, politics is a post-millennialist battle for ultimate dominion over America.

The Coalition and its allies are conducting a long march through the Republican Party. In 1960, sixty-nine per cent of the nation's mainline Protestants, constituting about two-fifths of the total population, voted Republican. In all ways, they *were* the Republican Party. In 1992, only thirty-nine per cent of the mainline Protestants, who had declined to about one-fifth of the population, voted Republican. For the first time in the history of the G.O.P., they were no longer the Party's largest plurality—they had been displaced by the Evangelicals. "We have a 'Field of Dreams' strategy: Build it and they will come," Reed said. "The priority has always been to organize, to build a permanent infrastructure. We're looking twenty years ahead, not two years. If we build our movement only against Bill Clinton, once Clinton is gone, in either two or six years, then what will we say?"

Blackwell told me, "You can put together a winning coalition two or three times in a century. We did it in 1980. We're not going to put together a different one any time soon."

Yet each election cycle provides a chance for building. For instance, besides the victories in Virginia, Texas, Minnesota, and Iowa, a congressional seat in Kentucky that had been held in seeming perpetuity by the Democrats was won in a special election by a Republican—Ron Lewis, a Baptist minister and Christian-bookstore owner. The Christian Coalition was heavily involved and its efforts included distributing more than ninety thousand pieces of literature in the district. Religious-right groups and the national Republican Party worked to pump hundreds of thousands of dollars and numerous operatives into the campaign. In the midterm elections, the religious right is involved in hundreds of races, from the state level to the national. In California alone, its activists are working on dozens of legislative campaigns. (In 1992, a group of California millionaires associated with the religious right gave more than three million dollars to local candidates and causes, becoming the most generous political contributors in the state and exceeding the largesse of any political-action committee there. More than two-thirds of their candidates won Republican primaries.)

In the aftermath of the Virginia Convention, all possibility of the religious right's maintaining a "stealth" strategy in any important campaign is obviously foreclosed. An obstacle for them may be that their religion will be seen as a form of political partisanship limited to one faction of one party. For other Republicans, the religious right will pose an uncomfortable political quandary, by obliging them to define themselves in relation to the growing movement. In Texas, a small group of moderates has formed an organization called Take It Back, but almost all Republicans have followed the accommodating tack of Bob Dole, who has the fear of God in him. The hope that the Old Guard will reclaim its patrimony seems distant. The stiffening after the Virginia Convention of the congressional Republicans' already intense rejectionism of Clinton's program, especially his plans for health care, is partly a reaction to internal dynamics. For Republicans generally, the central question before them is the identity of their Party. Nixon is interred, Reagan retired, Bush erased. Who, now, are they?

The prospective Presidential candidates of 1996 are early circuit riders. Dole, by endorsing North, has tried to make a separate peace. William Bennett, with a heavy schedule of speeches, won a straw poll of Texas delegates which was conducted by the Christian Coalition. "Cheney's really been making the rounds. It's easy to see him in the picture," Mike Russell, the communications director of the Christian Coalition, told me. And former Vice-President Dan Quayle, whose recently published political memoir, "Standing Firm," is filled with professions of Evangelical faith, is also out on the hustings. In January, he spoke at a training conference of religious-right activists in Fort Lauderdale, whose theme was "Reclaiming America," and before the event began he stood at attention as the crowd of more than two thousand rose, faced a flag with a cross on it, and, with hands on hearts, recited in unison, "I pledge allegiance to the Christian flag, and to the Saviour, for whose Kingdom it stands, one Saviour, crucified, risen, and coming again, with life and liberty for all who believe." ◆

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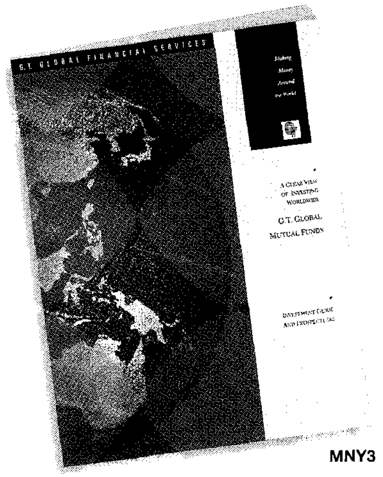
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A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE BODY LIES

The phenomenon of a person who is born a man but knows he is really a woman—and chooses to become one—is well known. But there are almost as many women who choose to become men. It's a difficult and expensive transformation. Why do they endure it, and what questions do they raise about gender in our culture?

BY AMY BLOOM

WHAT would you go through not to have to live Gregor Samsa's life? Not to realize, early in childhood, that other people perceive a slight, unmistakable bugginess about you which you find horrifying but they claim to find unremarkable? That glimpses of yourself in the mirror are upsetting and puzzling and to be avoided, since they show a self that is not you? That although you can ignore your shell much of the time and your playmates often seem to see you and not your cockroach exterior, teachers and relatives pluck playfully at your antennae with increasing frequency and suggest, not unkindly, that you might be more comfortable with the other insects? And when you say, or cry, that you are not a cockroach, your parents are sad, or concerned, or annoyed, but unwavering in their conviction—how could it be otherwise?—that you are a cockroach, and are becoming more cockroach-like every day? Would you hesitate to pay thirty thousand dollars and experience some sharp but passing physical misery in order to be returned to your own dear, soft, skin-covered self?

Approximately two people in every hundred thousand are diagnosed (first by themselves, then by endocrinologists, family doctors, psychiatrists, or psychologists) as high-intensity transsexuals, meaning that they will be motivated, whether or not they succeed, to have the surgery that will bring their bodies into accord with the gender that they have known themselves, since toddlerhood, to be. Until ten years ago, the clinical literature and the notoriously unreliable statistics suggested that for every four men seeking to become anatomically female, there was one woman seeking the opposite change. Now clinical-evaluation centers report the ratio is almost one to one.

In fifteen years of practice as a clinical social worker, I met men who liked to wear women's clothing, women who preferred sex in public conveyances to sex at home, men who were more attracted to shoes than to the people in them; I didn't meet any transsexuals. I encountered transsexuals only the way most people do: in Renée Richards' story, in Jan Morris's "Conundrum," and on afternoon talk shows, in which transsexuals are usually represented by startlingly pretty young women, sometimes holding hands with engagingly shy, love-struck fiancés, sometimes accompanied by defensive, supportive wives turned best friends. I wondered—in the middle of the afternoon—where the female-to-male transsexuals were. Even if there were four times as many male-to-females, there still had to be a few thousand of the other kind somewhere.

I thought there must be a reason that they were invisible. I wondered if their physical transformations were so pitiful that no one could bear to interview them, if women who wished to be men were less interesting, less interview-worthy than men who wished to be women, or if these people were so floridly disturbed that even the talk-show hosts were ashamed to be seen with them.

Much of the early psychiatric literature about transsexuals, from the pre-Christine Jorgensen nineteen-forties until the late nineteen-seventies, leaned heavily toward psychoanalytic explanations and toward clinical descriptions that, however sympathetic to the unhappy patient, emphasized the bizarreness not of the biological condition but of the conviction that there was a biological condition. The next psychiatric wave emphasized "personality disorders"—specifically, the popularized borderline-personality syndrome, with its inadequately formed sense of self and frightened yearning for symbiosis—as the root of transsexualism. In "The Transsexual Empire," Janice Raymond's overwrought theories about the training and practice of surgeons who perform transsexual procedures are the feminist equivalent of some of the Mafia-C.I.A.-White Russian-conspiracy theories of Kennedy's assassination, but her essential point—that transsexuals are psychologically unstable victims of a society that overemphasizes the roles of sexual insignia and gender difference—made sense to me. If the people involved were less nuts and society were less rigid, it seemed, neither transsexuals nor the surgery they seek would exist.

Most of us can understand a wish, even a chronic wish, to be the other gender. History and fiction are full of examples—many charming, some heroic—of women who dressed as men throughout their lives. It's the medical procedures that make transsexuals seem crazy: six months to two years of biweekly intramuscular injections of two hundred milligrams of Depo-Testosterone, which cause an outbreak of adolescent acne, the cessation of menstruation, and the development of male secondary sex characteristics; then a double mastectomy, in which most but not all of the breast tissue is removed, the nipple saved, and the chest recontoured for a more masculine, pectorally pronounced look; and then, a year to ten years later (depending on the patient's wishes and financial resources), one of two possible genital surgeries—a phalloplasty or a metoidioplasty—and a hysterectomy. In short, multiple, expensive, and traumatic surgeries to remove healthy tissue. Who would do this?

LYLE and his mother, Jessie, live in a trailer park in suburban Montana, a state in which I'd never imagined suburbs. (The names of these people and some identifying details about them have been altered.) The trailer park is neatly laid out beneath a shocking cobalt sky, and all the culs-de-sac have their own blue-and-white street signs, none of which are bent or rusted or facing the wrong way. The careful hand of people who are used to making do, doing without, and trying again is everywhere. Jessie and Lyle are watching for me from the trailer's little porch, and they come toward the car like a couple of welcoming relatives.

The inside of the trailer is familiar; it is the Montana twin of my mother-in-law's home, in northern Minnesota. Sturdy, slightly bowed Herculon love seat and matching recliner in shades of orange; copper mallards flying across the opposite wall, arching over the TV. The three of us finish two pitchers of iced tea during the afternoon's conversation. Lyle and Jessie allow themselves to be sad and occasionally puzzled by their own story—but not for long. All their painful stories are followed by moments of remembered grief but end in the genuine and ironic laughter of foxhole buddies; they know what they know and they are not afraid anymore.

Lyle is older than I had thought he would be—an adult. He had been a patient of three of the people I had previously interviewed: Dr. Donald Laub, a preëminent plastic surgeon known especially for female-to-male sex-change surgery; Judy Van Maasdam, the counsellor at Laub's surgical center, in Palo Alto; and Dr. Ira Pauly, a prominent psychiatrist, now head of the Department of Psychiatry at the University of Nevada School of Medicine. When they told me about Lyle, they all focussed on how young he was at the time of transition—much younger than most people who apply for surgery. Even though I knew better, I had half expected to meet a teen-ager. He was fourteen when he began hormone treatments, with medical approval, fifteen when he had his mastectomies, but twenty-three before he and his parents had enough money for the phalloplasty, the "bottom" surgery. (That's what the guys say about their surgeries—"my top," "my bottom.") I was horrified when I first heard the stories about this kid, and I imagined meeting his parents and clinically evaluating them as misguided, covertly sadistic, or perversely ignorant, acting out their own unhappiness on their helpless child.

You should have such parents.

When Lyle entered puberty, his mother and his late father took him from doctor to doctor, looking for explanations for Lyle's unhappiness and fierce resistance to being treated like a young woman. An endocrinologist who had worked with Don Laub recognized Lyle as possibly transsexual, and Ira Pauly and Judy Van Maasdam confirmed the diagnosis. Then, after extensive hormone treatments, Laub performed the first surgery and the family moved to another state, to allow Lyle to enter high school as a boy. Later, they nursed him after his hysterectomy and his phalloplasty, and used all their savings, and then some, to pay his medical bills.

Jessie says, "I want everyone to know who reads this that this wasn't easy—it was a really terrible shock. I didn't understand. I said to the first endocrinologist, 'Where did we go wrong?' and he said nowhere, it was biological. I called every single—I'm not kidding you—every single insurance company in the U.S.A., and they said, 'No, it's cosmetic.' "

Lyle interrupts—the only time I'll see him openly angry. "Yeah, right. Like I wanted a nose job. Cosmetic. Well, it was only my life."

Jessie makes soothing hand gestures, reminding him that it's all right now. "And, of course, the money. Our other kids resented it. I understand. But what could I do? What could we do? If your child has a birth defect, you get help. We understood—we understood even when he was little that something wasn't right. And we knew, when the doctors told us what could be done—we just knew what we had to do. When the doctors said he was transsexual, I felt that I *knew* that."

After hearing the stories about the

Women who became men: Loren Cameron and James Green are members of Oakland's transsexual community. Green lives with his girlfriend. How did he meet her? "She's a writer. She was interviewing me." (Photograph by Amy Arbus.)

hated girl name, the astonished, frightened tears and protracted battles over party dresses, Mary Janes, and even girl-styled polo shirts, and the deep, early sense of male identity, I ask Lyle about life since the transition. He gives me a glossy, friend-filled account, highlighted by a two-year romance with an older woman (twenty, to his seventeen) and a successful football career cut short by an ankle injury.

And after high school?

Finally, a bit of trouble: “I had a little money problem and a little drug problem. I got some counselling, came back from Las Vegas, started college. Now I'm taking classes, paying off my bills, working for the state. Eventually, I'll get my bachelor's.”

He sighs, and Jessie says quickly, “That's all right. Lots of older kids are in college these days. Aren't they?” I say I know quite a few, and we sip our iced tea.

“I did a lot of partying, some wild times,” Lyle continues. “I think maybe I was frustrated. I think maybe I did drugs partly because I was so frustrated at not being able to get my bottom surgery right away. Maybe. I just felt not quite right, but the surgery didn't make the difference I thought it would. It just made me feel me—not macho, just *me*. Uh, sexually”—he looks at Jessie—“it helped me out mentally, not really physically. But it cost so much. Not that Don Laub wasn't fair—he was. And when it was over, all I wanted to say was ‘Thank you, Dr. Laub, for letting me be reborn.’ But if it hadn't been for that I'd have a very nice house by now.”

He laughs and Jessie laughs. “Me, too,” she says. “We'd have two very nice houses.” Not looking at him, she goes on, “There is another surgery he could have, to get all the feeling”—a surgery in which a nerve taken from the forearm is run through the phallus, I learned later—“but we just don't have the money.”

I didn't ask any questions, because at that time I didn't know much about the different kinds of phalloplasties and I thought that it was rude to ask people about the working condition of their genitals, constructed or otherwise.

Lyle says, “What does it cost? Another forty grand? To have more sensation? It'd be nice, I guess, but I'd rather pay off my debts and buy a condo. What I have is fine. I need to get back on my feet financially and own my home more than I need to—” He laughs again and looks at his mother, who laughs, too.

Lyle shows me photographs I've asked to see. It seems absurd to describe the child I'm looking at as a little girl; there are no pictures like that. He is a sturdy little boy, looking adoringly at his dad while happily playing with his electric train; a handsome, shaggy graduating senior, being kissed by a pretty girl; a friendly, beefy man with thinning blond hair—exactly the look of most West Coast high-school football stars ten years down the road.

James Green, the transsexual man who has organized a get-together for me at his Oakland condo, sits beside me in the rental car while I look for the dimmer switch. I'm parked in his parking space, since he has chivalrously moved his car a block away to make room for me. I find the headlights, I find the interior light. I find the wipers. I cannot turn off the brights. James reaches across me with his left hand and adjusts the dimmer switch. The brights go down, and he looks at me exactly as my husband has on hundreds of such occasions: affectionate, pleased, a little charmed by this blind spot of mine. We smile at each other and I shrug. He shrugs, too. “It's innate,” he says, and he laughs, not taking his eyes off me.

We are dining unfashionably early, in an austerely hip neighborhood café, before the group arrives at James's place. A huge plate of food is put before James, and he hunches over slightly and begins eating. I notice that he does not say, “Gee, this is a lot of food,” or anything like that. Like a man, he just starts eating. I ask him how he met the girlfriend he'd mentioned earlier.

James puts his fork down and gives me the full effect of his green eyes. “She's a writer. She was interviewing me.” A quick unfolding of a Jack Nicholson smile, and then, with slow mock shyness, he goes back to his dinner. I smile, too.

After dinner, we drive to his condo, which is clearly the home of a writer and a noncustodial father: eclectic reference books spill off the bookshelves, the refrigerator door is bedecked with drawings by and photographs of a cute little girl, dolls and coloring books make a pink-and-purple jumble in a corner of the living room. When James was a lesbian, the woman he lived with had a child, whom he regards as his daughter; after his surgery, they broke up, but he now sees the little girl as much as he can. The doorbell rings, and James introduces me to Loren and Luis, guys from the local transsexual community. (Luis is a pseudonym, and some of the details of his background have been changed.) Loren Cameron, a blond bantamweight photographer, is wearing a billowing tank top and black shorts. He has a tight, perfect build, and startling black stripes tattooed across his chest, on both forearms, and on his thighs. A cross between Mercury and Rob Lowe, he looks like a not uncommon type of handsome, cocky, possibly gay man one sees at beaches, on boardwalks, and in other open-air settings.

Luis, thirty-five years old, is a slightly built, gentle South American man, a chemist in Silicon Valley, single and bisexual, primarily involved with women. “I was twenty-two when I went to Don Laub for my surgery,” Luis says. “It was the right thing for me—I can go to the gym, go swimming, and I don't have to feel vulnerable or be afraid. I was always athletic, and I didn't want to give that up. And it feels right for sex. What I perceive and what my partner perceives match up. Inside and outside, I'm a man. The surgeries made a huge difference for me. I had the genital surgery, not the full phalloplasty. I don't know what Dr. Laub calls the other one now, but that's what I had. The easier one. I have days when I think about it, but I'd rather save my money—for travel, for my future, for investing. The gender issue isn't at the center of my life.” He sighs. “I don't get the chance to talk about this—it's not a conversation I'd have with other men. Gender is slippery. I used to see it as black and white—men, women, that's it. I wanted to be perceived as male, in a male role, with male attributes. I don't hold on to that anymore. Male, female—I don't even understand that anymore. And I find, after all this, it doesn't matter much.”

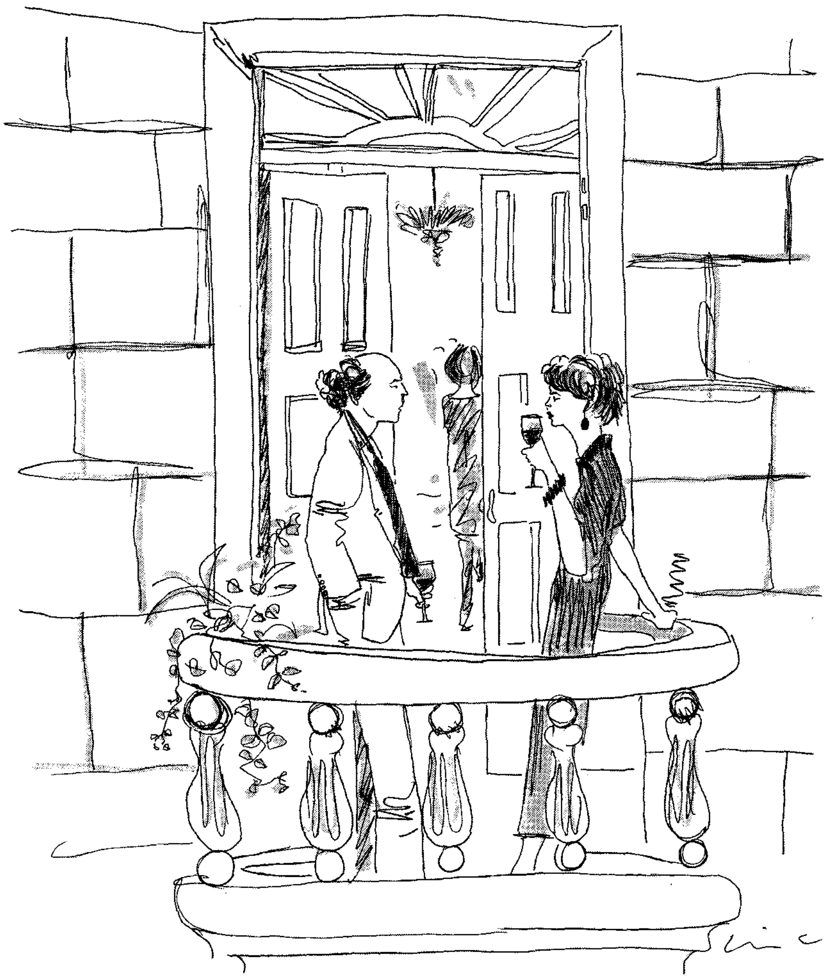
The four of us talk for two hours, and Loren and James cheerfully interrupt each other, disagree, raise their voices, point out the holes in each other's logic; Luis and I listen, and from time to time we point out the issues on which James and Loren do agree, which seems to matter to us but not to them. They agree—they both know at first hand—that a number of transsexual men have emerged from the lesbian community, a world in which each of them could maneuver with some success but not with complete ease.

James says, "I was excluded from lesbian events even before I started the transition. I was just too male—not butch but male. I crossed some line somehow, and everyone, the other women, felt that there were things about me, despite my female body, that were just not female."

Loren, somehow irritated by James's calm, even superior acquiescence in the face of rejection by the community that was their world for so many years, adds, "The loss makes me mad, losing the women's community. And the lack of acknowledgment. Transsexuals are never really accepted, by anyone."

Luis says, very quietly, reluctant to antagonize the activists, "I used to hate and fear men, at least all the ones I knew. Now I don't. Probably you don't have to become anatomically male to stop hating men." He smiles. "But it is effective."

I expected to find psychologically disturbed, male-identified women so filled with self-loathing that it had even spilled onto their physical selves, leading them to self-mutilating, self-punishing surgery. Maybe I would meet some very butch lesbians, in ties and jackets and chest binders, who could not, somehow, accept their female bodies. I didn't meet those people. I met men. Some I liked, some I didn't. I met bullshit artists, salesmen, computer programmers, compulsive, misogynistic seducers, pretty boys inviting seduction, cowboys, New Age prophets, good ole boys, shy truck drivers saving their money for a June wedding, and gentle knights. I met men.



"You know how New York is. You have one room, and before you know it you want two rooms."

• •

IRA PAULY is one of the acknowledged titans of transsexual psychiatry, a pioneering researcher who has since shifted his attention to administration. He sits in a bunkerlike office at the University of Nevada and cautions me that he hasn't kept up with everything in the recent literature, which represents a huge body of work and new ideas. He says that he has met a few people who have had regrets after their surgery, but only a few, out of hundreds, and that whatever the etiology of transsexualism may be, there are those for whom surgery is the only true solution.

Pauly is a modest, very smart middle-aged man with big hands and a U.C.L.A. plaque on his desk showing his college football history. He became chairman of the Department of Psychiatry partly on the strength of his research on transsexuals. He is always clear, reasonable, fair, and extremely contained. He showed strong feeling only once during our interview—when he talked about Louis Sullivan. A female-to-male transsexual, Sullivan was also a gay man with AIDS, and he called Pauly in the late eighties in the hope of educating the professionals in the "gender community" about the difference between gender and sexual orientation.

In his search for treatment, Sullivan went to several gender-dysphoria clinics. For transsexuals, Pauly explains, such clinics are the only gateways to reputable surgeons committed to minimal standards of care; under the supervision of a clinic, the patient lives full time as a member of the opposite sex for two years and receives documented treatment by a licensed mental-health-care provider—an arrangement recommended by the Harry Benjamin International Gender Dysphoria Association, the organization of gender-dysphoria professionals: psychologists, social workers, psychiatrists, surgeons, endocrinologists, the occasional lawyer. These clinics rejected Sullivan, because he not only knew that despite his female anatomy he was male, he knew that he was a gay male.

Pauly lent me three hours of videotaped interviews he had conducted with Sullivan. The setup reminded me of public-access TV: a ficus tree keeps brushing Sullivan's ears, the carpeting clashes with the chairs, the camera occasionally seems stuck on the socks sliding down Ira Pauly's bare shins or on Louis Sullivan's pale hands fumbling with the mike. If you missed the sections on surgery and hormones, you would simply be moved by this increasingly gaunt, youngish, mild-mannered man so ferociously determined to make use of his death sentence to educate the rest of us.

"They said, 'It can't be,' and I said, 'It is,' " Sullivan says on one of the tapes. "They told me that I must not really be transsexual. After all, they thought, if I just wanted to sleep with men, why go to all the trouble?"

The notion that gender has a continuum, a fluid range of possibilities, seems to produce such anxious rigidity in many of us that we ignore everything we've learned through our own lives about the complexities of men and women and seek refuge in explanations and expectations of gender which are more magical, romantic, and unrealistic than any attitude I encountered among the transsexuals I met. Ever since Christine Jorgensen, there seems to have been a lot of confusion about what now, thanks to Louis Sullivan, seems so unconfused to Ira Pauly and others in the field. Male is not gay or straight; it's male. We may not know what it is, but we know it's not about whether male or female sexual stimuli inspire your erection. Maybe it's not even about the ability or the equipment to have an erection. Maybe it's closer to the sensation of inner arousal pushed out—a sense of erectness, of intact outerness—than to the source or object of one's erotic desires. There are gay men, heterosexual men, masculine men, feminine men. We know that the object of desire and the fluttering of hands versus the clenching of fists do not make maleness. We don't know what does, and neither do the transsexual men, and neither do the people who treat them, psychologically and surgically.

I ask Dr. Pauly, who has expressed caution about the surgery—and even more caution about those who wish to have it declared a problem rather than a solution—if he would recommend surgery if he had a transsexual child.

HISTORY: THE HOME MOVIE

The author's novel in verse about the Pasternaks and the Raines during the upheavals of the twentieth century continues with the story of Eliot Raine in provincial England in the nineteen-thirties.

BY CRAIG RAINE

1931: ASYLUM

The pock of a pipe removed
by the charge nurse in charge
and then his smoker's smile

of creosote, tartar, plaque.
A cyst on his cheek
threaded with blood,

he points out the patients,
names and conditions,
while Eliot follows

the bitten Bakelite stem
on its intricate journey,
the mouthpiece

an oracular pout
of miniature ebony lips
like an African sculpture:

"That's Cheops Robinson.
You only ever see him
sideways on. Fucking crackers.

For he's a jolly good Pharaoh.
You have to laugh.
How-do, Cheops? Eh?"

In the chronic male ward,
iron high-sided cots,
mesh on the high windows,

three horizontal ropes
securing horsehair mattresses
which line the walls,

and, at night,
a dull port-wine stain
at the end of the ward,

like a blotch on the retina,
which is only the stove,
clenching, unclenching its red.

Treatment is standard,
secure, behind the times,
nothing occult,

containment, not cure:
paraldehyde and lukewarm baths.
"Applied economics,

you might just say," he says,
kissing his pipe stem,
little kisses, keeping it on.

"Soaking the rich,
soaking the poor. See?
Restores mental balance."

Men who are women,
watched by male nurses
in rubber lace-up ankle boots

and dark green rubber aprons,
full length, a quarter-inch thick,
solid as a capsicum,

making movement ungainly.
They could be slaughtermen,
strength in their folded arms,

untouched by the touched
and their tone-deaf noise:
the bleats and the lowing

that live in these throats.
They angle their heads
strangely, listening, vacant,

to what is within,
whatever it is which seems
so angry and so sad.

"They come here, some of them,
with less meat on them
than a jockey's whip.

Now look at them: pregnant,
double-breasted to a man.
Must be the potty meat. Eh?"

When Eliot fails to laugh,
the charge nurse chuckles
and elaborates: "Cream crackers.

Brazil nuts. Bisto crazy.
See him? That one, there.
With the periscope up.

He used to be scrum half
for Pontypridd and Wales.
Evans. Wife trouble.

Before he came here,
capped for Wales he was.
Fly half. Poor bugger."

Hairless, heavy, soft,
Evans is troubled by sex,
his sudden hardness

which is hypnotic
for the nude, forgetful mad,
who gather and, gathering,

lose the thread. Of what.
Or why. Do not disperse,
docile at their destination.

Not unlike Eliot,
who has answered an ad
in *The Lancet.* Successfully.

The only applicant
for Assistant Medical Officer
at Derby County Mental Hospital

inspects a safety smock,
kept in case of mutiny,
"if anyone goes really bats."

Tested for weight,
it tinkles with buckles
like a tambourine.

Four afternoons a week,
Eliot takes the bus
to change his book

at Boots in Derby,
watching the lambs startle
on dirty pipe-cleaner legs,

and one night, towards teatime,
returns to find a charge nurse
lugging Evans from the lake.

Drenched and dead. Eyes open.
Feet bare. Sousing
stabs of water. Sabres.

"It's only three feet deep.
Impossible to drown yourself.
He misbehaved deliberately.

Couldn't have done it
without the safety smock.
Salvation, in a way.

He'd had a bash before.
Wife trouble. This way, see,
he couldn't help himself."

After supper in his room,
Eliot writes to Mapother,
begging a post at the Maudsley:

"I see no future here."
Trailing canvas wings
which cross and buckle behind

like a pipistrelle
tying itself in knots,
wrapping things up. ◆

"I would hope not to have a transsexual child; that life is no easy thing, with or without the surgery. I *hope* that the follow-up studies support the studies we have now. I *hope* these patients are happier."

I press him.

"I would probably try to intervene early in childhood. But you know, those studies of strongly effeminate boys—a lot of them grow up to be gay, but they don't grow up to be transsexual. You're looking at five in a hundred for male homosexuals, one in fifty thousand for transsexuals."

In the end, after edging up on saying yes half a dozen times, he indicates yes but doesn't say it, and I stop asking.

At Don Laub's surgical center, in Palo Alto, I stand in the doorway of the waiting room, observing two women in the courtyard, wondering if they are "genetically female," and wondering if I can stand to ask such a rude question. But if I believe, as I now find myself believing, that transsexual men and women are men and women, what would make the question rude?

I go into the courtyard, and one of the women, a very pretty blonde, lightly made up and wearing a conservative navy-blue dress and matching pumps, calls my name and introduces herself: Dr. Gail Lebovic, Dr. Laub's associate.

We are joined by Dr. Laub, graying and clean-shaven, utterly conventional and conservative in a dark-suited, rep-tie way, except for eyes so brightly intense they seem silver rather than blue-gray. He went to Jesuit schools, has been married forever to the same woman, and has five children, two of whom plan to join his surgical practice, and he is the founder of Interplast, a charitable organization that sends plastic surgeons to underdeveloped countries to provide free corrective surgery for children and adults. Laub has done over six hundred sex-change—or, as he says, "sex confirmation"—surgeries since 1968.

Don Laub and Gail Lebovic show me the photograph albums they keep of their patients—dozens of head shots, before, during, and after hormone treatments. Many of the pictures of the same patient at various stages of his transformation look like family portraits—younger, middle, and eldest brother. The faces broaden, the foreheads slope forward and down more roughly to the eyebrows from receding hairlines, the necks and shoulders widen. Strength training is recommended, to deal with the weight gain, but many of the men in the photographs are somewhere between stocky and fat. A few of them are handsome, more than a few are attractive, most are average. One guy looks like Don Ho, another looks like Don Knotts, another like Richard Gere. Some are homely, with bad skin, bad haircuts, cheap eyeglasses and overwashed shirts, ugly mustaches, pouchy eyes, jowly necks. But no one in his right mind would take them for women.

Lebovic clears her throat and shows me the other pictures. I've seen them before—they are the pictures that Laub sent me of phalloplasties and metoidioplasties. I had flipped through them at home and tried to study them, but they were Xeroxes. The originals are in brutal, Polaroid-type color, in which brown skin gets a dappled, froglike quality and white skin has the sheen and color of bad pork.

Lebovic occasionally points out items of interest. "See, with this surgery"—the phalloplasty—"we keep the clitoris. Here, underneath, just above the scrotum, so when the penis is either rubbing against it or pulled out of the way, there's full sexual response. Isn't that great? We make the scrotum with the labia, by inserting skin expanders, just a little bit, week by week. After the skin has expanded, we insert the testicular implants, stitch it up the middle a bit, to create the look. Otherwise you just have one big ball, like this. Picture a small deflated balloon—that's the expander. We put one in each labium, sew the labia together, then expand each compartment so it's just like testicles and put in the implants, just silicone balls."

She describes the painful electrolysis of the abdominal area, and then the surgery. Two vertical incisions are made, three inches apart, stopping short of the navel. The surgeon lifts up the skin and soft tissue—while it's still attached at the ends—and rolls it up sidewise into a tube. This inside-out tube is covered with a skin graft from the hip. The soft, skin-covered tube is still attached in two places, at the navel and bikini line, and will be left that way—a pulsing hot dog growing on the abdominal field—for at least three months, so that it will develop its own blood supply. The second stage requires detaching it at the navel and allowing the tube (the essential phallus) to drop down.

We come to some terrible pictures. These are of men, genetic men, who've had penises created after disease or trauma. "Burn, cancer, tree shredder," Lebovic says gently.

We look at another album of various completed phalloplasties, which is much easier than looking at the squirming reds and yellows and acres of flaccid, anesthetized skin of the surgical procedures used to construct them. The penises from the early days of the procedure are long, blobby tubes, with no real heads, no color. The white ones look like *Weisswurst*. The brown ones seem less blobby but peculiarly speckled.

"These are the early ones," Lebovic says. "You see the shape is not so great. And of course, Dr. Laub was making them huge. I mean, really." She shows me a photograph with a ruler held up to the penis. I'm reluctant to lean closer to read the number of inches. "Nine," she says, laughing. "Well, Dr. Laub is a guy. I guess he figured that if you want one—Anyway, now they're a little closer to average. And there's no erectile tissue, so you wouldn't want it too small."

The penises are starting to look more familiar, more penis-like. I am getting used to the black, hard-looking stitches.

On to the metoidioplasties—a surgery that frees up the testosterone-enlarged clitoris to resemble a small penis. They look, just as Laub's articles say they do, like the penises of small boys, or, as he writes, "what you'd see in a men's locker room on a chilly day."

"I don't really understand why they have this surgery," Lebovic says. "I mean, if you're going to have a penis . . ."

I ARRANGE to meet Don Laub again in New York City, at the Harry Benjamin International Gender Dysphoria Symposium. Harry Benjamin came from Germany in 1911 to do his residency in endocrinology; he stayed in America and began a private practice. In 1966, he published "The Transsexual Phenomenon," still widely used as a reference. He was, by all reports, the most lovable of men. He retired at ninety and died in 1986, at a hundred and one.

At my request, Laub is going to show me the genital surgeries for female-to-male transsexuals, and he's going to do it on lined yellow paper, using his pen point as a scalpel. The four options are the basic phalloplasty, with external devices for erection and urination; two de-luxe models, both of which provide the capacity to urinate in the typical male position (one also affords some physical sensation); and the metoidioplasty. All four are major surgeries, with more than one step.

The conference takes place at the Marriott Marquis Hotel. In a corridor which also functions as a lounge, we sit at a little table, surrounded by large and small yellow penises and one Red Grooms-like paper sculpture, with which Laub has walked me through three stages of the de-luxe phalloplasty that includes the removal of a nerve from the forearm and its placement within the newly created phallus, running from the glans of the new penis to the nerves of the still existing clitoris and allowing a full range of sensation.

"I call this the postmodern one. Like those buildings over there." He waves vaguely toward the newer architecture of Times Square.

Including the mastectomy, the whole procedure for the basic phalloplasty costs twenty thousand dollars; if your insurance company is persuaded that you truly have the psychiatric disorder of transsexualism, for which surgery is a necessary part of the treatment, you might get reimbursement from them—after you've agreed to go through life with an official diagnosis probably comparable in many people's minds to necrophilia.

"This kind of phalloplasty, which allows for natural, unassisted urination, calls for a year of electrolysis in a very sensitive place, the pubic region and lower stomach. But you see"—he quickly makes an incision in the paper and rolls up the tube— "you can't have urination through the tunnel if there's hair. The skin has to be hairless, so you either have to find hairless skin"—he taps my forearm—"or make it."

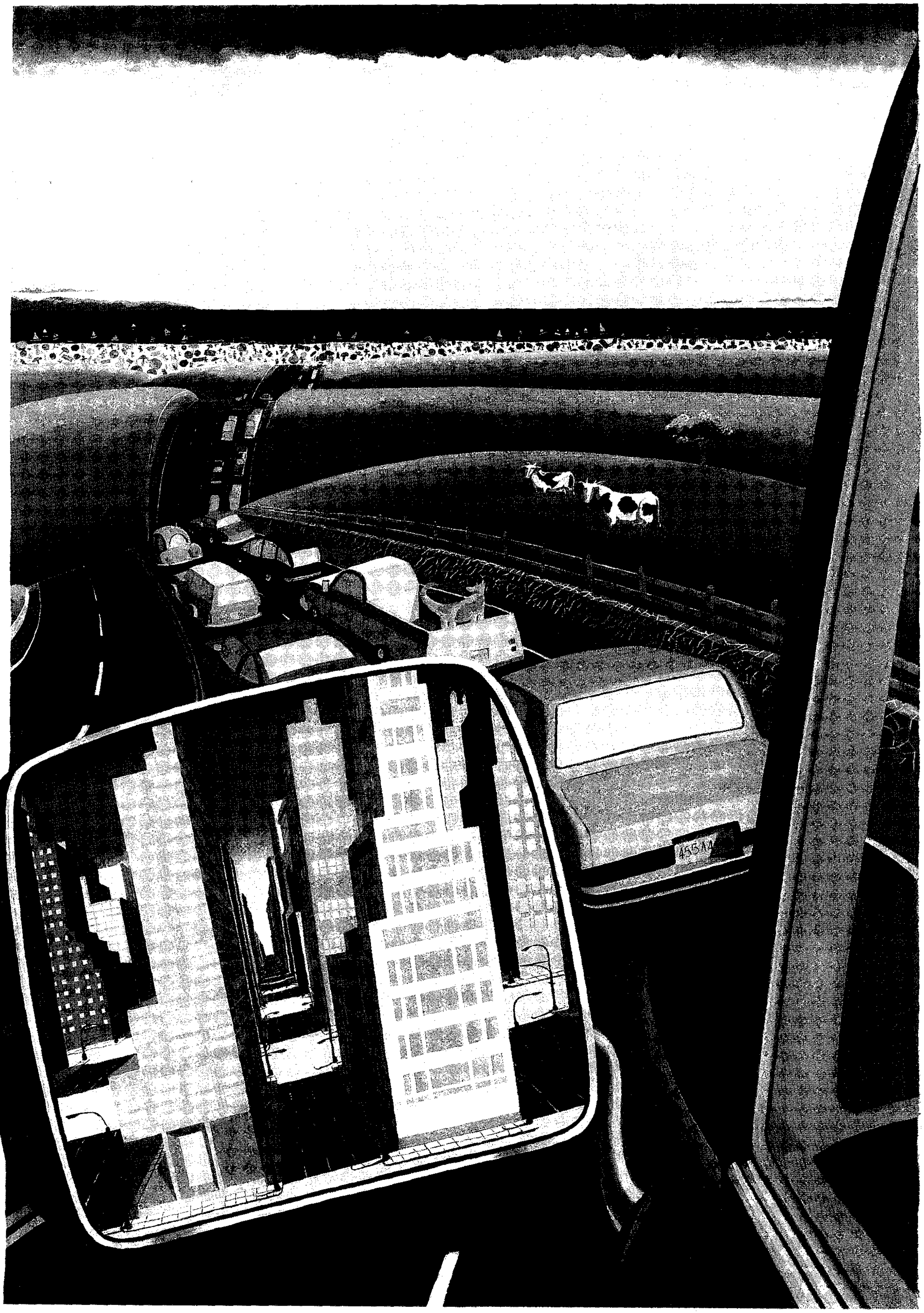
"Now, metoidioplasty—it's from *meta*, meaning 'toward,' *oidio*, for the male genitals, and *plasty*, 'change.' " He draws and dissects another set of female genitalia, carving out a small penis and folding over the lips of the labia majora to make a very neat, actually rather cute scrotum. "I don't think the patients really prefer this—I mean, if money were no object. Maybe some, some who are not such high-intensity transsexuals. Sometimes their wives don't want the penises—they've been married eight, ten years, and I'm showing them the choices. I sit there like an encyclopedia salesman, showing them the different models, and maybe the wife says, 'We want the metoidioplasty.' And the husband says, 'We do? I don't think so, honey. I want the phalloplasty.' And that relationship is in trouble. Because, for the most part—again, if money's no object and this is a younger man—he wants a penis. Men want penises. But the metoidioplasty mimics nature, and that's appealing. The testosterone enlarges the clitoris. It's the way men and women both are in utero—an enlarged clitoris, which does or doesn't become a penis. And it's one-stage surgery, less expensive than the other, and, obviously, sexual and urinary functioning is intact and they can go on having sex however they had it. Like lesbians do."

"You mean sex without intercourse? That's all that they don't get, right? No penile penetration."

Laub pauses. "Well, yes. It's only about an inch and half, maybe two inches. So they can go on having the kind of sex they had before. Dildos, whatever."

Laub next describes the four different devices that allow the men to have erections. The devices fall into two categories: pumps and inserts. One pump, the most discreet, is small, ball-like, and implanted in the scrotum. When activated, it pumps fluid from inside the ball into the penis, which remains erect for about ten minutes. There is also a syringe-like external pump, which is attached to a condom. When activated, the pump evacuates the air from the hollow tube of the penis, forming a vacuum within it and hardening the outer casing. There are two inserts—one permanent, one that is used only as needed. Laub is wary of the permanent implant, a woven-silver-wire tube within a silicone sheath, ARTIST'S EASEL • BY KATHY OSBORN

ALMOST THERE



which gives the penis some rigidity, whether pointed up or down. "It's dangerous to have implants where you have no feeling," Laub says. He recommends the baculum, slightly thicker than a ballpoint pen, coated with Teflon, and tailor-made, rather inexpensively, for each patient. It is inserted before intercourse, extends from the tip of the penis back to the clitoris and allows for tireless intercourse and full sensation from the pressure on the clitoris, now located above the scrotum.

Laub is more comfortable with the men who choose penises and intercourse and who have clear-cut, easily identifiable heterosexual preferences, but he not only does the metoidioplasties, he does them extremely well and teaches other surgeons to do them. As is so often the case in the medical world, the doctors and the patients involved in these procedures understand their relationships in radically different ways. Many of the men I interviewed preferred metoidioplasties but never for the reasons offered in the literature or by the surgeons. The gender professionals say that patients choose metoidioplasties because they're older and don't want to go through the more complicated surgery, because they have other medical conditions, which contraindicate surgery, or because they were lesbians before transition and their partners don't like the idea of sex with a man. But every transsexual man I spoke to who chose metoidioplasty said, in essence, "I don't need a big, expensive penis; this little one does just fine, and I can use the money to enhance my life." It was like interviewing a bunch of proud and content but slightly bewildered Volkswagen owners and, across town, some slightly miffed and equally bewildered Mercedes dealers.

During the gender-dysphoria symposium, I also talk to psychologists, psychiatrists, even psychoanalysts; collectively, the people I meet have worked with a thousand transsexuals and their families, here and in northern Europe. Dr. Leah Schaefer, a psychologist and a genetic female, is the president of the Harry Benjamin Association and has treated hundreds of people like Loren, James, Luis, and Lyle. She is small and rounded, the right kind of Mitteleuropean figure for full skirts, big belts, and a lace fichu at the neck. We meet at her Manhattan office, which is in her home and is itself homey, *haimish*—dried flowers, ceramic birds, little boxes, family photographs, and a little sculpture of an Orthodox Jewish man studying the Torah. I didn't expect the mezuzah on the doorway, or that she would have spent twelve years singing professionally, or that we would end up talking about her closetful of shoes, talking with the same shared enthusiasm and tenderness you hear in the voices of boat enthusiasts, golfers—and transsexuals comparing surgical work.

"Now there are probably more than five thousand postoperative transsexuals in the United States. You have small-town surgeons setting up shop just like the well-known ones, the ones with years of training. I've seen over five hundred people, and no one has even interviewed me or asked for my statistics when they're gathering information. I'm afraid I don't know where people get their numbers."

Later, she brightens when she thinks of "a very wonderful scientist" to tell me about.

"Friedemann Pfafflin's everything—an M.D., a psychoanalyst, a practicing clinician. He has a better vantage point than a lot of researchers. He's just wonderful."

And he's attending the Harry Benjamin Symposium in New York City, smoking steadily in the corridor while I interview Don Laub. Dr. Pfafflin absolutely knows where he gets his numbers. Peggy Cohen-Kettenis, a Dutch clinical psychologist I've also arranged to meet, obviously knows Pfafflin well and suggests a joint interview.

Pfafflin doesn't seem to think much of American record-keeping but has found the data banks in Germany, the Netherlands, Australia, and Sweden to be reliable, and has been doing research and follow-up studies for the last twelve years. Pfafflin shows me two studies. The first is based on the Bem Sex Role Inventory, a psychological test, oriented differently for men and women, to determine feelings of masculinity and femininity; one of its underlying assumptions is that a mix of masculine and feminine is normal and healthy in both males and females. It compares female-to-male (F.T.M.) transsexuals before and after hormonal and/or surgical treatment with "normal"—i.e., genetic—females. They test out as high masculine/low feminine before the treatment and afterward as well-adjusted men who accept their feminine side.

The second study, based on a German psychological test similar to the Minnesota Multiphasic Inventory (a psychological personality evaluation widely used in the gender-dysphoria clinics here), has even broader implications. The F.T.M. transsexuals are compared with normal men and with normal women, and I don't need to read German to understand the charts—they are as clear as cartoons. The good-sized gray bar down the middle is normal men on page one, normal women on page two; green lines that run in and out of the gray bars are the untreated transsexuals, and red lines that run square in the center of the male page and close to the middle on the female page are the post-op transsexuals. "They are completely in the normal range, psychologically, for men, after treatment," Pfafflin says, running his finger up and down the gray bar. "Even before treatment, they are not so off the norm for women." The clinical and research studies also show no unusual levels of psychopathology in the families of transsexual teen-agers or in the adolescents themselves.

Neither Pfafflin nor Cohen-Kettenis appears to be particularly impressed by the surgeons in their field; Cohen-Kettenis, consistently more tactful, shrugs slightly when I ask about the exchange of ideas between the surgeons and the mental-health people here at the conference. Pfafflin laughs. "Well, they are naïve, like children. They love to build. I will build a little clitoris, I will build a little penis."

Cohen-Kettenis smiles. "Not a little penis. Only big ones."

Although they attend the surgeons' presentations (ten to twenty minutes of endless, blurring slides of penises and vaginas and recontoured chests and abdominal flaps and forearm donor sites and Y-shaped incisions), they don't expect the surgeons to attend the psychological presentations. Laub tells me that the surgeons do. He does.

I talk to Don Laub for the last time in a meeting room filled with energetic, well-dressed men and women whose genetic origins are impossible to know. I ask him about the origin of high-intensity transsexualism—the kind for which surgery seems to be the only solution. "I believe it's biological and behavioral," he says. "A behavioral problem with a surgical solution. There have been a number of experiments, corroborated over and over, at Wisconsin, at Oregon, at Stanford. They injected lab mammals—cats, rats, dogs, and monkeys—with opposite-sex hormones shortly before birth. And that was it. No matter what kind of conditioning you used on those mammals, they behaved consistently like the opposite sex, like the gender of the hormone with which they were injected. And I think that that's what we'll find, eventually. A biological answer.

"When plastic surgeons begin doing this work, a lot of them just see the technical challenge, the professional opportunity. They dislike the whole idea of transsexuals, but they're fascinated by the challenge. But when they meet the patients, they change—they become more empathetic. They see the people and they are forever changed.

"F.T.M. surgery is going to improve, aesthetically and in other ways. I learned something here at the conference. I'm going to start doing it right away. They showed how to construct the glans, how to build up a corona. I'll start doing that. And they tattoo a pinkish color onto the head—that helps, too. I'm going to do that. And in the future there might be transplants, if we can figure out how to reduce rejection. I don't think the government will fund penis transplants, but we'll try to persuade it to."

Until fairly recently, pragmatic, solution-oriented approaches like Don Laub's were anathema to clinical theorists, whose diagnoses and suggestions for treatment focussed primarily on male-to-female transsexuals and on the inevitable opinions about preëxisting family pathology. Absent fathers, overinvolved mothers—that was the traditional psychoanalytic explanation for male homosexuality, and for transsexualism, as well. Other clinicians have taken the opposite view: dominant fathers, submissive mothers. The other two major psychological theories are that parents of transsexuals encourage cross-gender identification and play, and that parents of transsexuals strongly discourage cross-gender dress and play. That about covers it. I can't imagine that with the dominant and absent fathers, the passive and active mothers, the encouraging and discouraging of cross-gender behaviors we've left out too many American families (except the single parents, and they have their own problems). According to these theories, there should be millions of transsexuals in America alone, and McSurgery centers in every good-sized town.

No one cares at all about theory at what I'll call the American Fantasia conference. It's a big get-together of cross-dressing men and their wives and a smaller group of transsexual men and women and their partners, held behind a homemade curtain of pink tablecloths, down the most remote corridor of a smallish motel in a Southern suburb. American Fantasia is organized by a man whose name I can't use: although many at the gathering know that he's transsexual, his neighbors don't, his col-

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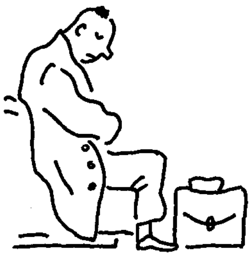
leagues don't, the psychiatrists and psychologists and social workers to whom he regularly lectures on transsexualism don't. I don't know, either, until he tells me, halfway through the interview. He looks like a liberal Republican, a social worker, a minister, or a very effective insurance salesman, in his earnest, slightly old-fashioned suit and his very tidy hair and beard. He has a deep, manly chuckle that gets on my nerves, especially as it punctuates his belittling remarks about M.T.F. cross-dressers and the amusement with which F.T.M. transsexuals regard them. I'm annoyed until I realize, with surprise, that he's just another courtly, charming Southern man, whose notion of appropriate physical distance is somewhat narrower than my own—a nice man who doesn't really like women (the ladies, God bless 'em).

I'm at ease with most of these guys, though—even at the end of one of the plastic surgeons' presentations, when the guys compare handiwork and those who are most pleased with their surgery begin lifting their shirts. It's like being in a room full of cardiac-surgery survivors—everyone is telling stories, wagging fingers, showing what his doctor did for him. I see the scars from a distance, but it seems that the men wouldn't mind if I got closer. Aaron, a transsexual man in his late forties—enough like Joe Pesci to be his shorter, Southern brother—is taking photographs and acting as my guide. When I am speechless, he acts as my interpreter. Aaron photographs the men for an F.T.M. newsletter.



One guy whose chest Aaron and I study looks like a blond sailor from the cover of a 1946 *Life* magazine. "It takes about three years for the body to settle down," this guy says, and as he rolls up his T-shirt to show the incision lines, tan and thickly ridged against his muscular torso, another man, middle-aged and narrow-chested, moves his tie and shyly opens his white shirt and shows me the incision marks around his nipples.

I'm cold, but Aaron unbuttons his cuffs. "Look around you," he says. All the guys have loosened ties, rolled-up shirtsleeves. "Testosterone heats up the system. We're all comfortable, but you're gonna freeze your butt off."

After the conference, Aaron provides introductions to some wives and significant others. The first one I talk to is his girlfriend.

Samantha (a pseudonym), forty-two, met Aaron through the personal ads. "I had dated women, and I had a bad dating experience with a genetic man, so I was looking at the personals: gay, straight, and alternative. And this was *alternative.* I didn't have to go through the anguish of his transition—I just met this man. And although I wasn't attracted to him physically right away, I was very attracted to his energy and his vigor. That testosterone—it's really something.

"I thought it would be very different from being with a genetic man, but it turns out to be not so different, after all. There's nothing female about him. Sometimes I wish there were.

"I said to my friend Mitzi that men are all wrapped up with their cocks, whether they have them or not. It's still all testosterone and power and having balls, one way or another."

Bridget (also a pseudonym) is the journalist who became James Green's girlfriend.

"I thought, as a feminist, This is horrible—these are crazy women, self-hating women, who find these unscrupulous, misogynistic surgeons to lop off their breasts. I had met a few of these guys, and I had read a few books by feminists on the subject. Transsexuals seemed pretty wacky.

"After two hours with James, I was very attracted, and I think I fell in love with him the next day. I went for a walk and began fantasizing about him, sexually. I had asked him, for the article, to show me the surgery, and we were both embarrassed, we laughed, but he showed me. And my first, my spontaneous response to what I saw was 'Oh, that's so cute!' And it was. I have friends—straight friends—who think I've given up something important because he doesn't have a regular penis. It wasn't a loss to me. We have a lot more variety. We make love to each other, after all—not to organs."

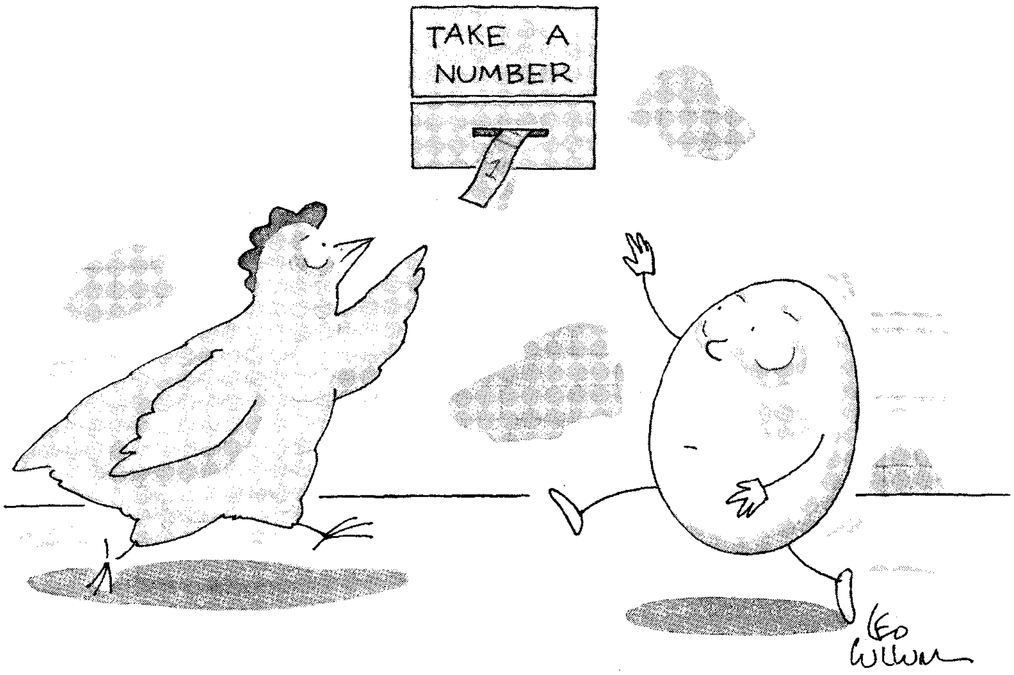
Her tone of fond reminiscence—the affection she holds not only for the lover but for the joy the lover has given—falters, and her voice tightens to a sharp New York buzz. "I saw him as a combination of female and male, and he was sane and he was a feminist . . . sort of. I thought, I'm tired of men, I'm tired of women, here's someone completely *new.* But now we're dealing with the same old man-woman thing, like with any other man. And we're struggling. Suddenly, I can totally relate to my friend who has been complaining about her husband for years.

"I'm convinced—I know otherwise, but I'm convinced—that he was never *really* a woman."

MICHAEL is the pseudonym he has asked me to use, and I cannot describe his corporate job or comfortable home. He does not go to events like American Fantasia. His former therapist contacted him, and he agreed to talk with me on neutral ground, at a friend's apartment. We're meeting in the late morning, and I buy three sandwiches, a dozen cookies, and two kinds of soda at a fancy deli, but he doesn't eat. He is a serious, dark-skinned black man dressed in corporate casual clothes for a Saturday with his relatives, whom he announces he plans to join before too long. I take him for thirty-eight or so, but he is ten years older than that. I don't know if I have just never noticed that men usually look younger than women their age or if it's something in the skin of these particular men—some vestige of former female smoothness—or if it's having had a second, hormonally powerful adolescence later in life, but all the transsexual men look to me at least five years younger than they are. After two hours, Michael is less nervous than when we began, but he is never relaxed. About half an hour before he leaves, he takes a cookie and a sip of club soda.

"I grew up in a nice, materially comfortable, middle-class life. But I carried a deep, dark secret around with me. I was pretty strange anyway. I was not an easy child to raise—my mother had her times with me. I believed that [illegible] feelings mattered, even though I was a child. I was an *offensive* child. I would not be taken advantage of, I would not be ordered about. I know a kid just like that now. Completely obnoxious. I love him.

"I hate to sound like Marlo Thomas, but I just wanted to be free to be me, whatever that was. And I didn't know, although I kept going to the library, trying to find out. Until I was six, I was a



happy child. Boy games, boy clothes, even a little girlfriend up the street. And after going off to school, horrified that I had to go in what felt like drag, sure that everyone would laugh at me, I knew that I'd better get used to it, because this body was not becoming male and it clearly made a difference to the world. I tried to do what I was supposed to in adolescence. I didn't even bother trying to be a tomboy—it would have been absurd by then. My breasts were huge—they were ridiculous, size 46 double-Z. But Joan of Arc did it for me, explained me to me, when I encountered her in school, at the age of nine. I thought, Well, here we go, and when I was twelve, finally, I found a book on transsexuals.

"After graduate school," Michael continues, shaking his head over another five wasted years, "I thought, Well, maybe I'm a lesbian. Could be—I know I'm attracted to women. I went to consciousness-raising meetings, and I'd listen and feel like a fraud. One girl said, 'What makes each of us feel like a real woman?' And while they went around the room, answering, I thought, Nothing—absolutely nothing on earth makes me feel like a woman.

"I'm just a plain old heterosexual man, and I didn't want to spend my life having relationships with women who had never, ever been with a woman before and didn't know why they were attracted to me. I wanted a life. I'm not a professional transsexual. I don't think of myself as transsexual anymore. I was one, I made that transition, now I'm just a man."

Michael says, "Let me tell you about my terminally polite family." And although he himself borders on the terminally polite, he tells me funny, sad, outrageous family stories, the kind we all use to entertain company, deflect sympathy, and connect without too much feeling. His father, born early enough in this century to have heard stories of slavery from *his* father, always told Michael that he was entitled to be happy, and that God would not have put such an unusual child on this earth without purpose.

"He said to me, 'You're not the first freak in the family, and you're not likely to be the last.' My poor mother. I'm dead to her. We see each other, we love each other, but the loss of her daughter was terrible. And I feel her pain. But I couldn't do otherwise. I know she would have preferred the husband, the kids, the house, and the Valium, but I couldn't. The first time someone suggested I might want to kiss a man, I thought, Don't be ridiculous."

At funerals and weddings, the old folks who had known him before puberty as a tough little girl nicknamed Butch were comfortable with him. And the young kids would call him over to their table at the party and brag to their friends, "Go on, Uncle Mike. Tell them how you used to be a girl. Tell them." One elderly uncle approached him at a funeral. "So, you're a man now. Well, well. How you doin'? How's your health?" And when Michael said that his health was fine, thank you, the old man sat him down for twenty minutes so they could talk about his rheumatism. "They figured I had my health, I had a job, God bless me," he concluded.

He sits back and opens his tight hands. He makes himself smile and his dimples show. "I was born black. I don't expect people to like me, to accept me. Some transsexuals, especially the white M.T.F.s—they're in shock after the transition. Loss of privilege, loss of status; they think people should be thrilled to work side by side with them. Well, people do not go to work in mainstream America hoping for an educational experience. I didn't expect anyone to be happy to see me—I just expected, I demanded, a little tolerance. Hell, I transitioned on the job. I didn't even tell people what was going on. You remember I said I was an offensive *child*? A friend of mine said, 'Uh, don't you think you ought to say something? People want to know.' And I said, 'Let 'em ask.' The transition was hard, but once I was completely male, people relaxed.

"I'm the same personality—a little more visually responsive erotically, maybe a little more aggressive, but I was always aggressive. You know what's different? I have a toolbox. My whole life, I never thought about one, I'm not a big fixer. But now, every once in a while, I find myself buying another wrench, or one of those very small screwdrivers. That's different.

"I'm prepared to make my own way. And I am. I've been fortunate—I've been loved, I've been married, I'm not an addict, not unemployed, not dysfunctional. I'm a decent person, I'm not ashamed. I don't know why this condition chose me. We, people who have been through this transition—we are among the few people in the world who have overcome obstacles and fulfilled their lifelong dreams. All these obstacles, and I am who I dreamed I'd be, who I wanted to be." ♦

LETTER FROM MOSCOW

EXIT THE SAINTS

Throughout the years of Soviet dictatorship and into the first flowering of glasnost, writers were accorded a mythic, almost religious, status. But Russia's new literary stars are choosing a very different role.

BY DAVID REMNICK

It is often said in Russia that Tolstoy looked precisely like Tolstoy. Lev Nikolayevich played the role of the Great Russian Writer so exquisitely that his beard, that magnificent silver nimbus, was as serene and ideal in its way as the harvest scene in "Anna Karenina." He was a prophet, a teacher, a nobleman, a peasant, and a holy fool. Pilgrims would come to Tolstoy's estate, Yasnaya Polyana, and if they were fortunate enough to be granted an audience they would ask questions as if of a saint: What is the nature of sin? What is the meaning of my life? How can we go on?

The phenomenon of the writer as moral authority and political truthteller intensified in Russia with the advent of Bolshevism. How could it not? Part of the brutal messianism of the regime was to turn writers into "engineers of human souls," and those who rejected the role met expectable ends: they rapidly became official pariahs (or corpses) and unofficial martyrs. Osip Mandelstam's summation of the leadership's obsession with literary authority would become the epitaph for a perverse culture: "Poetry is respected only in this country—people are killed for it. There is no country in which *more* people are killed for it." Beaten, sick, half mad, Mandelstam died in the camps; his final offense to Stalin had been to write a poem comparing the Great Mountain Eagle to a cockroach. In the Soviet Union, poets named the animals.

The history of opposition in the Soviet Union was largely a matter of literature, a legacy that reached its climax with the barbed wire and mass graves in Solzhenitsyn's "The Gulag Archipelago." Real literature, not the lying, Kremlin kind, was holy. In an empire where honest clergy were killed or oppressed, where every church and synagogue was infiltrated by informers for the secret police, secular parishioners knelt before the poem, the story, the novel. Illegal onionskin manuscripts were passed from hand to hand as sacred texts. Even as the oppression dwindled, the myth of the Russian writer lingered. As late as 1991, I would go to readings in Moscow and hear audiences ask poets and novelists the old Tolstoyan questions: What is the meaning of life? How should we live it?

Few Western writers were immune to the myth. For decades, they came to Moscow (and other Eastern European capitals) as if in search of foreign authenticity. If they were lucky enough to break free of the miserable conferences and tours set up by the hacks at the local "creative unions," they would spend one of those magical evenings around a battered kitchen table with a Russian writer, sharing the vodka and the potato salad, the speculation and the irony. It was a kind of talk they could never find as dinner-party warriors in Manhattan, Cambridge, or East Hampton. Bellow's "The Dean's December," Cheever's journals, Roth's "The Prague Orgy," and Updike's "The Bulgarian Poetess" have about them, if fleetingly, the sour whiff of wet wool, cigarette smoke, and urgent conversation. The visitors all fell in love a little. None were foolish enough, of course, to want to trade places with their mythic counterparts, but there invariably came a moment when a Western writer found himself wondering, painfully, why democracy necessarily meant a marginal place for serious writing and totalitarianism an impossibly exalted one.

Solzhenitsyn, like Tolstoy, is well aware of his own beard, his own legend; and his current homecoming after twenty years of exile, the train journey from Vladivostok to Moscow, displays the self-conscious air of the Great Russian Writer acting out the climactic chapters of his own mythic biography, his longest, most essential text. But as Solzhenitsyn was arriving in Vladivostok, at the end of May, the younger writers of Moscow and St. Petersburg were watching the event on television with a measure of interest but with more bemusement, even disdain. For them, the myth of the Great Russian Writer, the martyr and saint, is as much a part of the Soviet past as the Five-Year Plan. On the eve of Solzhenitsyn's return, one young critic, Grigory Amelin, had the punk audacity to write in the daily *Nezavisimaya Gazeta*, "With a Hollywood beard, a conscience shined to an incredible lustre . . . his appearance in Russia is shamelessly outdated. . . . Who needs him, anyway? No one does."

Amelin's fury betrayed the anxiety of the mediocre before the superior. But even if Solzhenitsyn does play an important, perhaps singular, role in the months to come, his heightened status has about it a feeling of anachronism, a closing act. With the fall of the old regime, the role of the writer in Russian society has changed, probably forever. Suddenly, the writers who had seemed so politically indispensable during the Gorbachev period—the novelists, the poets, and the critics who won seats in the Soviet parliament and dominated the liberal-minded press—have disappeared from public view.

On a fine spring afternoon in St. Petersburg, I met with Aleksandr Kushner, a leading poet in Russia and a contemporary of Joseph Brodsky. As young men, the two used to visit Anna Akhmatova, their own idea of the Great Russian Writer. Kushner writes in a high-classical style and does not think much of the self-proclaimed post-modernists and avant-gardists who have begun to dominate some of the literary magazines. He and I had a drink at one

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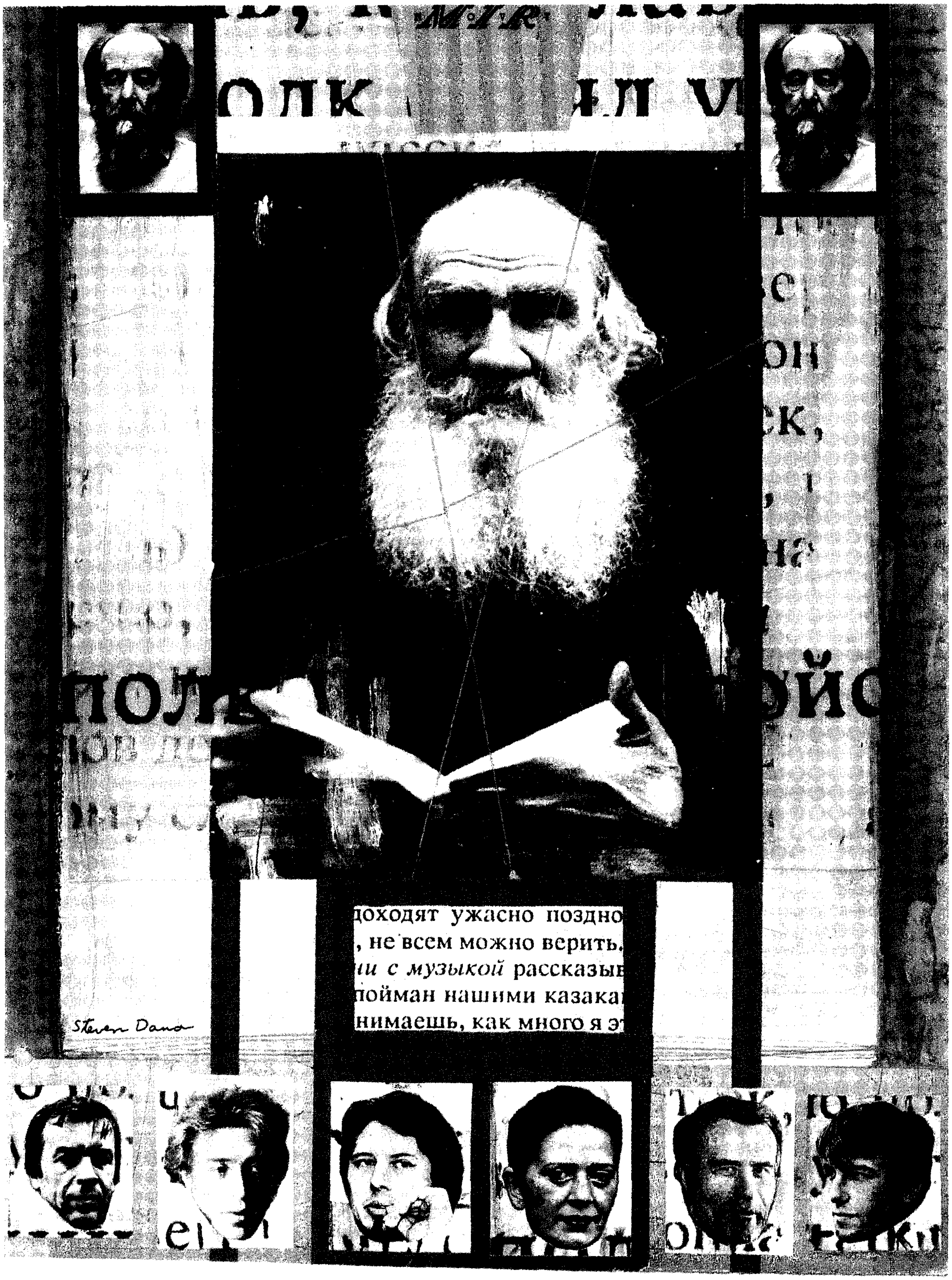
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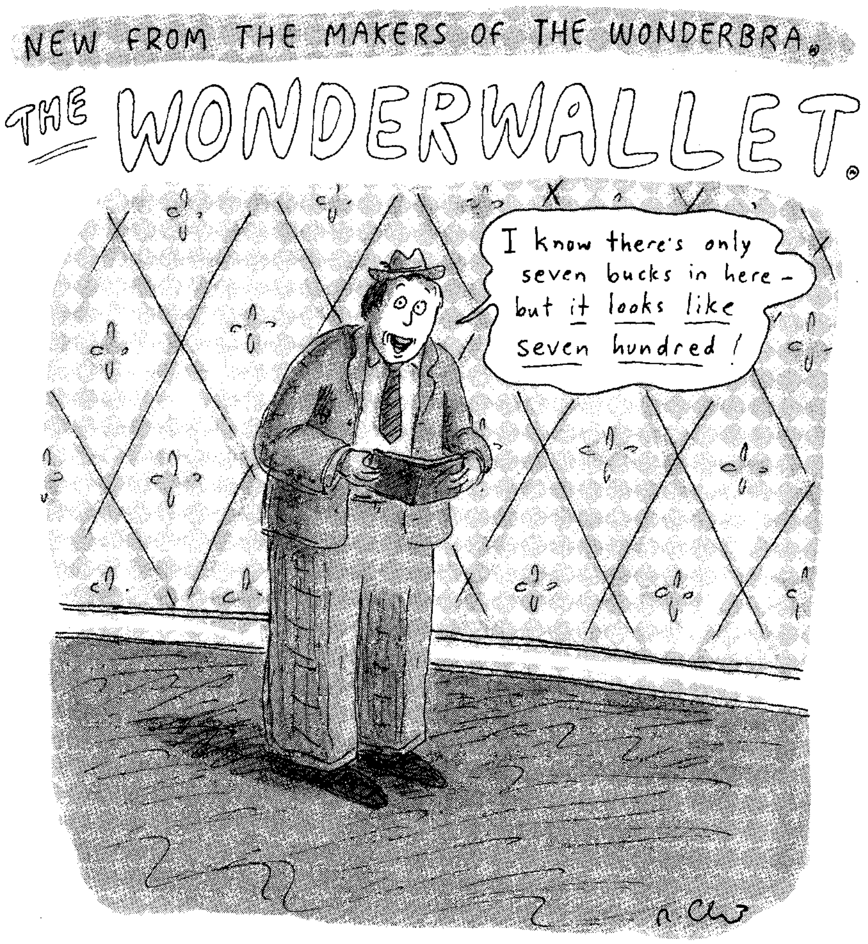
Icons and realists: Tolstoy, Solzhenitsyn, and (bottom, left to right) Viktor Yerofeyev, Zufar Gareyev, Vladimir Sorokin, Tatyana Tolstaya, Vladimir Makanin, and Aleksandr Terekhov.

of the latest manifestations of luxury capitalism in the city—the Grand Hotel Europe, where rooms are no cheaper than they are at the best hotels in New York or Paris. Kushner looked around, more amused than embarrassed by the sight of foreign tourists and local mafiosi. When I remarked that it seemed that serious writers were becoming marginalized in Russia, as they are in the West, Kushner nodded and sighed, but as if in happy relief. "The writer in Russia was for so long like an uncrowned prince," he said. "Even an unpublished poet had a place of respect. Now this is gone. Why? In those days, literature was the one real door open to people of a certain kind. Now there are lots of doors to walk through. You can go into business, play on the Israeli soccer team, play for a New York hockey team, make your fortune in Greece, or even go into politics, if you should choose. At the same time, literature in the eyes of many people has lost its exceptional importance. Literature will always have a place, as it does in America. Marginal, but important. Small but beautiful. Of course, if a monster, a fascist, like Vladimir Zhirinovsky, is ever elected President of Russia, literature might have to assume its old role. But, for now, no."

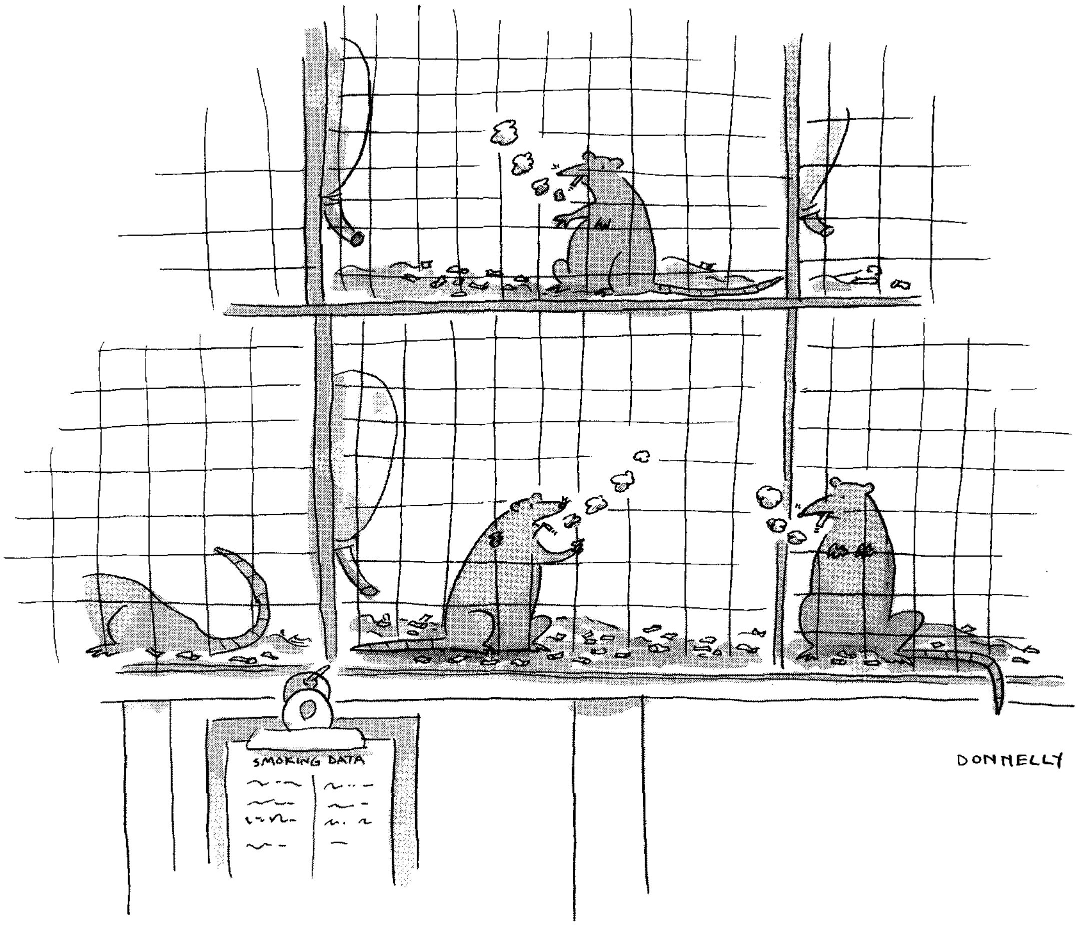
A few days later, in Moscow, I visited a writer who could not be more different from Kushner—Vladimir Sorokin. The author of seven novels, Sorokin is widely known here as the most scandalous young writer around. Before going to see Sorokin, I read one of his stories, which begins as a socialist-realist parody of a familiar scene—an old man describing to a young boy the Nazi blockade of Leningrad. The story eventually spins out of control, and ends with the old man's rape of the boy. Sorokin's assault on the conventions of socialist realism is nearly as brutal as the assault on the boy. While Kushner and Sorokin have little in common as artists, they were in agreement on one thing—that the myth of the Great Russian Writer had come no nearer to surviving the fall of the old regime than Leninism had. Indeed, there are probably more nostalgic Leninists around these days than there are believers in the old literary myth.


NEW FROM THE MAKERS OF THE WONDERBRA®
THE WONDERWALLET®
I know there's only seven bucks in here—but it looks like seven hundred!

"I think the myth was formed in the first place as the result of deep crisis, especially in the Russian Orthodox Church, so the writer gradually substituted for the priest," Sorokin said. "Paradoxically, even while this myth is dying here, it persists in the West. Not long ago, I was in Zurich and gave a reading. After I'd read some rather brutal, grotesque scenes having nothing whatever to do with politics, the audience had a chance to ask questions. One young man got up and said, 'We've come here to a recital by a Russian writer because we're seeking hope, because Russian literature is the last preserver of hope.' I had no idea what this man meant! For me, literature is a game. I said, 'I'm afraid you've come to the wrong place for hope.' The poor guy. He'd have been better off going to a church."

LONG before Lenin had a chance to seize power and cast his first uncooperative writer into exile, he sketched out a manifesto of socialist culture—a 1905 document entitled "Party Organization and Party Literature." In it he wrote that "in sharp contrast to bourgeois custom" socialism would reject commercialism, careerism, and individualism in favor of literature serving the Communist Party and the proletariat. The writer would be the "cog and screw" in the societal machine. "It will be a free literature, because it will serve not some satiated heroine, not the bored 'upper ten thousand' suffering from obesity, but millions and tens of millions of workers, those people who make up the best part of our country, its strength and future." Not for him the "aristocratic anarchism" of Dostoyevski; the model instead was Nikolai Chernyshevsky's exemplar of crackpot idealism, "What Is to Be Done?"

The organization that came to stand for officially sanctioned literature was the Soviet Writers' Union, a guild created by the Communist Party in 1932 and patrolled by the K.G.B. Mikhail Sholokhov, a loyal union man and one of the most dubious winners of the Nobel Prize in the history of the award, once summed up the spirit of the official literary soul under socialism: "I write at the bidding of my heart, and my heart belongs to the Party." Sholokhov used the authority of his Nobel and his posi-



"I'm down to two hundred and sixty-three packs a day."

• •

tion in the union to denounce Solzhenitsyn and other writers who maintained their independence. So willfully blind was the union leadership to the idea of real literature that in 1979 it presented its highest award, the Lenin Prize, to the Party General Secretary, Leonid Brezhnev, for his trilogy of memoirs. Brezhnev's literary interests were positively Reaganesque. But, unlike Reagan, who read parts of his memoir, "An American Life," on audiotape, thereby assuring the world that he had at least read part of his ghostwriter's work, there was no such guarantee from Brezhnev.

Using the manipulative trick that Russians call *knut i pryanik*—the whip and the gingerbread—the union managed to combine the power of ideology and the power of the purse. With Party funding, the union presidium ladled out to its membership, or withheld, the petty privileges of Soviet life. The degree of submission determined everything—the size of a writer's apartment, the site of his vacation (Ah, to get the good rooms in Pitsunda!), the quantity and freshness of his food parcels, the frequency of his travels abroad, the press run of his latest book, the quality of his medical care, and the pomposity of his funeral. While the presidium met at No. 52 Vorovsky Street—a mansion that is said to be the model for the Rostov house in "War and Peace"—members in good standing could drop by the Central House of Writers, around the corner, and eat subsidized salmon sandwiches, drink subsidized coffee, buy subsidized books, and get a subsidized haircut. The union provided and the union took away. It was the source of rage, gossip, intrigue, and fear. To be expelled from the union was to be a member of a select group, to be sure, but it also ended all possibility of publication.

These days, the union club is a sorry place, an empty symbol of a miserable past. Not only has it lost all its power but its subsidies are gone. No one can afford the sandwiches. The café is decidedly half empty. Even the talk is sad, and a little desperate. There is a sense of deflation and complaint. Pathetically, some of the worst apparatchiks of the union now protest that they, too, were dissidents in their way, doing their best in secret to stretch the bounds of the permissible. One morning, I had a cup of coffee at the café with Vladimir Novikov, a critic of modest reputation; he had been the second man in charge of another institution of Soviet literature, the Gorky Literary Institute. Novikov said he knew that everything had changed, "and probably for the better," but his voice was anything but joyful. "After the collapse of the coup, in August of 1991, the unions started splitting and falling apart," he said. "And as they have disappeared they have left a lot of writers wondering about some very mundane things. Their financial survival, for one thing. Their spirit, for another."

At the height of the Gorbachev period, the literary world lived in a prolonged state of euphoria. Not only did Gorbachev sanction the publication of pop novels like Anatoly Rybakov's "The Children of the Arbat" to help fill in the "blank spots" of Soviet history but he also allowed the various monthly magazines, the so-called "thick journals," to publish the true classics of an era: Akhmatova, Platonov, Tsvetaeva, Pasternak, Nabokov, Zamyatin, Grossman, Mandelstam, and, finally, Solzhenitsyn. At first, the Politburo argued for hours about whether it would sanction the publication of this novel or that selection of poetry; ultimately, it handed the decisions over to the editors themselves. From late 1987 into 1989, everyone on the metros and buses seemed to be reading the same thing at the same time. One month's book was "Doctor Zhivago"; the next month's was "Life and Fate." It was a civic as well as a literary explosion.

By 1990, that ecstatic period had ended; no culture—not even one as rich as Russia's—is capable of endlessly turning out classics on a conveyor belt. Moreover, the public hunger shifted to entertainment—to trashy diversion. Soon the bookstores and the street venders were doing brisk business in translations of Ross Macdonald and Jackie Collins. While the once revered editors of the thick journals wondered if they could survive a drop in subscriptions from a million to fifty thousand, pornography sales soared. An entire literary culture, strange and wonderful though it was, was in jeopardy. Yevgeny Rein, one of the leading poets in Russia, told me at his Moscow apartment one morning, "I don't regret the collapse of the union any more than I do the collapse of the Soviet Union itself. But freedom is freedom, and it has its own problems. It's not easy getting used to all this."

The spectre of money had, as never before, become a dominant factor in literary life. Soviet books and magazines had once been so heavily subsidized by the state that they were practically free. No more. Beginning on January 1, 1992, the government freed prices. Subsidies disappeared. State publishing houses found themselves having to struggle to survive. They had to buy paper, pay authors, and print books—all without the help of the Communist Party. The new wave of independent publishers also discovered the pain of beginning under completely new conditions. Faced with the soaring prices of books and bread, people had to choose bread. "People need every ruble they have to survive," Alla Marchenko, an editor at the monthly journal *Novy Mir*, told me. "Books cost a fortune. No one can afford to subscribe to everything, the way we did a few years ago. Money even influences the young writers and what they write. It has to. For the first time, really, young writers have to ask themselves, 'Is this material commercial enough?' Or 'Should I maybe forget this and become a banker?' It used to be that a writer could live off his honoraria. A poet could even get by for a month by publishing a block of poems in the magazine. Now we pay a hundred thousand rubles for an entire novel—less than fifty dollars. The money is just symbolic now."

Dying, too, are the vast literary institutes where intellectuals earned a living wage at state expense simply by occupying an office and thinking great thoughts about Pushkin or Dostoyevski—or drinking coffee, as the case often was. "These institutes were set up as a kind of humanities mirror of the scientific establishment and its well-funded effort to build the atomic bomb," a prominent young critic, Andrei Zorin, told me. "No one taught. No one produced much. And they all got the little salary necessary to get by in the Soviet Union. This was considered the best possible place to live and work, a heavenly paradise. And soon it will be gone, all gone."

The dislocation of the literary generation of the sixties is often more profound than its anxieties about status and money. After so many years of being the center of political and cultural attention, the writers of that generation now face the probability of losing their audience. Their fruit is no longer forbidden, so it is usually just left alone. "It is terribly sad, even tragic," Zorin said. "These people were brought up under Soviet censorship and with the idea that they were the conscience of the country—that their books would be published in gigantic editions and everyone would read them. There is an old Russian saying: Be careful what you struggle for, you will probably get it. The interesting thing is that the liberal writers were warned. The right-wing, nationalist writers all said that when a free market came the only thing anyone would want to read or publish would be trash. Liberals—including Andrei Bitov, who was one of the very best of the sixties generation—said, well, that was all right, they would always have a hundred thousand readers or so to buy their books. They were sure there would always be an audience to listen to them. Now look!"

Bitov, the author of the remarkable novel "Pushkin House," has become a literary godfather. He helped found *Solo*, the best of the new literary journals, and he campaigns tirelessly for younger writers. And yet even some of Bitov's most sympathetic protégés admit that his writing has suffered lately. "I've known

HUSBAND, NOT AT HOME

A soldier, a soldier,
gone to the litigation wars,

or down to Myrtle Beach
to play golf with Dad for the weekend.

Why does the picture of him
tramping the emerald grass in those

silly shoes or flinging his tie over his shoulder
to eat a take-out dinner at his desk—

the carton a squat pagoda in the forest
of legal pads on which he drafts,

in all block caps, every other line,
his motions and replies—fill her

with obscure delight?
Must be the strangeness: his life

strange to her, and hers to him,
as she prowls the apartment with a vacuum

in boxers (his) and bra, or flings
herself across the bed

with three novels to choose from
in the delicious, sports-free

silence. Her dinner a bowl
of cereal, taken crane-like, on one

leg, hip snug to the kitchen
counter. It makes her smile to think

he'd disapprove, to think she likes him
almost best this way: away.

She'll let the cat jump up
to lap the extra milk, and no one's

home to scold her.

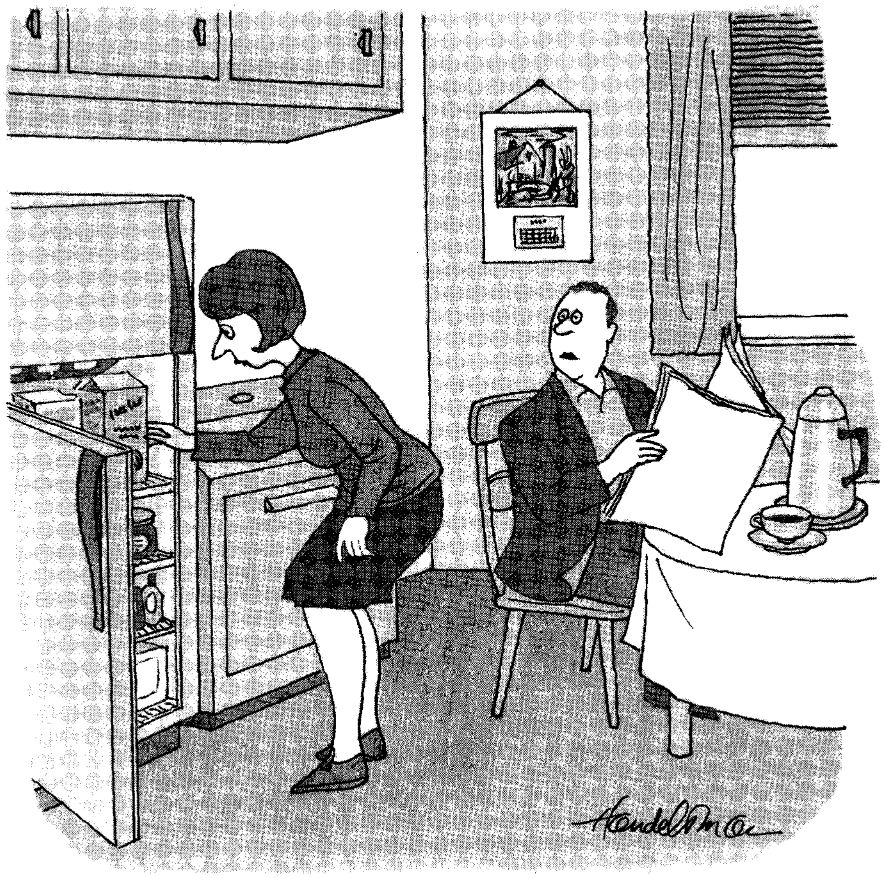
—Deborah Garrison

Bitov for a long time, and I have witnessed his inner tortures," Aleksandr Mikhailov, the young editor-in-chief of *Solo*, said. "During perestroika, when the opportunity was there to write however you wished, he could not write a single significant piece of any length. He was unable to resume work on a novel he had been working on for a long time. Finally, after ten years, he finished it. It's called 'Waiting for Monkeys,' and concludes a trilogy that began with 'Birds, or New Information About Man' and 'Man in a Landscape.' Well, he finished it, and, to my great regret, it proved a failure. He hopes that this is not so, but he feels that it is so. His mood is not very good. He is nostalgic for his old self, his self of the Brezhnev period. He understands that as a writer he was better then and his spiritual condition was more powerful and elevated than it is now. He feels the times passing him by. Not long ago, he told me, 'You know, I'm already older than Lenin was when he died.' "

WHILE there is anxiety and gloom among the writers of the sixties generation, there is a sense of takeover and exhilaration among the young. In fact, in this *smutnoye vremya*—this time of troubles—the literary scene in Moscow is possessed of more optimism than any other realm of life I know of here. Incompetence, corruption, and the fear of neo-Fascism haunt politics; brutality and greed have distorted economic life; many of the most prominent visual artists and performing artists have emigrated. But in literature a vital aesthetic revolt is under way. One does not need a beard or a prophetic voice to participate. Thanks to anthologies published by Ardis in the United States, a range of books put out by publishers in France and Germany, and an English-language journal in Moscow called *Glas*, many of the "new" writers (some of them in their fifties and early sixties) are now available to the West. Prose writers such as Lyudmila Petrushevskaya, Tatyana Tolstaya, Georgi Vladimov, Vladimir Makanin, Zufar Gareyev, Oleg Yermakov, Viktor Yerofeyev, Yevgeny Popov, and Aleksandr Terekhov, among many others, have won increasingly wide audiences. Their styles range from the traditional realism of Vladimov's war novel, "The General and His Army," to Tolstaya's stories, which seem to borrow as much from the original magic realist—Nikolai Gogol—as from her exalted namesakes, Lev and Alexei Tolstoy. The establishment of a Russian Booker Prize by the British in 1992 has also created some excitement and competition in the literary world.

Even before the rise of Gorbachev, there had been a wide stream of unofficial writers interested in a form of dissidence more aesthetic than political. Having gleaned some of the tenets of postmodernism from foreign texts and from friends in the art world, such writers as Dmitri Prigov and Vladimir Sorokin used the horrific artifacts of their surroundings—the orthodoxies of socialist realism, the symbols and the language of official Soviet culture—and made them the raw material of their art and comedy. Prigov, who is now in his fifties, remains a star of the avant-garde and a mentor to scores of younger writers. Like Joseph Brodsky's lyrics, Prigov's poems and short prose pieces are nearly untranslatable, but, while Brodsky is difficult mainly because of his complicated rhythms and syntax, Prigov presents a problem mainly of reference and comedy. A reader who has not spent much of his life being force-fed the peculiarities of Soviet *novoyaz*, or Newspeak, will have trouble understanding Prigov. As a performance artist, however, Prigov becomes easier to understand: his dramatic readings and bizarre stagings bring his wordplay into broad relief. Even under Gorbachev, in 1986, Prigov infuriated the authorities, because he went around Moscow pinning on trees little slips of paper that offered bits of pseudo-Soviet wisdom. Residents would find them on random birches: "Citizens, the faces of children and kittens remind us of eternity. Dmitri Aleksandrovich." And "Citizens, if you trample the grass and destroy the bird's nest, how will you be able to look your mother in the face? Dmitri Aleksandrovich." And "Citizens, a tree is innocent and pure. It doesn't have a premonition of evil. Dmitri Aleksandrovich."

It was as if David Letterman had tried his hand at literary dissent. The K.G.B. did not appreciate the joke and sent Prigov to a psychiatric hospital, but



"From now on, let's just call it orange juice."

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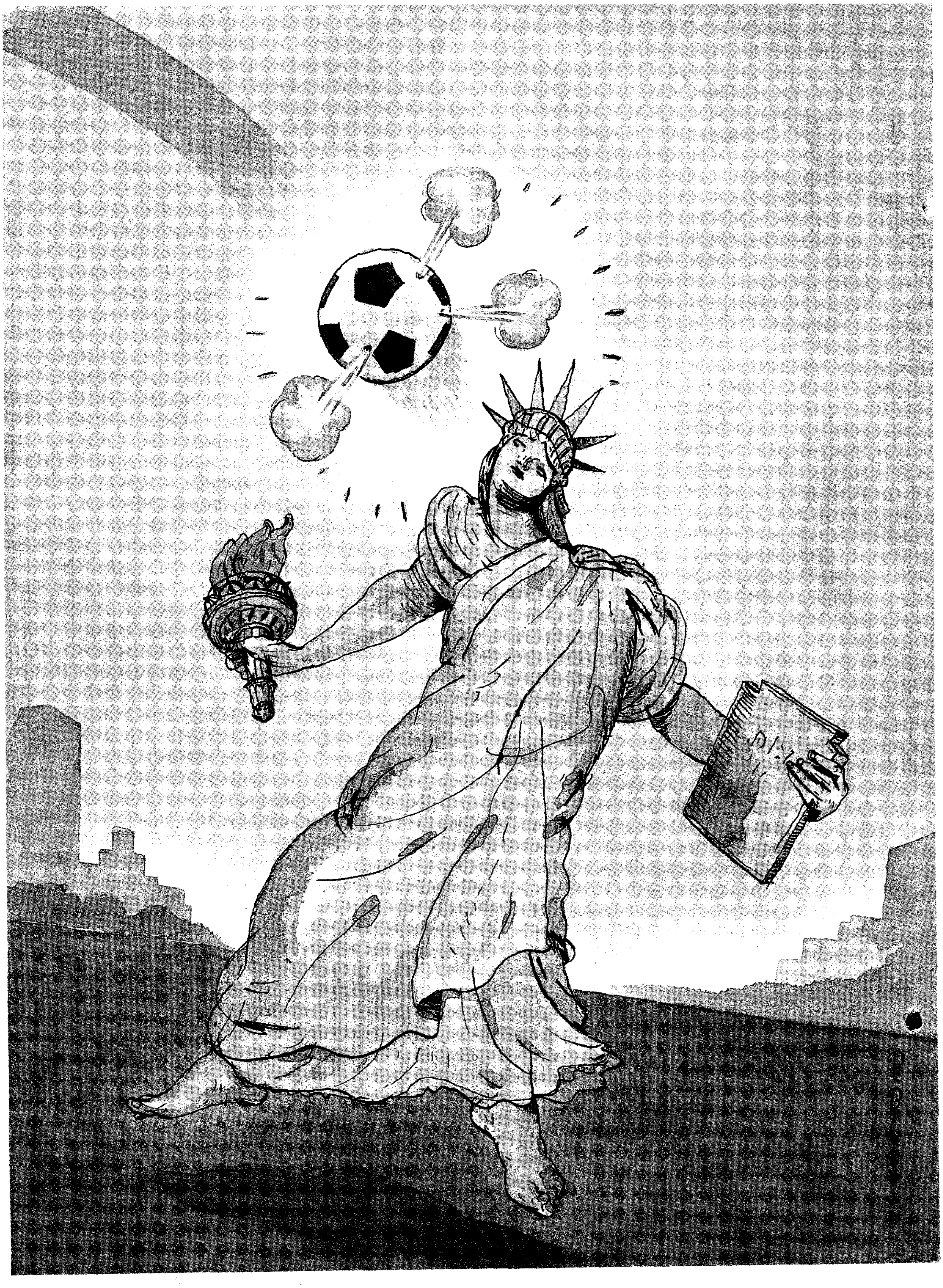


his friends rescued him after a couple of days. Except for being among the last psychiatric prisoners in the history of the old regime, Prigov had almost nothing to do with politics in the standard sense. He did not draft petitions, write about prison camps, or organize demonstrations. There is nothing about him that speaks of the Great Russian Writer. A friend of mine in Moscow said she once saw Prigov when he appeared on a stage filled with other writers at a sombre evening commemorating the victims of the labor camps. She said she had rarely been so embarrassed for anyone. "He tried to avoid it, but he couldn't help being a little funny," my friend told me. "He just didn't know how to behave in that sort of situation, the sort of situation that another kind of writer lives for. We saw Prigov afterward, and it was hard to look him in the eye."

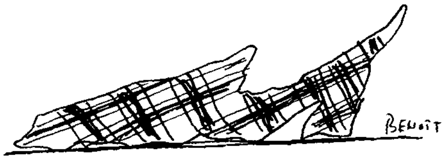
As a postmodernist, Prigov will appropriate anything and make it his own. He is no less ruthless with the classics of Russian and Western art and literature than with the language of the old Politburo. In "An Action for Fifty-five Minutes," Prigov and the poet Lev Rubenshtein recited from "Hamlet" and Chekhov's "Ivanov," respectively, while a paranoid-seeming critic ripped apart various books. An alarm clock hidden under stacks of old newspapers called a halt to the performance. Prigov is preparing a "samizdat edition" of Pushkin's "Yevgeny Onegin," he told me; that is, he is "Lermontov-izing" it by replacing all the original adjectives with "insane" and "unearthly." To get at the essence of Lenin, Prigov has written a series of sonnets "about electrification," which are meant to be recited—"crazily, ecstatically"—while one pianist performs the Appassionata and another the Moonlight Sonata. Prigov is also "working on" Volume I of Stalin's collected works, Lermontov-izing it by adding a series of "romantic adjectives in all the right spots."

On meeting Prigov, at his apartment, on the outskirts of Moscow, I found him to be a ceaselessly funny man, whose conversation is no less a performance than his art. I asked him about the Prigov version of Stalin, and his eyes lit up with glee. "When you substitute these romantic adjectives, the speeches become a magical mantra," he said. "It turns out this was the main message of Stalin's speeches in the first place. It's a natural deconstruction of the inner meaning of what was going on."

It seems that everyone in Moscow who knows Prigov likes him enormously. Even artists and critics who find him too frivolous, his antics a matter more of chic than of art, invariably call him a friend. He is remarkably free of intrigue or dark resentments; he is unfailingly generous to younger writers. In fact, his impish wit, along with a slight frame and goggly glasses, makes him seem fifteen years younger than he is.

As a young man trying to support his art, Prigov worked as a hack sculptor. "I made the gigantic wooden bunnies and bears you see kids climbing on in playgrounds," he said. "These were great works, and I always fulfilled my plan." As a poet, Prigov also set himself a plan, Soviet style. "I shall write ten thousand poems!" he declared, and went ahead and did just that. Part Derrida, part Monty Python, he set about playing with the verbal stuff of Sovietism. He was first published—abroad—in 1975, in the Paris-based paper *Russkaya Mysl* (*Russian Thought*). Unlike the Great Russian Writers of the day, Prigov was "widely known in narrow circles," he told me.

"In those years, to the outside world the status of unofficial writer seemed to be taken over by Solzhenitsyn, Vladimov, Sinyavsky—all the names you know, the political and social writers," he said. "The dynamics of reader reaction here were imperceptible, like a needle not showing on the charts—beyond perception, like a fish talking. But after a while I started giving readings: fish-reading readings. Then, gradually, I was perceived. People became indignant, disgusted. A few were delighted. My circle of people was a kind of aesthetic opposition. By using Soviet language and cliché, we created our own aesthetic. Deconstructing one language, we created other languages. And, believe me, the powers were no less disgusted with our offense than with the attempt of the dissidents to create an opposition in their own, more traditionally elevated literary language. But, as you see, in the long run my circle, my sort, turned out to be in opposition not only to Soviet power but to the dissidents as well. Our position was to deconstruct any attempt to create a myth or a grand theory. We were out to deconstruct the figure of Lenin and also the figure of Solzhenitsyn. They can both be responded to as pop figures.



"In the last years of Brezhnev, the authorities began doing something truly bizarre. They began looking for adjectives to describe, officially, for propaganda purposes, the nature of our great socialism: 'real socialism,' 'completed socialism,' 'built socialism,' and so on. They put everything aside to find the proper adjective. What was it? Inside our magical culture, this was a completely logical act. They had to find the true secret name, and as soon as it was pronounced the object would begin to serve you. It was a wonderful case of concentrating reality in a tiny concept, a little piece of language. It was a tiny formula of culture, and I was very aroused by this.

"In everyday life, you would attend Komsomol meetings or school, where you were spoken to in a particular, magical, official way, but elsewhere you spoke the lingo of a separate life. In this respect, the culture spoke a sacred language. There was a real schizophrenic quality to this existence. The first desire was not a practical one but to overcome this schizophrenia. You had two possibilities: either escape to a world of culture and dreams or pick up the language of everyday life and bring it to culture—the second was our position.

"You know, the mystic Meister Eckehart once said that an angel in Hell flies in his own little cloud of paradise. These slogans were like little angels in Hell—fleshless but with tremendously suggestive, Platonic qualities hanging in the air. It was clear that this kind of thinking, though, was as heretical for dissidents as it was for the Communists, because dissidents' ideas were interpreted not as real ideas but as a discourse equal to Communist ideas."

I asked Prigov how his aesthetic had been affected by the sudden disappearance of Soviet power—and, with it, Soviet rhetoric.

"The end of Soviet power just changes my range of powers," Prigov said. "The liberals now become characters, too. I work the mainstream, as always: homosexuals, liberals, feminists. By the way, I will have written twenty thousand poems by the year 2000. Right now, I'm up to eighteen thousand five hundred."

Before leaving, I asked Prigov about the current scene, and, like nearly everyone else in town, he quickly and happily announced the diminished position of literature in Russia. "Literature no longer has much prestige," he said wryly. "Young people with a lot of energy have gone off into other adventures. The structure of culture will change. As it does elsewhere. Art that can make its way into the market will attract people. Avant-garde art will become a marginal pursuit. This is a transitional moment. There are still a lot of people around who find this stuff important; of course, they are visionary sorts, unpractical minds. This is neither good nor bad. In every society, functions are redistributed according to the needs of the people."

JUST as the Bolsheviks tried to invent a new jargon for Soviet man, the coming of capitalism to Russia and the fall of the old regime have helped create a new language, and for the younger generation of writers and critics this has become a source of fascination and creativity. The linguistic break is as severe and shocking to the older generations as anything else that has happened since 1917. One of the first things Solzhenitsyn complained about upon arriving in Russia was the rise of foreign words like "voucher." Suddenly, the more conservative writers are sounding like the hoary members of the Académie Française whining about Franglais.

"Many words coming from abroad are distorted," Irina Prokhorova, the editor of the *New Literary Observer*, told me. "The word 'feminization' is notorious in Russia. It is used in a strange way. 'Feminization' in Russia means emancipation generally. *Mentalitet* is popular now, but as recently as three years ago it was considered pretentious and ridiculous.

"The revolution in language is absolutely marked. In August of 1991, during the coup, I spent three days on the barricades at the White House. There were old people there who spoke obscenely, and yet it was very natural. For three days, I, too, spoke that way. Then I realized that people needed a revolutionary rhetoric, but the old clichés had been spoiled by the old propaganda. Cursing was the only medium now possible in the search for a new expressive language, a new ideological rhetoric. Now Zhirinovsky is on the scene, and his language is interesting to analyze. He's the most contemporary, because he found the most adequate way to speak to people. It's not his economic policy that people are interested in. He uses a combination of colloquial speech and a cynical attitude. He may be a clown, but

"Sure, this is idyllic, but there are fundamental problems here that are not being addressed."

he is liked precisely because of his obscenities, his rudeness. He found something in mass psychology. At the same time, Yeltsin has no language. He can't find it. He still sounds like a Party man. He lacks this instinct for a new language, of what to say and how to say it. In this way, Zhirinovsky is a post-Communist populist, a man of new mentality. And while we laugh he gains popularity all the time. He proclaims his newness neither as a Communist nor as a dissident. He is not associated with anything. But, Zhirinovsky aside—he is truly dangerous—this change and interest in language is all good. It helps flush out the old-style Newspeak. It is also really rich soil for a new generation of writers. I don't say we've found our new Russian James Joyce, but the new language does help in explaining our new realities."

In Moscow, I found that it was Vladimir Sorokin who had become most notorious in trying to capture those new realities. Sorokin is thirty-eight, a large, lumbering man with a soft, hesitant voice and long, rock-star hair. The only one of his seven novels to be published in English is "The Queue," a work written completely in dialogue. We are not told who is speaking, but the writer soon makes it clear who is falling in love with whom, what is being sold, and the agonies and banalities of Moscow street life. Not long ago, the literary quarterly *Grand Street* published Sorokin's short story "A Month in Dachau," a dark parody of Russian classics from Turgenev's "A Month in the Country" to the poems of Aleksandr Blok.

Sorokin lives on the outskirts of Moscow, in the last dilapidated housing development before the immense forest begins. I asked him how he had developed his approach to parody and to prose in general.

"Well, my material was official literary language at first, and then I began using the literature of the nineteenth century," Sorokin said. "Literature for me was pop material, the way a Brillo box or a soup can was for Warhol. This discovery was for me like the discovery of the atomic bomb for some world power. And, to judge from the response of the critics, it was almost as dangerous. I suppose what makes me different from a normal writer is that a normal writer has his own unmistakable literary style, which he can be recognized by—Joyce and his style, Nabokov and his, Kafka and his—and I am not at all like that. Sure, Sasha Sokolov will never write like Kurt Vonnegut, and vice versa. But I don't have my own style. I grab one, and then I make it my own. I try to make it new. I derive great pleasure from this. I don't pick up a writer's concrete style but, rather, a language of certain tendencies.

"In the late seventies, I put out a collection of stories called 'The First Subbotnik.' It had a whole section of typically socialist-realist stories. Industrial short stories. Country lyrics. The routine at a regional Party committee. I even wrote my preface according to the given formula. It was like any collection put out by a provincial publisher in Kaluga. Every story began in an absolutely ordinary way. The better part of the story was totally in synch with the canon of socialist realism. At some point, however, the characters would become lost. They were like puppets whose strings had suddenly been cut. And then I would begin to write according to noncanonical laws and do strange and terrible things to my characters. To me, it recalled the insect who lays eggs on a caterpillar. The caterpillar crawls on, not noticing; however, after a while, the larvae come out and the worms eat the caterpillar up from inside. This was what I was trying to do to the literary corpus.

"I have a novel called 'Marina's Thirtieth Love,' in which the whole process goes in reverse. It starts out as a quasi-erotic novel. The heroine, by all Soviet standards, is the incarnation of evil—a nymphomaniac, a lesbian, a kleptomaniac who gets erotic pleasure from stealing. She mixes with dissidents. At home, she keeps a portrait of Solzhenitsyn, and she prays to it as if it were an icon. She is even convinced that Solzhenitsyn is the only man with whom she could reach orgasm. Then her fate begins to change, and so does the language of the novel. She is a teacher of music. She meets a man who looks like Solzhenitsyn, but he is a Party secretary at a factory. She gets involved with him, and things begin to change. The novel ends with her getting

NOON

Peace, the day says, and peace.
Seven colors sweep the palette sea.
A frigate bird cruises. (Look, no wings!
only air currents.) The fiddler crab,

sand-body from sand, pops up,
fiddles, dives back, three grains of sand
fall after him. Exhibitionist,
the frigate bird sails, sails and cruises,

cruises. And peace and peace
says the sail just far enough to see,
the fringe bubbling on the sand.
Inside the wave, turquoise, violet,

green move the cool fish, secret
but present. The human stares
in the trance of colored peace.
The dog lies in a stupor of sun

and gently the sea-almond gives up
a scarlet leaf to the sea. The frigate
bird drops; dives; rises.
And the cool fish sails, too, sails

sails high in its fiery air.

—Josephine Jacobsen

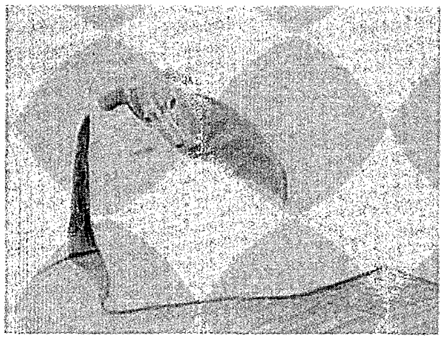
rid of her old life. She goes to work at the factory and becomes a real Stakhanovite, a shock worker of socialist labor. At this point, the novel becomes a typical Russian novel of the salvation of the hero, like Tolstoy's 'Resurrection.' By the end, the language is pure socialist realism and dissolves into a gigantic fake quotation from the newspaper *Pravda*."

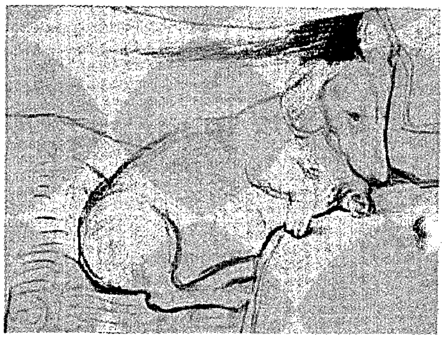
Although Sorokin has written quickly and prodigiously nearly all his adult life, he has found lately that he has come to a kind of delay in his career, for, while the literary scene is thriving, reality itself is confusing. "For two years, I've had to pause," he said. "Since the novel 'Four Stout Hearts' came out, I haven't been writing. Probably this is connected not only with fatigue—from writing seven novels—but also with the change in language. It's an interesting time to be alive. One myth has been destroyed—the myth of Communism. It has been displaced by a new myth—the myth of the market. You may have noticed two or three years ago the streets of Moscow filled with people standing around selling things. Everything. They were not beggars. It didn't mean they were starving. It was typical of Russia—the materialization of a myth. Earlier, the Russians materialized the European myth of romantic Communism, and they tried sincerely to implement it.

"Now the idea of the market is perceived literally: Go on the streets and sell! This new myth has already enveloped the country, and it demands its own language. This language is actively displacing the old language of socialist realism. This is true on television, in the press, on the street, and in literature. There is a real invasion of this new language, a new mentality. Even though it is a slow process, this is now a new country. All my returning émigré friends say as much. It's not just a matter of the exteriors—the ads, the kiosks selling Western goods—it's about a mental change as well. For me, this is one of those times in Russia when real life is even more vivid than literature. Prose is yielding to other genres—television, mass culture. But when things settle down again, when things freeze up, the writers will be called for. This is a time of wakefulness. There is not always time for dreams. There will come a time when we will yearn for dreams. Writers are the suppliers of dreams." ♦

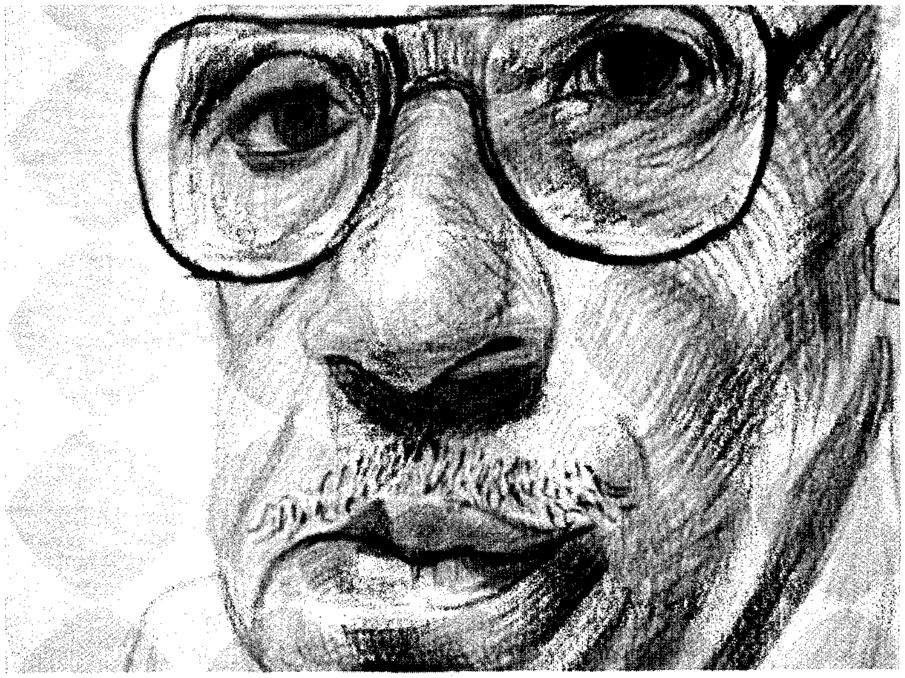
ARTWARE · BY DAVID HOCKNEY

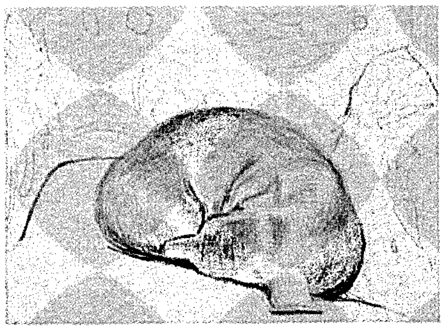
YORKSHIRE COLORED

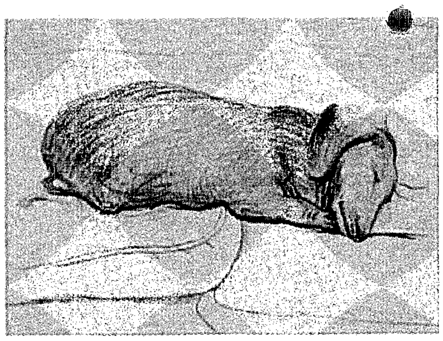




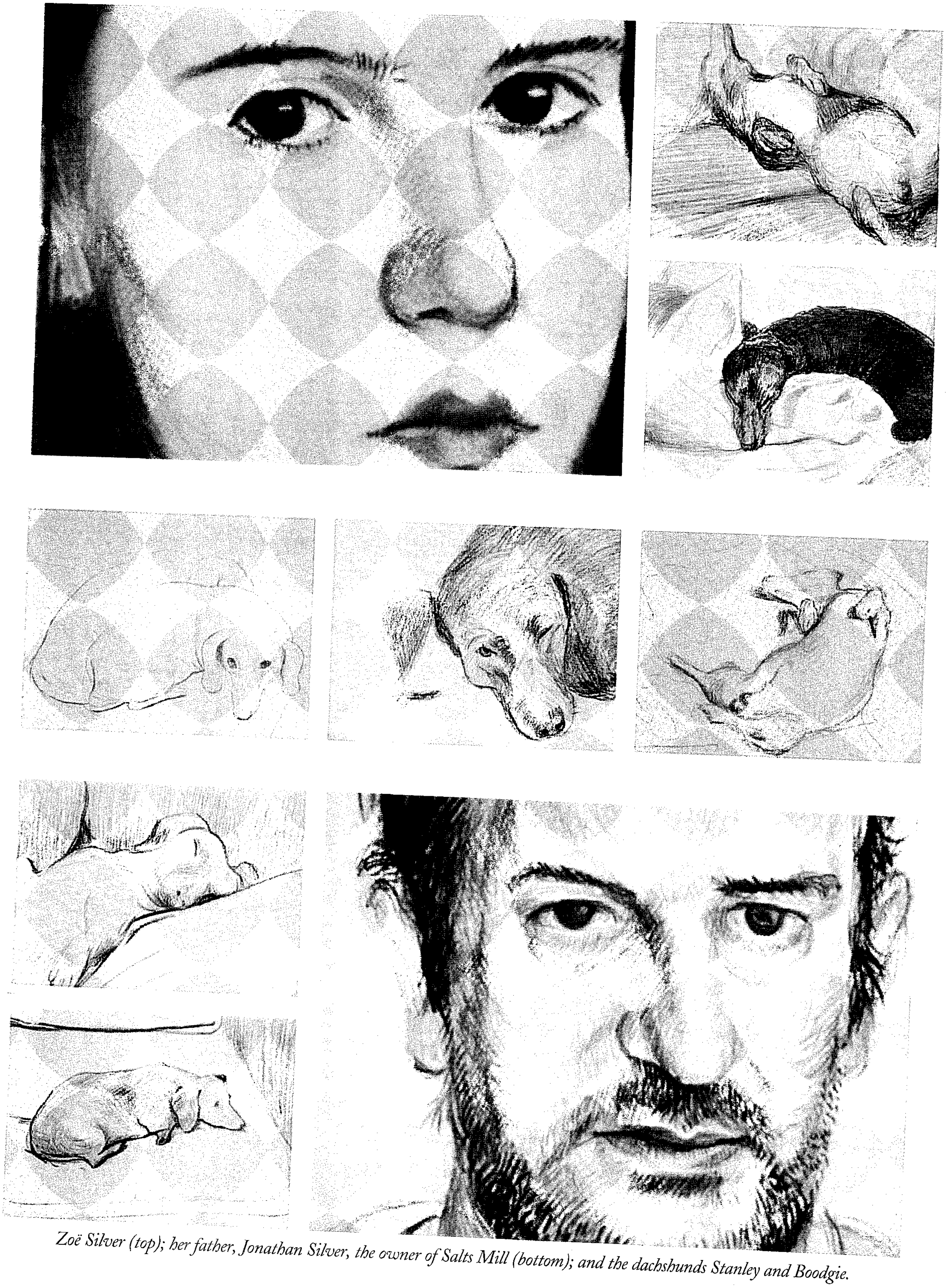
THE catalogue for David Hockney's current show of seventy black-and-white crayon drawings at the 1853 Gallery, Salts Mill, outside his native Bradford, in Yorkshire (through October 31st), is, paradoxically, in color. While the drawings—samplings from a prodigious recent spate of portraiture—were still in his studio, Hockney tacked them up on the walls and made an hourlong video of them, in two takes, weaving in and out for detail and contrast. He then fed the video through a laser printer, and extracted the desired images. Far from being dismayed by the pinkish, bluish, and yellow moiré video haze over the drawings, Hockney revelled in it as a new layer of seeing. The resulting catalogue, pages from which are reproduced here, isn't so much a record of the show, he suggests, as "a book of the video."—LAWRENCE WESCHLER







Dr. Leon Banks, the prominent L.A. collector (above).



Zoë Silver (top); her father, Jonathan Silver, the owner of Salts Mill (bottom); and the dachshunds Stanley and Boodgie.

FICTION

A NICE BITE

BY MICHAEL HAWLEY

HELEN was talking the way she does after a few glasses of wine. It's not conversation. It's self-conscious, exorbitant mulling. She is Julie's mother, so I've learned to just listen as she walks herself into solipsistic labyrinths until, hopelessly lost, she explodes the topic with one of her acute iconoclastic missiles. After a meal, she feels that we owe her. Maybe we did. Last night, it was garlic-glazed duck with a prune-walnut dressing. Anyway, the wine was good, the sofa was comfortable, and outside it had already started to sprinkle.

"Most people can't imagine a bigger picture," she was saying. "Even ecologists, environmentalists. God forbid these—what do you call them?—art performers?"

Helen likes to think she keeps up with things. For her birthday, we had taken her to see a performance in the city's annual avant-garde theatre festival.

"Performance artists," Julie corrected, squeezing my hand a little.

I noticed she was rubbing her feet back and forth on the carpet. She was coked up. It didn't bother me particularly; it was nothing like the old days. The habit resurfaced periodically, like one of her black lace shawls or rubber bracelets. She started, she stopped. I let go of her hand.

"Sentimental," said Helen, as though she had just spit a centipede out of her mouth. "Shortsighted. Remember that 'ecofeminist' we saw at Lincoln Center? Slamming Kant and Descartes and all of Western culture. Not blowing her horn as much as beating it."

Helen sat forward in her chair and massaged the back of her neck for a moment, thinking. She was a small, neatly packaged woman. Nothing dangling. Nothing frilly. Her clothes coolly reflected her exact proportions. Julie didn't resemble her much, having instead the stocky build and broad Czech face of her father.

"Face it," said Helen. "The world is over. Earth, Gaea, whatever you want to call it. She's been fading for the last five hundred million years. Since the Cambrian period."

"I wouldn't call it fading," I ventured. "We could have been eating grubs tonight."

I had meant it as a compliment, but Helen looked at me as if I had flicked the centipede back in her mouth. She pretended to savor it with a sip of wine, smiling thinly. Outside, the rain was coming faster.

"All I'm saying is that it doesn't matter. George?"

Her husband, slouched in the armchair next to her, jerked awake.

"George, would you open another bottle of port?"

George half smiled, half nodded, and shut his eyes again. Helen leaned over and removed the glass of Scotch perched precariously in his hand. She set it on a pewter coaster on the stand beside her and wiped her fingers on the linen napkin folded in her lap.

"Man is not the center of the solar system. And neither is Earth. We all know this, but can't seem to make the final leap. That Gaea is so much bigger than Earth."

She got up, pulled at the hem of her jacket in back, and headed toward the dining room. I watched her walking. It was funny how her bottom could swivel like that with her upper body staying so stiff. She had a narrow waist and narrow hips, but solid 3-D buttocks. After our first meeting, a year ago—the four of us had gone to a Christie's auction—I remember telling Julie that Helen had a nice pooper. We had both laughed over it—such a hick expression—and Julie had answered that Helen didn't have a pooper. "Mother has an ahhhsss," she had said, giggling. "A backside."

"You do want more wine?" Helen asked from the dining room.

I glanced at Julie and shook my head no.

"Just one more glass, Bobby," Julie said, pretending to plead. "Besides, it's thundering."

"Maybe we should get to the train before it's impossible," I said.

Julie leaned up and kissed me, dry, on the lips—her way of thanking me in advance for capitulating. I sighed, wishing George were more lively. He knew a little about art history and had good instincts with paintings. He had acquired some valuable work himself—a small Jasper Johns—and a good friend of his owned an Edward Hopper. A Hopper! I had wanted to ask him if he could arrange for me to see it. I always hesitated with George, since he never showed much interest in my own painting. Not that we didn't get along.

As soon as the cork popped in the dining room, Helen resumed her oration.

"But if it really did matter, I'd tell Greenpeace and Earth First, the Sierra Club, and all the rest of them that the environmentalist platform should only include one issue. Just one."

She entered the living room and held up the bottle.

"It's a little more recent," she said. "A tiny bit sweeter. But it's got this nice little . . . bite to it."

She said "bite" as though she were placing a tiny diamond on a scale.

"Thanks," I said.

I handed her my glass.

"One issue," she continued, talking to the glass as she poured. "Not whales. Not recycling. Not global warming."

She held out my glass but withdrew it when I reached for it.

"One concern. And it only needs one slogan: 'Abortionists Are Heroes.' "

This was the big dénouement. The ground was supposed to shake a little. She gave me my wine.

"And heroines," I said as perkily as possible.

She looked at me like I had patronized her. I could see her shutting me off. Snip! I was there one minute, sipping wine, and then I wasn't. It always happened at some point. At the auction, she had done it the minute I cracked a joke with George. Another time, I had made a completely innocuous remark about her lawn furniture, something about walking onto a Merchant-Ivory set.

"In my office this year," she said to Julie, "among twenty-eight women, there were seven pregnancies. Seven. And how many articles on overpopulation were in the New York *Times* in the last year? Two. And both were pertaining to China and Ind—"

A close crack of thunder overlapped the word. Julie jumped. She glanced at me, checking to see if I could tell she was wired. She laughed at herself, then slapped me on the knee as though I were being too serious. I looked at her feet. They resumed moving back and forth on the carpet.

"But what if I want to have children?" Julie said coolly—mostly, I think, for the sake of argument. At the same time, she opened her purse and took out a familiar little brass pillbox.

"It's natural," she continued. "Women need to have children, not just psychologically. I've heard women who don't are more liable to develop ovarian cancer. So what's the answer if biology is destiny, as they say?"

Julie handed me the pillbox.

"For your headache?" she suggested.

I took the box and excused myself. I walked around George in his chair and headed upstairs to the bathroom.

"Then what you have to figure out," responded Helen, "is what's natural and what isn't, in the context of the biggest picture you can come up with."

I passed the Jasper Johns in the hallway, for the sake of which I would endure thousands of Helen's bigger pictures, just to have the privilege of walking past it as I went to the bathroom to do some blow. But the painting—of red and gray encaustic—was like a brutal smudge on the otherwise crisply ornamented scheme of the house.

"And if thy right hand offend thee—" I closed the door, switched on the light, the fan. Bright coral flashed cold on my eyeballs: coral-colored walls, natural granite flooring, copper fixtures, iridescent shell-shaped sconces, dried lilac buds and orange peels in the potpourri dish. And not a speck, hair, or water droplet in sight.

I dropped my pants and sat on the toilet. Behind the noise of the fan, I thought I could hear Helen talking. She was a fascinating woman for about ten minutes, until you realized that she had folded the world up into thirds, then thirds again, and stuffed it into the toe of her shoe. She wasn't cerebral, particularly, just cold. All you had to do was look at the two twin beds exactly one foot apart in their bedroom next door.

I wrapped some coral-colored toilet paper twice around my hand.

Of course, all she said made perfect sense. She had justified her every living minute and had turned those minutes to fruitful accomplishment. She owned a popular food magazine, and she and George between them had several properties in Bayport. I thought of our own living arrangement in Manhattan, a single room encapsulating two lives, two careers, two lizards, and a gerbil. Evidently, we were used to driving ourselves nuts.

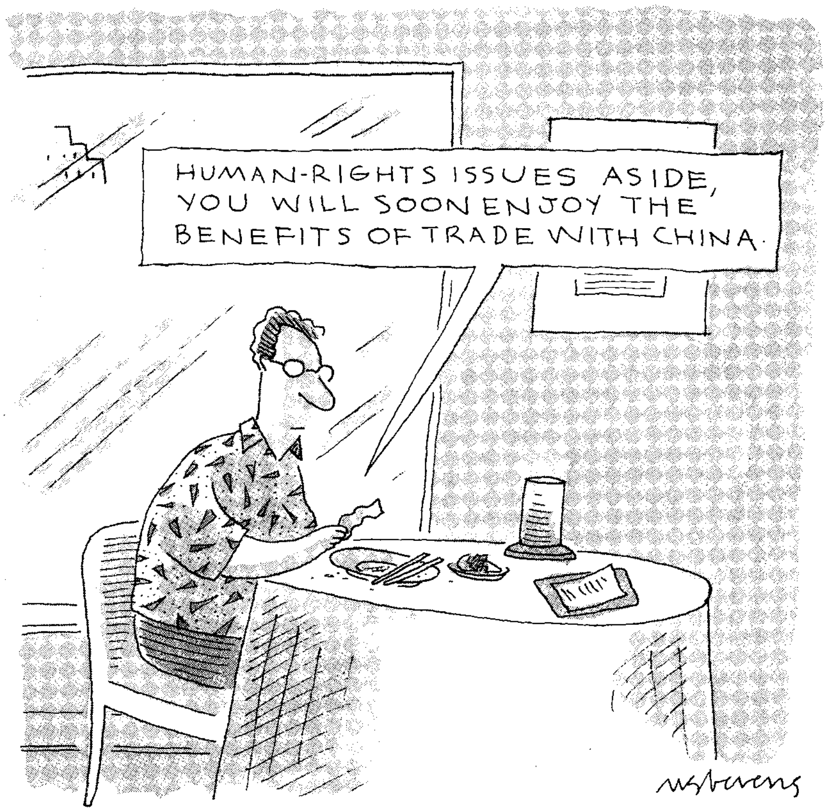
I washed and dried my hands, careful to wipe up any water I had splashed on the counter. Then I took out the pillbox and dumped some cocaine on the back of my hand. I took two hits and put the box in my pocket. As I bent close to the mirror to examine my nostrils, I noticed a pair of shrivelled panty hose draped over the shower rod behind me. It didn't strike me as odd, necessarily, just noticeable. But after I took out the pillbox and had another bump, the panty hose became more interesting. I reached out to feel if they were still wet. The toes seemed a little damp, but I couldn't quite tell.

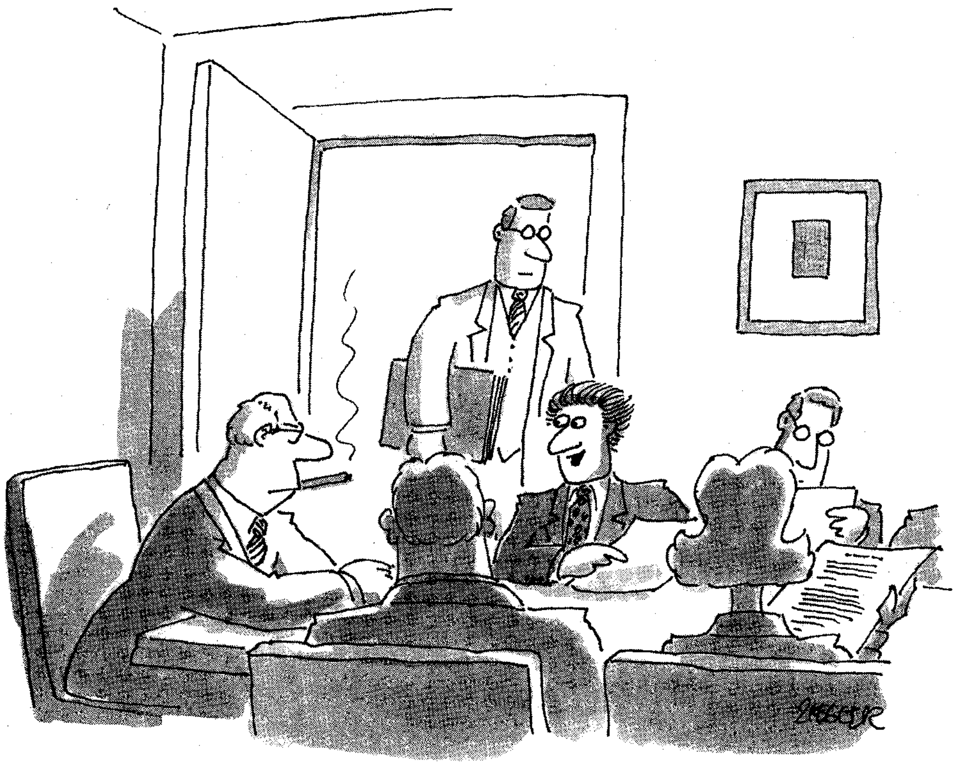
It wasn't like Helen to leave panty hose on display. It was far too personal a disclosure. I looked around the room for other oversights. There weren't any. The tile floor gleamed. The towels, except for the one I had just used, were perfectly aligned on their copper-plated racks. I pulled aside the shower curtain. The seam showed distinctly on the soap in the soap dish.

Again, I thought I could hear Helen's voice. Certain words seemed to distinguish themselves, starchy words of three and four syllables. *Sterilize . . . exterminate . . . organism . . . vaccination . . .* I knew I really couldn't hear her; voices didn't carry that far. I took out the pillbox again, this time just wetting my little finger. I recalled an article I had read that week on certain captive viruses and the ethical ramifications of destroying them.

I have no qualms about exterminating the smallpox virus. This was something she would say. *In fact, they should make it a ritual sacrifice.* Helen would think something crazy like that, while she was dusting the curtain rods or fluffing the potpourri. *They should televise it live worldwide. An international holiday.* And without the slightest irony in her voice.

I pulled down the panty hose and


HUMAN-RIGHTS ISSUES ASIDE, YOU WILL SOON ENJOY THE BENEFITS OF TRADE WITH CHINA.
mstevens



"Why, thank you, sir. And I'd like to add that I'm feeling particularly fluffy today, too."

stretched them in my hands. They weren't silk, I thought; they were too elastic. I figured if she took the trouble to wash her old nylons, she was probably too practical to own any silk ones. I tossed them back on the shower rod.

Species come and go, I pictured her saying. She would shrug her shoulders pertly and take a sip of wine. *The food chain adapts. Nature, in time, will repair itself. Even the best predator can only win for a while. Now it's our turn.*

I took the panty hose down again. She would hate my touching them, drawing out her tight little secrets. I smelled them, seeing humor in the gesture even as I did it.

In the long run, all we are is a freak of nature. Or maybe "whim" would be a better word. The same with dinosaurs and the American elm. It was a running monologue I couldn't shut off. But it was absolutely true to character.

I sat on the toilet and untied my sneakers. I took them off, noticing how grungy they were compared to everything around me. Grinning widely, I took off my socks. I stood up and slipped out of my jeans and underwear, letting them fall on the clean granite tiles.

There's an ecological web around time and the universe. They're finding that out. And I bet it runs through human consciousness, too.

My big toenail snagged somewhere in the ankle and, by the time I had them up to my thighs, there was a ten-inch run up the left leg. I snuggled them over my butt, yanking up on the crotch to make them fit. I had never worn a pair of nylons before. It was like something breathing all over my legs.

Now, that's radical. That all of our self-destructive behavior, all our vices and perversities are all part of that web. The big picture. It's all planned. Exit man.

The new sensation went right to my dick. I laughed and twisted around to look at the back. There was another run over one of the hips. I looked in the mirror and laughed again. I have big legs, and couldn't quite get the panty hose up to my waist. It looked hilarious, with the hair on my legs all matted down. What a kick, I thought.

The lights went off without a warning flicker. The fan cut off. I stood there tensely, a feeling of panic hovering over me—for a second. Then the panic was replaced with childish amazement. There I was in the master bathroom, in the dark, my thumbs tucked under the waistband of Helen's panty hose. I turned toward the window. It was black outside—quivering lightning every few seconds. I groped around till I found my shorts and slipped them on hurriedly over the nylons. Though my heart was pounding, I didn't think about taking them off. I fumbled into my pants. As I sat on the floor to put on my sneakers, I could hear voices downstairs, slightly agitated. Helen was asking George for his lighter.

"Bobby?" It was Julie calling. "Are you all right?"

"Yes," I said, opening the door.

I felt my way down the hall to the stairs. I was still getting used to the feel of the stockings. It was a double feeling of suffocation and stimulation.

"Careful," said Helen. "The amphora on the landing."

Even with the noise of the storm outside, the house seemed almost subterranean without the central air. Coming down the stairs, I reached up and touched the painting on the wall, lightly scouring the surface with my fingers as if claiming some of its creator's genius. When I got to the living room, Helen had already lit some candles. The three of them were sitting quietly.

"What's so funny?" asked Julie as I sat down.

I couldn't stop smiling. I gave her a hug, trying to hide in her shoulder. My heart was hammering against her arm.

"Nothing."

She threw her legs up over my knees. She was a big girl, unlike her mother—not fat, just meaty, with big calves and large feet.

"What have you been up to?" she demanded, grinning. "Isn't he adorable? Such a trickster."

I leaned over and ran my tongue up one side of her neck. It caught her off guard. Then I kissed her, giving the nipple nearest me a furtive pinch. I could feel her body shaking under me. After a catch of her breath, she pushed me back.

There was a physical tension in the house, a strain in the atmosphere. I noticed that the bay window was completely steamed over. All of the windows were. And the walls were liquid in the candlelight.

"You know what we've been talking about?" said Helen. "You missed a lot while you were gone."

I felt a burp coming on. I didn't suppress it. It was magnified in the half-darkness. Julie's legs went limp for a second, and her breathing stopped. I glanced at Helen. There was a decisive crumple in her forehead, and she was sitting stiffly, gripping the arms of her chair. A nervous jolt in my stomach suggested that maybe I had gone too far. But I consciously brushed off the paranoia and made an abrupt turn.

"Excuse me," I said sincerely. "I'm sorry."

The living-room window lit up like a screen. The objects in the room flattened out against it and lost their distance from one another: George's chair, the top of his head, the far corners of the coffee table, Helen's knee—all were fused for a moment in silhouette, then reverted to being separate entities.

"More wine?" asked Helen.

Nobody answered, waiting for the thunder. When it came, it was a distant—almost delicate—cascade of sound.

"Anyway," said Julie, squirming on the sofa, "I was telling Dad that you wanted to see the Hopper painting."

I looked toward George. He stirred in his chair.

"That's just fine," he said sleepily. "How about next weekend?"

"That would be great," I said, my voice loud in the room. "Great. I'd really appreciate it."

"Well, on Sunday, then," said George.

He took off his glasses and held them in his lap. The flame of a candle glanced off the lenses.

"Great," I said.

I looked over at Helen. She still sat as if she were nailed to her chair, one leg crossed tightly over the other. I crossed my legs, too, then uncrossed them, feeling the panty hose stretching on my crotch. I couldn't tell if she was watching me. There was a long pause, consisting of rain and soft, even flashes in the foggy window. If our four minds had met, it would have been outside, under the eaves.

The lights came back on, and the central air.

"Oh, shit," said Julie, whining playfully. "We could have gotten out the kerosene lamps and played Scrabble."

Helen seemed relieved. She uncrossed her legs and glanced around the room, making sure everything was in place—chairs, lamps, shadows, people.

"More wine?" she repeated. "Bobby?"

I looked for the measured distance in her glance but didn't see it. I shook my head. She stood up and set her glass on the coffee table.

"Kind of stuffy in here," she said, though the moisture on the windows was already clearing.

She put her hands on her hips and walked around her chair. With her wrists hiking up the hem of her jacket, her ass showed some of its compact rotundity. It swivelled its way to the bay window. Even after an evening of sitting, the seams up the back of her hose were still straight.

"After a rain like this," she said, looking out, "every tomb in the world should be opened up. They should be dug up and turned over."

I knew where she was going with this one.

"All that brass and granite and rotten wood could be space for something useful. Like housing. Let go of what's over, shall we?"

She shook her head and sighed heavily. Her eyes, I'm sure, were fervent and sad. I was picturing myself in the bathroom, looking over my shoulder into the mirror. I was looking at my flattened butt hair and my football-player thighs ready to explode the nylons any second. Poof!—and potpourri all over the floor.

"Who needs a tombstone?" she asked. "What are photographs for, anyway? George?"

George opened his eyes like he hadn't been sleeping. From where she stood, she couldn't see his expression. It was an odd mixture of irritation and amusement.

"And what about the Pyramids, Helen?" he said. "What would we do with all those flea-bitten camels that take the tourists back and forth? Remember them?"

Helen turned and took three steps to the back of her chair, hips slicing—chop, chop, chop. She placed her hands on top of the chair back and addressed Julie.

"Your father caught fleas from one of the camels," she explained.

"*She* caught fleas," George said softly, more to himself than to us. "Not me."

Helen flushed him out of her consciousness. She leaned against the chair, gripping it tightly.

"And we didn't have decent food the whole ten days, and it was filthy. And there were rats in Cheops' pyramid. Rats! Some honeymoon."

She looked uncomfortable suddenly; she seemed to step back mentally from the picture she had given us, as though she felt she had revealed too much. Or maybe it was something else. Maybe she remembered having left something inappropriate in the master bathroom. She let go of the chair and stood up straight. Her eyes, uncertain, clung loosely to George. I heard her picking at her wedding band with her thumbnail. Her flippant pronouncements, her greased resignation—all that phony flame and grit—were conspicuously absent now. I tried to imagine her bouncing around on a camel hump, her hair dust-blown, and on her feet a pair of brand-new white tennis shoes she had bought just for that trek.

"So, do you ride sidesaddle on a camel?" I asked.

There was something about the way I had timed it. Something about the way it was phrased. A moment passed: it circled the room and disappeared like a mouse. I felt the panty hose clutching at my knees. Julie, beside me, was trying not to laugh. When she didn't, I couldn't help myself. George conveniently closed his eyes, but one side of his mouth curled down in amusement. I was afraid to look at Helen. When I did, she had resketched herself completely—from the lift of her eyebrows to the stitching in her suit—and was looking with studied apprehension at the coffee table.

"That's what it'll come to," she said solemnly, blanking out the last minute of conversation. "Mandatory cremation and sterilization. It only makes sense. And Cheops, too, can take his rightful place."

JULIE slept during most of the train ride. Periodically, I thought of waking her up to let her in on my little joke. I wasn't sure what her reaction would be. At times, she could be very protective of Helen. But I had also watched her make fun of her mother, swinging her hips, parroting Helen's walk and speech. In arguments between George and Helen, Julie tended to take her father's side. Looking at her slouched down in the seat, her arms clutched protectively around her waist, her big knees pressed against the seat ahead, I wondered if there was a part of her that resented her mother's petite, tight frame.

Very faintly, I thought I smelled Helen's cologne. It smelled like lemon and hyacinths, but a little musky. Maybe it wasn't cologne. But it was a smell, or a collection of smells—hand lotion, potpourri, fabric softener—peculiar to the house in Bayport. Whatever it was, I felt it was on me. There was a scent of it with my every movement.

I got up and walked to the lavatory. Wearing both pants and nylons, my legs felt laminated. There was a hole in the seat of the panty hose, and my left cheek poked through annoyingly. I thought of Helen's swivel-walk, her rounded tush tolling the hour. Only you wouldn't find her in an L.I.R.R. lavatory. I closed the door and brought out the pillbox, relieved that I hadn't left it in Helen's bathroom. Just a little coke remained. I rubbed my tongue around in the corners and stuck the box back in my pocket. I felt the train slowing for Jamaica. When it stopped, I unbuttoned my fly and carefully put a finger between my stomach and the panty hose, tugging them out from my skin. The waistband was leaving a red crease there. I ran a finger over it. It was numb. And my willy had shrunk as though I'd been swimming. I thought of the myth of the poisoned cloak, the one given to Heracles, which tore his skin when he tried to take it off. I smiled. Maybe the stockings would become part of me, a subtle grafting of Helen. Maybe I'd start keeping a clean apartment—spotless, with coral toilet paper. Maybe I'd start quoting Thoreau or Harold Bloom. The band snapped back and I buttoned up.

"WHAT'S wrong?" I asked.

Julie shook her head and struck the tears from her chin. We were in a cab coming down from Penn Station. It was hot and sticky, and cloying hip-hop was playing on the radio.

"I was a little punchy tonight," I suggested, trying to guess at her problem.

"It's all right," she said and took a long breath. "It's not you. It was me. I just didn't want to hop up right after dinner."

I could tell she was trying to be conciliatory. She looked out the window.

"You were fine," she repeated. "It's pretty hard to injure Helen."

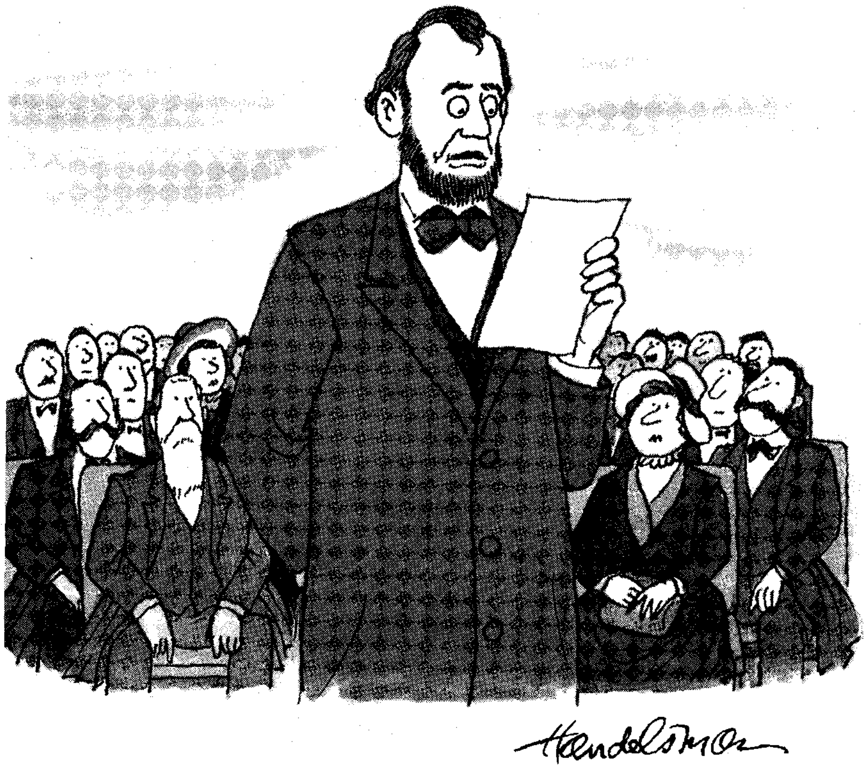
"I wasn't trying to *injure* her."

"Not that I blame you," she said irritably, squirming to sit up in the seat.

It was a wreck of a taxicab. All the doors seemed to jiggle; springs were popping in the seat. The window on my side was stuck, lopsided, about two inches from the top.

"You think she's ridiculous, and she is," continued Julie.

"I don't think she's ridiculous," I said.



"But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. Only Disney can do that."

"Except at dinner when she was quoting Thoreau. I saw your expression."

"Well, she was conjecturing, over wine and duckling, on the evils of philanthropy!"

"It's just her idea of dinner conversation. She's just trying to stay young and relevant."

"I know, I know," I said. "I'm sorry."

It had started to rain again. The sudden squawk of the windshield wipers competed with the noise on the radio. I gave a tug at the crotch of my jeans, trying to lessen the snugness there. I couldn't quite get a grip on the hose.

"Anyway," said Julie.

She put her hand on my knee, then removed it. She laughed softly at something and ran her hands through her hair.

"Anyway, you'll get to see the Hopper," she said.

I couldn't tell if she was being sarcastic.

I LAY on the bed, flipping through the cable channels. The volume was down on the TV, and all the lights were off. I wondered if Julie was snorting up in the bathroom. That was her routine sometimes. Then she would sit at her keyboard with the headphones, working until three or four in the morning. But her days of an eight ball a week were over; she was too conscious of the aging process.

I set aside the remote and took off my shirt, tossing it ten feet to the top of the dresser. I had stopped debating about the nylons. I was tired of them. It had been a frivolous prank. Pulling off my jeans, I balled them up and hurled them at the dresser, too. They hit the corner and dropped onto a stack of videotapes. I heard myself sighing. What *wasn't* in our apartment? Music equipment, painting supplies, wet canvases, canvas frames, lizards—we had two Cuban anoles in a terrarium by the window—and Magdalena, the pet gerbil we were baby-sitting.

I ran my hands down over my thighs. Some hairs were sticking up through the fabric, white in the light from the TV. I slipped off my shorts and rolled the panty hose down to my pelvic bone. The exposed skin seemed to swell in the air. Freedom. The hairs blew in the breeze of the ceiling fan.

The bathroom door opened, and I whipped the comforter over my legs. Julie's head poked out, laughing.

"I had forgotten about the honeymoon story," she said.

"Uh-huh?"

Her head disappeared. I heard the plicking of dental floss. I hoped she wasn't standing too close to the mirror.

"I had forgotten all about that," she repeated. "Dad was so funny."

"He'd been so quiet all night, too," I said.

"Huh?"

I hated when she tried to converse from the bathroom. I lay back, feeling the cocaine still in my system. Magdalena was making scuffling sounds in her cage on the floor. I reached down and tapped lightly on the plastic.

"Hey, girl," I said. "What's up?"

The noise stopped, then started again. She was probably gnawing at a vegetable stick.

With the comforter over me, I yanked the stockings the rest of the way down, tugging them inside out off my feet. I moved my legs back and forth, absorbing the cool of the sheets and the comforter.

"*She* had fleas," George had said, allowing himself a tiny sneer. "Not me."

Helen's face and figure came into my mind. I pictured her standing by the window—the window of the hotel suite in Cairo on their honeymoon. She stood there naked, her butt firmly out, her hands clutched to the opposite shoulders. A chill was rising from the depths of Old Egypt. But her mind wasn't on the crypts or the columns. It wasn't on the finitude of history or the reign of Hatshepsut, or even on the dingy, invisible streets below. It was crawling over every inch of her body, lifting hairs and peering into crevices, desperately feeling for any furtive movements.

I wondered if she had used the fleas as an excuse for not having sex on their honeymoon. She probably got weeks of mileage out of those fleas.

Magdalena kept scratching below me. I turned on the reading lamp and, leaning over, looked down through the top of the cage. She had finished with the vegetable stick—wood and all—and was munching a remnant of toilet-paper roll.

"Did you feed the lizards?" asked Julie, stepping out of the bathroom.

She was smoothing night cream into her neck, which meant she was coming to bed.

"I'll get some crickets tomorrow," I said.

She bent down to the half-pint refrigerator and perfunctorily opened and shut the door. She stood and rubbed her neck some more. When she turned to the sink for a glass of water, I switched off the lamp, wadded up the panty hose, and quickly tucked them into the gerbil cage. A pang of anxiety shot through my stomach, then ebbed away.

"At least she didn't talk about the ecological web," I said.

Julie gulped down the water and plunked the glass in the sink.

"She didn't what?"

I watched her in the light from the television. She was wearing a T-shirt and an old pair of my boxer shorts. She walked like her father, in short, heavy steps, as though gravity affected her more than it did other people.

"The web that runs through human consciousness," I said. "You know, when she pretends to explode every ethical system?"

"You're right," she said flatly, sitting at the foot of the bed. "She didn't. Are you going to watch TV?"

I flicked a few channels and switched off the set.

"Thank you."

I could make out the back of her shirt in the darkness. I was sure she was going to say something, offer a defense of Helen. She didn't. She edged back slowly on the bed.

After a few minutes, I turned toward her and hesitantly put a hand on her hip. I was surprised when she reciprocated. She leaned over and kissed me. Her Tom's of Maine spit was mixed with cocaine. We made love in silence, in the dark, and we both came quickly like we hadn't done it for a long time. Then we flopped back, pleasantly ransacked, letting the feelings of the day dribble off and scatter in the air from the ceiling fan.

"That's the big picture," I heard myself saying.

It took a few minutes, but Julie drew away, methodically—moving a shoulder, extricating a leg—until there was more than two feet between us. I couldn't even hear her breathing. She fluffed her pillow and arranged herself for sleep. For twenty minutes we were like that, perfectly parallel. Then she turned her head on the pillow; I felt it more than heard it.

"Could you put the gerbil in the bathroom?" she said quietly. "I can't take that chewing all night again." ♦

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THE CRITICS

THE THEATRE

FUGITIVE MIND

BY JOHN LAHR

Tennessee Williams wrote in his "Cahiers Noirs," "*I, I, I!*—a burden to be surrendered." But until his accidental death, at the age of seventy-one, in 1983 (he choked on the cap of a pill bottle), Williams never stopped taking his moral temperature and weighing the increasing psychic cost of his drive to be great against his desire to be good. "The plays, with a little discernment, prove to be as naked as the best confessions," Elia Kazan, who first directed many of the best of them, wrote in a memoir. Williams, the most autobiographical of American playwrights, began by making a romance of himself and ended by recording the atrophy of his soul. His drama offers a unique view of American individualism, bearing witness to both the brilliance and the barbarity of the one big idea of the American experiment—what Whitman called "the destiny of me."

Williams, whose family motto was "Know Your Opportunity—Seize It," pushed himself and his fugitive heart to the limit: he calculated his life to be "work and worry over work, 89%: struggle against lunacy . . . ten percent . . . and friends, 1%." What he called his "nearly blinding preoccupation with an effort to outrun time in the completion of what I hoped would be a major body of work" took its toll. Williams wrote eight hours a day for forty years. He wrote in spite of his analyst's warnings that he was burying himself in his work ("I was bored not writing. I began to cheat"); and, inevitably, cut off from friends and from the ordinary life around him, he felt adrift. He destroyed himself for meaning. "For love I make characters in plays," he said. He wrote more than seventy plays, fifteen movies, two novels, two volumes of poems, and countless short stories and essays. Trapped in what he called his "little cave of consciousness," he was compelled to explore and to try to unify his "irreconcilably divided" nature. "The process generally parallels a mood I am in," he said. "If I have a problem, I invent people in parallel circumstances, create parallel tensions. It is my way of working out problems."

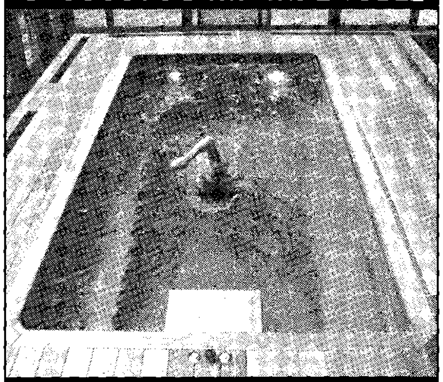
"Tennessee," Tallulah Bankhead said to Williams, "you and I are the only constantly High Episcopalians I know." It was a good joke, and a telling one. Williams' legend of excess—part of the romantic rebellion that first his plays and later he himself acted out for the public—disguised the latent spiritual longing that informed his life and much of his work. Born on Palm Sunday, 1911, he was a religious man—a kind of righteous pagan, who, like Shannon, the defrocked priest in "The Night of the Iguana" (1961), saw himself as "a man of God, on vacation." Williams was born and reared in an Episcopal rectory, in Columbus and then in Clarksdale, Mississippi, where his beloved grandfather the Reverend Walter Dakin was minister. "My grandfather was very, very High Church," Williams said. "He was Higher than the Pope." The Reverend Mr. Dakin was the only positive male figure in Williams' growing up, and was an important influence. (Williams bequeathed the revenues from all his plays to the minister's alma mater, the University of the South at Sewanee.) In his "Memoirs" Williams recounts a religious brainstorm when he was sixteen, in which "the grace of God touched me." He believed in prayer ("Help me, dear God, to find what I need," he writes in a 1943 diary); kept images of the Virgin Mary by his bedside; and was converted briefly to Catholicism in 1969. "Faith is in our hearts, or else we are dead," he wrote in the collection of his plays which he presented to the priest who converted him. And in his "Cahiers Noirs" an entry entitled "My list of synonyms" gives his definition of truth as "the possibility of a God, unseen, unknown and unknowable, but without which—take it away!" Intimations of his spiritual longing can be glimpsed sometimes in the titles of his plays ("Stairs to the Roof: A Prayer for the Wild of Heart That Are Kept in Cages"; "Two Acts of Grace," the original title of "The Night of the Iguana") and sometimes in his hunted characters, damned in their skin, who carry both his sense of corruption and his hope of salvation.

Williams' emergence as a playwright coincided with his embrace of romanticism. The dutiful narrator of "The Glass Menagerie" (1944), Tom Wingfield, is accused of being a selfish dreamer ("Self, self, self is all that you ever think of!") and evolves into a symbol of the romantic ideal—that "long delayed but always expected something that we live for." Wingfield's escape from his troubled family lays the groundwork for Williams' subsequent romantic image—haunted, isolated, doomed to a life of wandering and of relentless pursuit of his poetic vision. Alma Winemiller's valedictory salute ("a gesture of wonder and finality”) to the crouching stone angel that dominates the public square in “Summer and Smoke” (1945) was Williams’ hard-won, emblematic farewell to Christian self-sacrifice and his hello to romantic self-aggrandizement. Alma, who has also grown up in the shadow of a rectory, abandons it for the Moon Lake Casino—“where anything goes”—clutching a package of pills, whose prescription she calls “the telephone number of God.” Alma is the first of many Williams women—Stella, in “A Streetcar Named Desire” (1947), for example, and Rosa delle Rose, in “The Rose Tattoo” (1951)—to be liberated by appetite from the prison of manners. This unlearning of repression has its male corollary in Williams’ memorable celebration of the primitive—Stanley Kowalski, in “Streetcar”; Alvaro Mangiacavallo, in “The Rose Tattoo”; Val, in “Orpheus Descending” (1957). By the early fifties, as Williams confesses in “Camino Real” (1953), he feared he had been betrayed by his romantic imagination: “As you approach middle life you are apt to meet an impasse, to lose your way in the dark woods.” And Williams *was* lost. His plays shift from self-exploration to self-justification. Daring to imagine for himself a new kind of Heaven, he had made only a new kind of Hell. “I can’t be the better part of myself anymore,” he wrote in 1957.

Dreams of salvation: Tennessee Williams in 1962 in London, where “Sweet Bird of Youth” has been given a new production.

“SWEET BIRD OF YOUTH” (1959), currently being revived at the Royal National Theatre, in London, picks up Williams’ story at the panicky moment of the hardening of his spiritual arteries. In “Sweet Bird of Youth,” the most underrated of his great plays, two self-confessed monsters, Chance Wayne and the Princess Kosmonopolis, a.k.a. Alexandra Del Lago, act out the division in Williams’ warped heart between being big and being good. The sense that time is running out on the Princess’s career and, as his name implies, on Chance’s opportunity is what gives the play its peculiar giddy climate of frenzy. Richard Eyre’s vivid but unsubtle production—what might be considered an acrylic version—nonetheless allows us to see the grandeur of Williams’ writing and to appreciate how much of America’s competitive ethos he explores in his idiosyncratic meditation on the monstrous. “I’m a peculiar blend of the pragmatist and the Romanticist and the crocodile,” Williams said in 1973. “The Monster.” The notion of monsters crops up first in “Cat on a Hot Tin Roof” (1955), when Maggie admits that in her struggle to survive she has mutated, “gone through this—*hideous!—transformation*, become—*hard! Frantic!—cruel!!*” And in “The Night of the Iguana,” the last great play in the Williams canon, the monster—the eponymous iguana—is literally at the end of its tether under the veranda of Maxine’s Costa Verde Hotel, trying “to go on past the end of its goddam rope,” Shannon says. “Like *you!* Like *me!*” The iguana is eventually freed; but Williams never was. “Sweet Bird of Youth,” set on Easter morning, is a kind of resurrection play—a daydream of atonement, in which Williams faces up to the sin of his separation from others and the dilemma of lost goodness.

The word “monster” has its root in the contrary notions of marvels and warnings; and “Sweet Bird of Youth” probes the ambiguities between achievement and destruction. “We are two monsters, but with this difference between us,” the Princess, a movie star on the run from the imagined failure of her Hollywood comeback film, says to Chance, her young “pitiful monster,” who is attempting a comeback of his own, by blackmailing her into being his ticket to theatrical fame and fortune. “Out of the passion and torment of my existence I have created a thing that I can unveil, a sculpture, almost heroic, that I can unveil, which is true.” Here Clare Higgins’ husky voice and ravaged face invest the Princess’s panic and vanity with a compelling ferocity. Dazed and demented, the Princess sprawls on the silk sheets of the hotel double bed, squinting at her gigolo through cracked eyeglasses. “Well,” she says, in a line resounding with a lived sense of rapacity and loneliness, “I may have done better, but God knows I’ve done worse.” Higgins isn’t always so successful at finding the humor in the Princess’s knowing detachment—partly because she lacks a star’s deadly imperialism, and partly because there’s no chemistry between her and Robert Knepper, who, as Chance, hasn’t a whiff of sex or loss about him. This results in some strange readings. “Monsters don’t die early,” the Princess says, hectoring Chance. “They hang on long. Awfully long. Their vanity’s infinite, almost as infinite as their disgust with themselves.” Higgins punctuates these cau-



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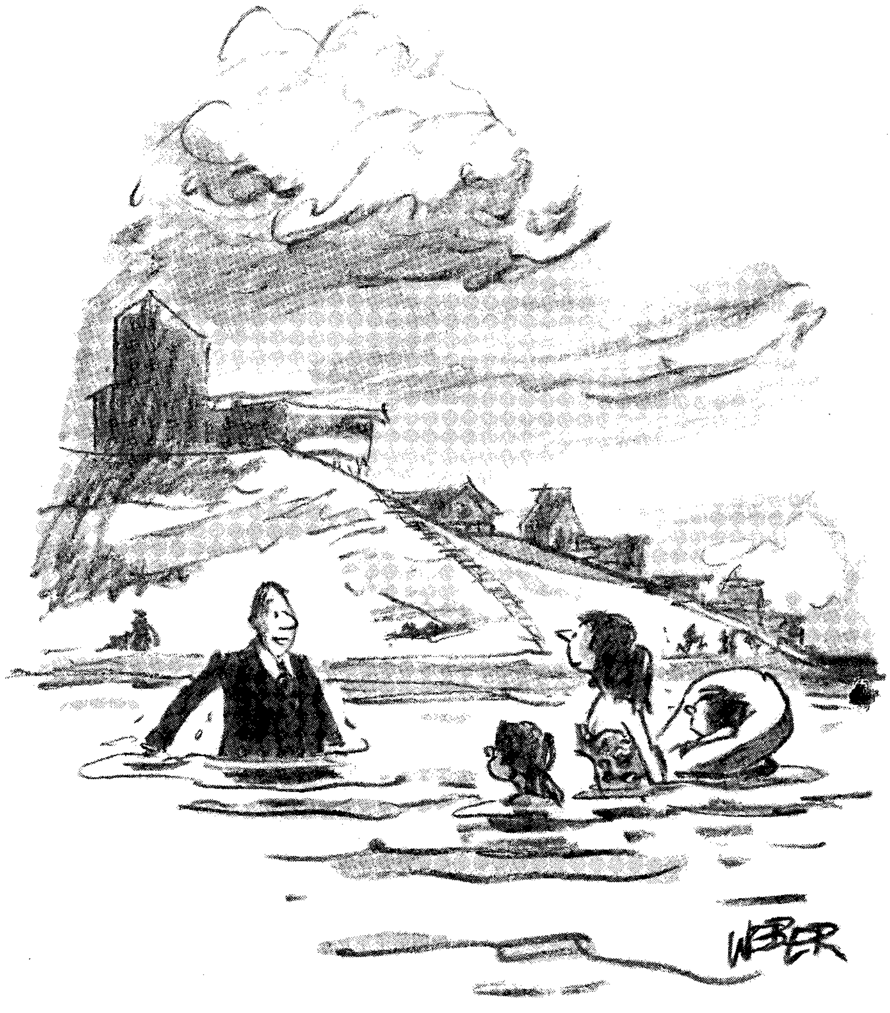
terizing lines with a wiggle of her hips.

"Sweet Bird of Youth," which dramatizes Chance's twenty-four-hour return to the Gulf Coast town where the legend of his youth began and where it will end, is full of mordant commentary on the soul's decay. "The age of some people can only be calculated by the level of . . . rot in them," Chance says to the Princess. "And by that measure I'm ancient." The cavernous darkness that fills the stage at curtain rise is the perfect ambience for the immensity of shame they're in retreat from. Anthony Ward's monumental louvred bedroom shutters, which reach from floor to ceiling, make the point as spectacularly as Williams' poetry. The characters long to be redeemed from their dead hearts. "Once I wasn't this monster," the Princess says to Chance, surprised to find herself feeling "something for someone besides myself" and momentarily looking to him for salvation. "Chance, you've got to help me stop being the monster that I was this morning, and you can do it." She is a big winner in the American sweepstakes who is terrified of losing; he is a big loser who is terrified that he'll never win. She is trying to hide from the memory of achievement; he is trying to manufacture achievements to hide in. Together, they are a kind of psychological composite of Williams. "Somehow we Americans have never stopped fighting," Williams said, in 1958, of the corruption brought on by the fever to win. "The very pressure we live under, the terrific competitive urge of our society brings out violence in the individual. We need to be taught how to love. Already we know only too well how to hate."

"Sweet Bird of Youth" is really Chance's story, but the play's flawed structure skews the focus. In an attempt to give a larger dimension to Chance's relationship with his beloved childhood sweetheart, Heavenly (who has to be sterilized because of his betrayal), and to



"It took three and a half hours to get here from the office, but here I am."

give more coherence to Chance's ultimate fate—his castration by the henchmen of Heavenly's draconian father, Boss Finley—Eyre has boldly assembled his production script from seven drafts of the play. The retooling is generally effective (although giving the role of Heavenly to Emma Amos, who is neither delicate nor believable, cancels out much of the narrative gain). Eyre deserves enormous credit for having mounted three major Williams revivals since he took over as director of the Royal National Theatre, in 1988. "I think the neglect of Williams by the British theatre, let alone the American theatre, has been absolutely shameless," he told me. "I deeply underrated Williams. I didn't see him in the way that I do now, as a moralist and the best writer of English prose in the theatre of this century." The prose *is* wonderful; but, having tampered with the script, Eyre is oddly timorous about adapting Williams' stage directions, and, as Williams instructed, allows Chance and the Princess to speak their long arias to the audience, and not to each other. This may be Williams' scenic way of indicating the isolation of two major-league narcissists, but it bogs down the play's momentum. As if to recoup it, the production mistakes agitation for desperation.

But there is no mistaking Williams' dream of salvation. At the finale, the Princess, forced by Chance to call a Hollywood gossip columnist on his behalf, learns that her film is a hit. In that instant, she is reborn Alexandra Del Lago, "redeemed" by fame to her former invulnerability. She immediately forgets about Chance. Her vainglorious volte-face is hilarious and lethal. The kingdom of self is reasserted, and the monstrous invoked once again. "I climbed back alone up the beanstalk to the ogre's country where I live, now, alone," she says to Chance, who refuses to be part of her entourage and to leave with her, despite Boss Finley's threats on his life. The parade has passed Chance by, as the Princess reminds him. "Chance," she says, "you've gone past something you couldn't afford to go past; your time, your youth, you've passed it. It's all you had, and you've had it." Chance, who has been notoriously irresponsible—he arrives in town unaware of his mother's death or Heavenly's operation—now owns up to his dereliction. He stops running, and chooses not "the spurious glory" of the Princess—the kind of fame he first glimpsed as a Broadway chorus boy in "Oklahoma!"—but the Christian glory of self-sacrifice. In Eyre's production, Chance's pill-popping and manic behavior make his decision to stay and face down his tormentors more resigned than heroic. "Something's got to mean something," Chance says, in a line unfortunately cut from Eyre's production. The castration—what Williams referred to in a letter to Kazan as "the quixotic, almost ridiculous choice, to stay and atone"—is a kind of leap of faith: an expression of Williams' own longing to reclaim his belief. Eyre's production emphasizes the sacrificial nature of the act by having the Boss's men advance on Chance with torches. While Chance's back is to us, his arms shoot out from his body as if he were crucified; and as the lights fade he falls backward with his pelvis thrust upstage at the approaching mob.

Salvation was easier for Williams to create in his plays than in his life. Drugs, drink, and dementia eroded much of his power of penetration and organization in the particularly chaotic period between 1964 and 1969, which he called his "Stoned Age." After that, what remained to him was his "left-over life," a gradual attenuation of friendships and of energy. "I feel like a sinking ship," he wrote his new agent, Bill Barnes, in 1973, "but things have a habit of going on." When his plays could no longer find a receptive audience, Williams put himself and his moral drama directly before the public. Asked to explain his conversion to Catholicism, he said, "I wanted to have my goodness back." But he never really regained it. "To the world I give suspicion and resentment mostly," he wrote in 1980, in the introduction to his collected short stories. "I am never deliberately cruel. But after my morning's work, I have little to give but indifference to people. I try to excuse myself with the pretense that my work justifies this lack of caring for almost everything else. Sometimes I crack through the emotional block. I touch. I hold tight to a necessary companion. But that breakthrough is not long lasting. Morning returns, and only work matters again." Williams' particular poignancy is that he saw the light but didn't want it enough. ♦

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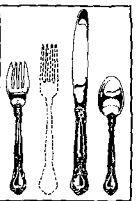

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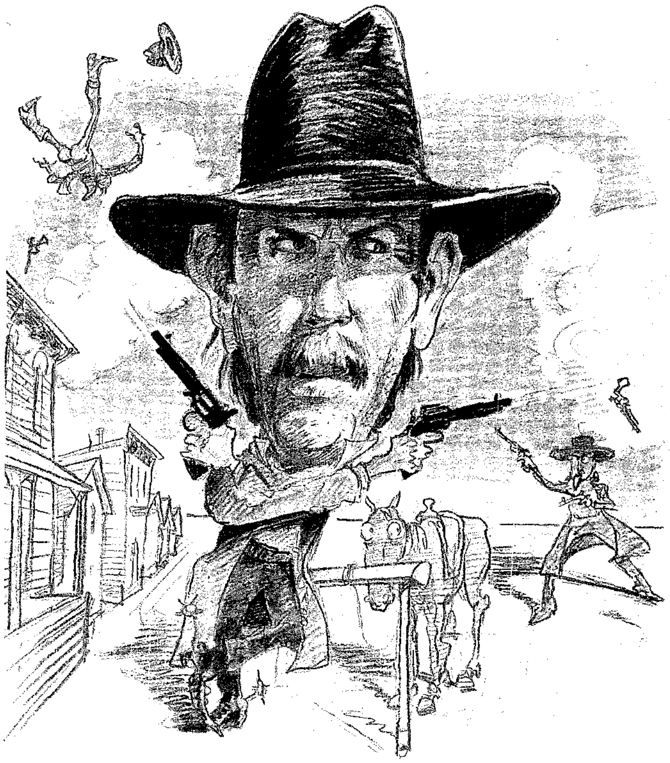
THE CURRENT CINEMA

MYSTERY MEN

BY TERRENCE RAFFERTY

It would be comforting to think of Lawrence Kasdan's "Wyatt Earp" as an ambitious, honorable failure. Sitting through this picture, which runs better than three hours, is such an ordeal that when it's over you cast about for some way to make the protracted suffering seem worthwhile—to erase the disturbing feeling that a large chunk of valuable time has simply vanished into thin air, like a rustled herd. But, try as you may, you can't identify anything in the movie that deserves to be called an ambition. And there's no honor in Kasdan's perspective on the perennial conflict between Western history and Western legend. Whenever the story requires him to choose between contradictory interpretations of his hero's character, he takes evasive action: he retreats to a safe place, high above the contested ground, and looks down at the smoke of battle.



Good marshal or bad marshal?: Kevin Costner in "Wyatt Earp."

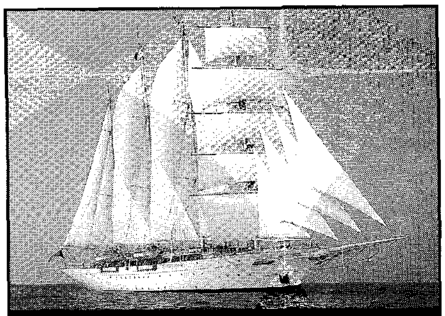
Earp's story has been told many times. In most of the movies based on his life, he's presented as the archetype of the fearless, heroic frontier lawman, the perfect knight who makes the wild street of towns like Dodge City and Tombstone safe for decent people. That image of Earp is derived primarily from Stuart N. Lake's authorized biography, "Wyatt Earp: Frontier Marshal," which appeared in 1931 and was based on its subject's own recollections of events. Other versions of Earp's life—notably, Frank Waters' 1960 book, "The Earp Brothers of Tombstone," told from the point of view of Wyatt's sister-in-law Allie, who was no admirer—portray him as a venal, bloodthirsty scoundrel. The revisionist take on Earp is bound to seem more credible to our contemporary sensibilities, but there's no reliable way to judge its accuracy. The events of the Old West weren't recorded very scrupulously at the time they were happening, and the exploits of its gunfighters and its lawmen quickly became the stuff of dime-novel myths The "truth" about Wyatt Earp has roughly the same status as the "truth" about King Arthur. What makes such legend-contaminated sagas so fruitfu is that they give a storyteller plenty o room to roam—to fill the wide-open spaces between verifiable facts with vivid conjecture. Both the idealized Earp of John Ford's great "My Darling Clementine" (which acknowledges the Lake biography as inspiration) and the mustache-twirling villain of Waters' book are compelling figures. Kasdan's Earp

(Kevin Costner) is a cipher, even though the movie tracks him from adolescence to old age. Kasdan and his screenwriting collaborator, Dan Gordon, steer a cagey, cautious middle course between the good Wyatt and the bad Wyatt, and never arrive at anything like a clearly defined character. This movie's hero is a vague, blurred image, like a mirage in the desert—a false promise for a long journey. As "Wyatt Earp" wears on, you stare at the screen with an increasing sense of futility, knowing that what you're heading for isn't really there.

Western movies are traditionally a pretty leisurely form of storytelling, full of slow walks down empty streets, endless rides between distant outposts, and lots of waiting and staring and spitting. Kasdan, however, doesn't use the genre's deliberate rhythms to create dramatic tension; he's not striding toward a high-noon rendezvous with fate but simply strolling, peaceable-like, among Western conventions and trying to stay out of trouble. In the opening scene, Wyatt and his brothers Virgil (Michael Madsen) and Morgan (Linden Ashby) gather in a Tombstone saloon on the morning of the famous gunfight at the O.K. Corral. They sip coffee, grunt out a few terse sentences, then mosey into the street. But they don't meet their adversaries, the Clantons and the McLaurys, right away. The movie flashes back to Wyatt as a teen-ager, running through a cornfield, and it's a full two hours before Kasdan returns to the big day in Tombstone. As if to demonstrate that this is going to be a serious movie, not a mere Hollywood entertainment, he cuts *from* the chase. By the time he gets back to it, though, we've lost interest in it, because nothing the picture shows us in the interminable meantime proves to have any bearing on the events at the O.K. Corral: the gunfight isn't the culmination of the hero's story, or of complex historical forces, or even of a coherent, suspenseful dramatic situation. You can't help feeling that Kasdan has just been procrastinating, holding off on the crucial scene because he can't decide whether it's going to reveal Wyatt as an upright enforcer of the law or as a vengeful cur.

Since the movie doesn't want to commit itself to either interpretation of the hero's character, it tries to cover all the bases; this takes time. In the early scenes, Wyatt's father (Gene Hackman) supplies him with one moral principle—"Nothing counts so much as blood" (i.e., family)—and one bit of practical advice: Kill the bad guys before they can kill you. Later, Wyatt's first wife, Urilla (Annabeth Gish), dies of typhus, and that calamity teaches him another character-shaping lesson: Life stinks, and you have to be tough and coldhearted to survive. These three bullets of wisdom remain lodged in him for the rest of the picture, and, whenever it's possible, are used to explain the hero's violent actions. Just to be on the safe side, though, the filmmakers do their best to make questions of motivation irrelevant—or, more precisely, to fudge the narrative in such a way that the hero's motivation is *necessarily* opaque. We can't judge Wyatt's behavior in the shootout with the Clantons and the McLaurys, for the very good reason that we can't figure out what the dispute is all about. The hero of "Wyatt Earp" isn't an ambiguous, many-sided character; he's a flat, dull character plopped forlornly in the midst of deliberately confused action.

Last year's "Tombstone" wasn't much, either, but at least it had some of the old-fashioned virtues of the genre: simple, punchy storytelling; comprehensible action; and a handful of sharp, lived-in performances. In "Wyatt Earp," most of the actors in the immense cast don't leave much of an impression. Costner is conscientious. Some good actors, like Hackman and JoBeth Williams, are saddled with underwritten roles. (Why cast them if you're not going to give them something to do?) Other performers might, on reflection, wish that they had been given one of the bland, forgettable parts: Catherine O'Hara, as sarcastic Allie, and Mare Winningham, as Wyatt's jealous, drug-addicted common-law wife, Mattie, both wind up seeming shrewish and grotesque. But Bill Pullman, as Ed Masterson (brother of Bat), manages to give a small comic spark to this largely humorless picture, and Dennis Quaid, in the apparently foolproof role of Doc Holliday, provides "Wyatt Earp" with its only significant jolt of energy. Holliday, an alcoholic, consumptive gambler, was a staunch ally of Wyatt Earp, and in every version of this story he is a more romantic figure—a dying, cynical man



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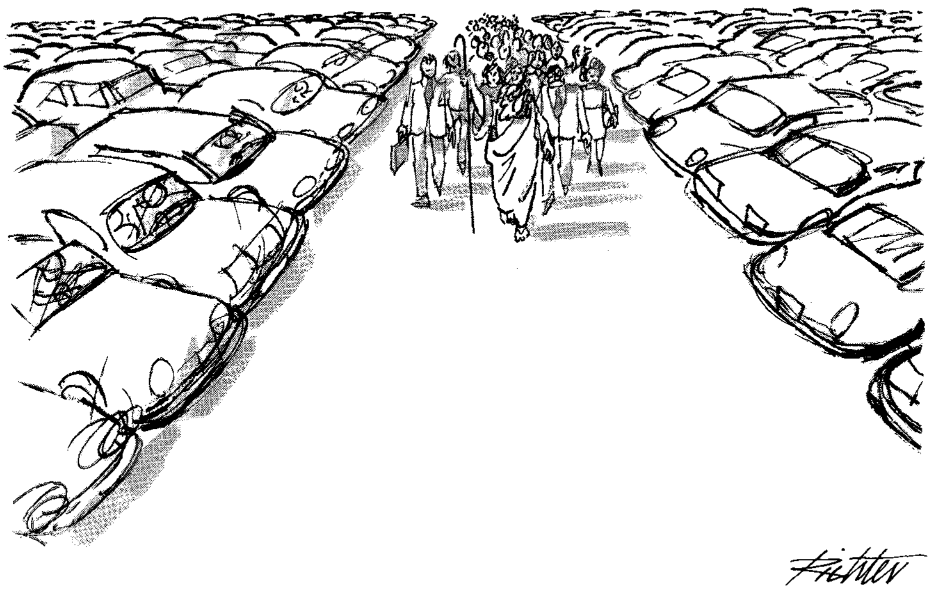
who musters what little strength he has to help his friend in a fight. Quaid, who reportedly lost more than forty pounds for the role, is certainly the *sickest*-looking Doc you've ever seen, and that gives him a peculiar advantage over more robust predecessors, like Victor Mature (in "My Darling Clementine") and Kirk Douglas (in John Sturges's "Gunfight at the O.K. Corral"): he doesn't have to cough so much to persuade us that he's in bad shape. He's also the loudest Doc on record. Holliday was from Georgia, and Quaid belts out his lines in an orotund, Foghorn Leghorn style, which makes for a witty and rather touching contrast to his physical frailty. (Val Kilmer, in "Tombstone," also emphasized Holliday's Southernness, but in a different way: he sounded like Jimmy Carter.)

Quaid's performance is flamboyant, all-stops-out acting, and it has the effect of reminding us of what's otherwise missing from this picture—a sense of daring. "Wyatt Earp" feels like the longest movie ever made because you sense its shiftiness right away; from the first, inert scenes you know that the filmmakers are more concerned with maintaining an air of respectability—like the timid, pompous bankers that traditional Westerns scorn—than with telling a strong story. The movie spends all its energy on the run, avoiding positions that it might have to defend; it doesn't *stand* for anything. What kind of Western is that? "Wyatt Earp" is so cowardly that you almost feel funny attacking it; it's like shooting a man in the back.

LAMONT CRANSTON (Alec Baldwin), the hero of Russell Mulcahy's "The Shadow," is a clandestine crime fighter who solves mysteries and punishes evildoers by means of extraordinary mental skills acquired in the Far East. His handiest trick is making himself invisible: using a kind of hypnosis, he's able to "cloud men's minds" (in the memorable phrase from the "Shadow" radio series, which aired weekly from 1937 to 1954) so thoroughly that they can't see him. They can certainly hear him, though: the Shadow tends to announce his presence with a sinister, self-satisfied laugh, and to issue to his adversaries, as he's hurling them about, constant reminders of his superiority and their powerlessness. "The Shadow knows," he keeps saying; God Himself couldn't rub it in any more gleefully. This is the sort of hero that the professional mind-clouders who run Hollywood studios can really identify with. Probably the only reason "The Shadow" has taken so long to reach the big screen is that invisibility is a bigger drawback for a movie hero than for a radio hero; paying customers generally don't want the star to disappear at the height of the action (and neither does the star).

The screenplay, by David Koepp, solves this problem by providing the hero with an opponent—a world-dominator type named Shiwan Khan (John Lone)—whose powers are roughly equal to the Shadow's; in the characters' big confrontations, they mind-wrestle to a standoff, and Baldwin and Lone are thus allowed to remain on the screen. As pulp-recycling projects go, "The Shadow" isn't bad. The picture is set in the thirties—the heyday of the character's popularity—and the production design, by Joseph Nemec III, is swell. But the gorgeous sets don't overwhelm the story, as they did, for instance, in Warren Beatty's stillborn "Dick Tracy"; the action here cracks along at a steady, if not relentless, pace. The somewhat arrogant air that Baldwin brings to so many of his roles seems entirely appropriate to this character; and Penelope Ann Miller, as Cranston's romantic foil, Margo Lane, wears her slinky gowns with great style and still manages to radiate a Jean Arthurish regular-gal charm. Refreshingly, the filmmakers and most of the actors resist the temptation to camp up the material; they show some respect for the beauty of an earlier era's pop-culture conventions, and play this ludicrous melodrama pretty straight.

The sleek new "Shadow" is, if anything, too faithful to the pleasantly modest artistic ambitions of the original material. In nearly two hours, and at a cost of over forty million dollars, Mulcahy's movie supplies almost exactly the entertainment value of a single half-hour "Shadow" radio drama, which always sounded as if it cost about a buck ninety-eight to produce. It's sad to think that so much heavy lifting is now required to deliver a package as ordinary as this. Although "The Shadow" is a reasonably exciting time killer, its deluxe adequacy feels like a tacit admission by the filmmakers that they don't entirely trust the simple narrative powers that served them so well in bygone days Hollywood wants what it has always wanted—to cloud viewers' minds—but it seems to take more and more technology to get that once routine job done And, as the disproportion between effort and effect grows, the whole business of entertainment starts to seem a little silly. The Shadow's Dolby-enhanced laughter sounds suspiciously hollow here. It's the nervous, too loud laughter of someone who knows that he just doesn't cloud 'em like he used to. ♦



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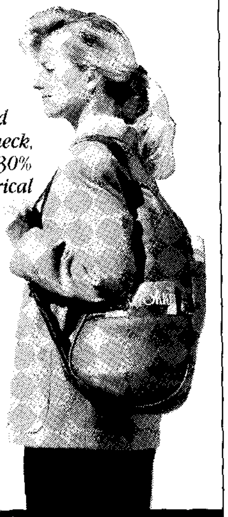

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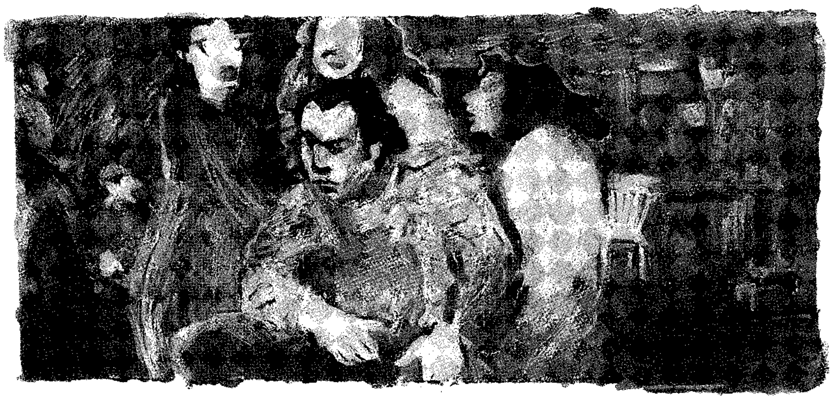
BY PAUL GRIFFITHS



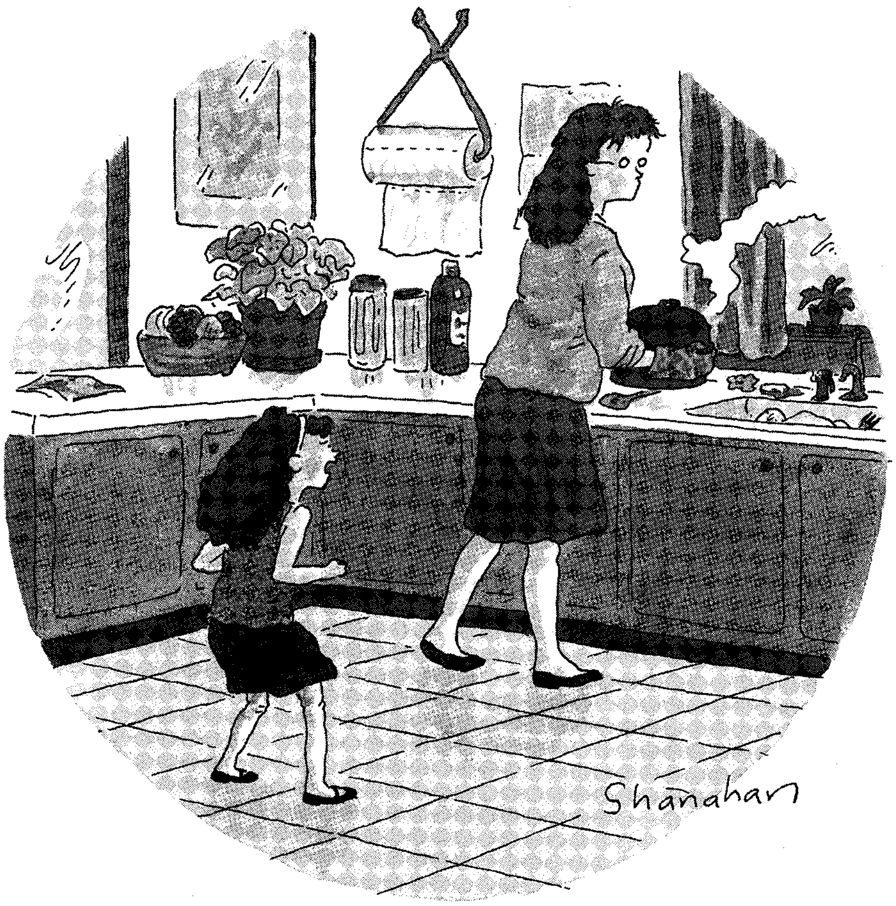
The Chicago Lyric Opera premières Bruce Saylor's "Orpheus Descending."

RITA HEALY

MANY of the big opera companies in this country run training programs for young singers; what's unusual about the Lyric Opera of Chicago's Center for American Artists is that it also helps steer composers—composers who, though they may be expert in other ways, haven't had much practice in writing for the theatre. During a residency of two or three years with apprentice singers at the center, they have the opportunity to make their mistakes in private, and the encouragement to make a good show in public, under the close collaborative conditions that opera has usually needed. It's a splendid project, and typical of Lyric Opera in affirming the importance of new work. But it faces a huge challenge, which I hope the people in Chicago can manage to enjoy. With a singer, you know where you are: the voice dictates what roles a young artist ought to be preparing for. Who, though, can hear the potential operatic voice of a composer? Who can discern what studies and exercises might be useful, what quirks need to be ironed out, what talents can be developed? Where the singers' tasks are clear (given that Chicago is directing them toward careers in the standard repertory), their composer colleagues are setting off on unknown paths.

Or so one might hope. Of course, there must be the temptation to take the tried-and-true highway of modern American opera. You select a play, screenplay, or novel, something with a good cultural pedigree. You don't mess about with it too much. You make it into an opera, but discreetly. That way, everybody feels reassured: the producers have a bankable title (oh, yes, it's the Tennessee Williams play/Cocteau script/Virginia Woolf novel); the singers can get quick access to their characters by looking them up in the original; and we in the audience know in advance what's going on.

But do we go to the theatre in order to be reassured? The result of operatic adaptation, as currently practiced by composers with excellent intentions and supreme accomplishment in other fields, seems bound to be a sort of walking movie, with the score turned up a notch, which makes the characters want to sing. And those excellently intentioned, supremely accomplished composers can point out that the two great revolutionary works of modern opera—"Pelléas et Mélisande" and "Wozzeck"—were made by exactly that process of adapting plays. Right. But the precedent's valid only if you can find plays that provide what Maeterlinck's and Büchner's provided: invitations to the exceptional. "Orpheus Descending" isn't in that category, as sadly appears from the scrupulous version by Bruce Saylor, the fourth composer-in-residence at the Lyric Opera Center for American Artists. The piece opened recently at the Cahn Auditorium of



"Mia Farrow would find the time!"

Northwestern University; there are two more performances at the University of Chicago early next month.

The Williams play has, to be sure, some operatic possibilities. They don't reside particularly in the Orpheus theme, which perhaps simply provided the author with one of his resonant titles; the male lead, Val—the hunk who arrives in a small town and instantly attracts the attention of every woman he meets—is more a reluctant Dionysus than an Orpheus. Still, he's a musician, and that could help. (However, and curiously, Mr. Saylor is almost apologetic about this aspect of the story: he just has Val slinging a guitar, while its music is represented by harp-led arpeggiations reminiscent of the dawn music from "Peter Grimes.") What might also be useful is the drama's tilt toward the irrational. In the play, this seems more hoped for than achieved: the stage directions are full of anxious reminders that we're not in a realistic world, and the weird bits in the action are grindingly symbolic and adventitious. But an opera could *make* them happen.

Again, though, Mr. Saylor's work fails to exploit its subject. Take the first break from naturalism, which prepares for the entry of the hero. A black Conjure Man has come into the store where the action occurs: "His tattered garments are fantastically bedizened with many talismans and good-luck charms of shell and bone and feather," Williams directs. "His blue-black skin is daubed with cryptic signs in white paint." There should also be a "phrase of primitive music or percussion" as he moves into the light. He doesn't say anything; he just shows a charm to Carol Cutrere, the local good-time girl. Then she and he make "the Choctaw cry." Enter Val.

What happens in the opera? The scene is cut. There's no Conjure Man. Instead, Carol, for reasons that remain obscure, takes the charm out of her pocket and sings briefly of and to it. Her music so far has been fairly volatile—high on the treble staff (even though she's billed as a mezzo), and wreathed with the sensuous perfume of the vibraphone, like the music of Berg's Lulu. It doesn't get any wilder when she does this business with the charm. Certainly there's nothing to resemble the cry that Williams wanted, and, without the Conjure Man or some equivalent discommoding, there's nothing to generate the charge of expectation that Val's entrance will both answer and continue. The score supplies him with entrance music, but then the score dutifully supplies all the major characters with themes or harmonies or instrumentations or vocal mannerisms. There's nothing special to bring about and to mark Val's arrival—just where something special is most needed.

Mr. Saylor's conscientiousness in labelling his characters may have to do with his education: he seems to have learned from his teacher George Perle not only an admirable facility in harmonic alchemy—the alchemy that makes it possible for all kinds of chromatic, diatonic, and modal ideas to be enmeshed in a consistent discourse—but also a reverence for Berg, whose second opera plays behind much more than the figure of Carol Cutrere. But he can't match Berg's motifs for characterfulness—who could?—and so the music tells us much more about him than it does about the people onstage. It tells us of his background and allegiances; it tells us of his skill, in the way two hour-long stretches of music keep themselves busy; it tells us of his craftsmanship, in how the orchestra of twenty-three makes us always aware of the advantages of smallness—color, alacrity, immediacy, especially of percussion sound—and not the potential disadvantages, of thin texture and weak blend. It tells us he's an elegant, sure, imaginative, and intelligent composer. It doesn't tell us he ought to be writing operas.

Qualities of musical inventiveness and proficiency don't count for much when they're encumbered with a pretty ordinary tale. They suggest a composer who's trying too hard, a composer who's narrating the piece, not letting it relate itself. The dramatic materials—the entry of the stranger, the festering of psychological wounds, and our old operatic friend the destructive power of sex—don't seem to engage Mr. Saylor as much as the problems and pleasures of creating an opera: these, rather than events onstage, provide the music's drive. Mr. Saylor's tags for persons and moods remain as surface reminders, detachable features in the pattern. And, because his vocal characterizations are so self-conscious, they push toward caricature: Jabe, the villain of the piece, has far too many upward-glissading "Uh-huh"s when he first comes on; his nurse is similarly obliged to keep coming back to a bluesy downward scale through a minor third.

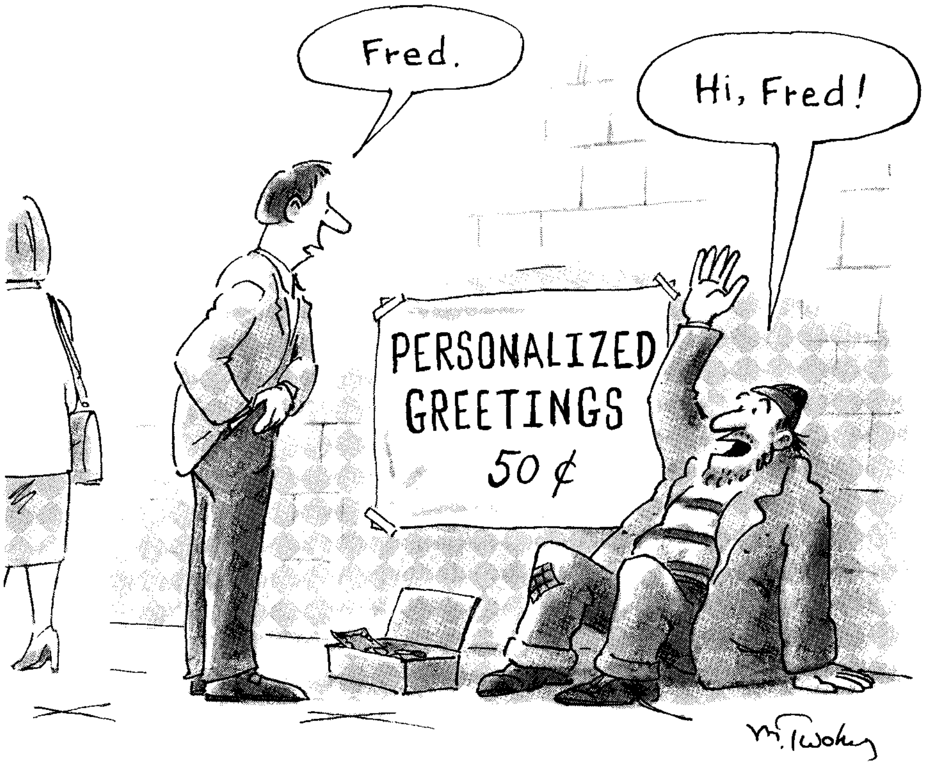
Hers aren't the only musical reminders of time and place. Though Mr. Saylor has said, "There's not a hint of Americana in the score," the piece couldn't have been written anywhere but here, and it candidly accepts the idea that the way American English is sung has been largely defined by vernacular and popular traditions. That those traditions don't similarly touch the libretto is strange, since the man responsible for the words, J. D. McClatchy, has recently written with enthusiasm, in *Antaeus*, about Sondheim's lyrics. Defending Sondheim against critics who've found him overintellectual, Mr. McClatchy remarks that this "seems an odd charge, considering that a song represents precisely that moment when our feelings are brought to the pitch of thought."

Now, one can argue about that. It may be true of unillusioned, reflective characters like Sondheim's; it seems less plausible behavior for the people in "Orpheus Descending." But, whether songs come about by intensity of thought or by short-circuiting of thought, they ought to make a different verbal noise from speech, and here they don't. The libretto is simply an edited version of the play, from which most of the sung lines are taken intact. Mr. McClatchy should perhaps have acted with less humility—not gone with the play and Williams' script for the screen version ("The Fugitive Kind") but taken his own route. He would then have given his composer something other than this, for example, for Carol's moment of exhilaration in the second act: "The country used to be wild. The men and the women had a wild sort of sweetness in their hearts. But now it's broken, it's broken out sick, broken out sick. I'll be waiting outside in my car." As Mr. McClatchy also says in his essay on Sondheim, "simplicity of utterance alone is suitable for song." The gift of simplicity, though, is a rise above plainness.

One senses that Mr. McClatchy didn't feel able to go all the way with his conception of what an opera might be, and the same may be true of Mr. Saylor, some of whose most striking ideas seem to want to belong in a less humdrum narrative. There's a moment when the stage is held by the sound of a tam-tam, and at the end Carol can find no words but only musical sighs for her benediction of the dead lovers. The danger of residency schemes—not only the Lyric Opera's but those run by orchestras and other organizations—is that by offering an abundance of experience and advice they may divert people from what's unprecedented and difficult into what's familiar and straightforward.

The production, directed by Rhoda Levine and designed by Marie Anne Chiment, urged the piece in the same direction, after the fact, by making it look like a play, and so making no allowance for how exchanges go more slowly when they are sung: people just stood and waited to make their responses. Happily, there was more life in the pit, thanks to the conductor, Stewart Robertson, and under his guidance the young singers produced outstanding musical performances. Here, decidedly, is one respect in which "Orpheus Descending" fulfills its brief: it makes an excellent vehicle for ready vocal talent. Mr. Saylor writes fluently and engagingly for voices: he's had success with music for Jessye Norman, whose presence in the first-night audience brought a grand imprimatur to the occasion. His score is a varied weave of sopranos and baritones, the only tenor being a minor figure heard mostly in the first-act ensembles (here, too, was a suggestion of "Peter Grimes," in the earnest adroitness), and each of the leading characters gets at least one good, solid solo.

Even so, the opera is thoroughly dominated by Lady Torrance—the part played by Vanessa Redgrave in the 1989 Broadway revival, which spurred Mr. Saylor to make the opera. In Juliana Rambaldi he found a singer who could take command of the stage—you looked at her even when she was sitting down with her elbow resting on a table—and who sounded in fine vocal health all through a long role: hers is a strong, agile, and nicely focussed voice, with a gleam that engages sympathy. Terese Fedea, as Carol, suitably offered the different brightness of the damned; Emily Magee, as Vee Talbott, the third woman attracted to Val, was cruelly hampered by the alteration of her character in the libretto and the production, so that she lost her motivation as an evangelist and became a grotesque, driven by hopeless lust. But probably Victor Benedetti, as Val, had the most claims made on his bravery—claims he ably, steadily answered. Williams wanted Brando in the part, and got him in the movie version; the opera needed to re-create Brando's voice and looks as song. It needed to accept what it never quite would accept: that opera is another sort of animal. ♦



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BOOKS

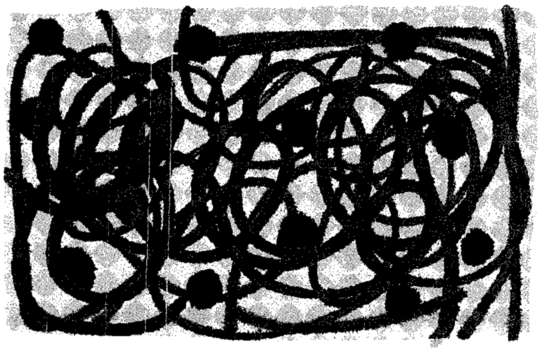
DANGEROUS DIAGNOSES

BY VERLYN KLINKENBORG

Living in the Shadow of Death
by Sheila M. Rothman
(Basic; $25)

Silent Travelers
by Alan M. Kraut
(Basic; $25)

It's *one of the blithe pretenses of* modern living that a disease is something you "get" or "have," with—usually—no more enduring an effect on your character than getting or having a new car or a cellular phone. But in a person experiencing severe or chronic illness, just as in a community suffering an epidemic, disease provokes a crisis of self-definition: internal boundaries shift, and the complex structures of identity rearrange themselves. It's not merely an organic condition that brings about the crisis, not merely infection or pain or the imminence of death. Medical historians and laypersons alike are beginning to realize that disease is a social construct as well as a medical event. When you contract a disease, you contract the world of that disease, and that world is what threatens self-definition. In this, as in so much else, AIDS has reminded us of things that were on the verge of being forgotten. It has distanced us from the medical optimism of the nineteen-fifties and sixties and reasserted the fact that no sickness—and certainly no epidemic—comes without its myths, which can be every bit as damaging as the sickness itself.



Sheila Rothman, in her new book, "Living in the Shadow of Death," suggests that although consumption and tuberculosis are usually regarded as synonyms for the same disease, they are really different diseases. Both tuberculosis and consumption are caused when the lungs become infected with the tubercle bacillus, but after 1882, when the bacillus was discovered, "consumption rapidly became an arcane term, for it no longer seemed suitable to define a disease by its most dramatic symptom," Rothman writes. "The new designation, tuberculosis, linked the disease directly to its causative agent." With that change in name, everything else changed, too. Consumption was believed to be hereditary; tuberculosis was known to be infectious. Consumption afflicted members of every social class, but by 1900, largely for reasons having to do with differences in living conditions, tuberculosis "had become a disease of the poor, particularly of the immigrants." Male consumptives had travelled widely for their health in the nineteenth century, while female consumptives were invalided at home, but in the early twentieth century the tubercular of both sexes were isolated in sanatoriums, and they inspired a fear in the general public which consumptives had never done—a fear that "earned its own sobriquet: *phthisiophobia.*" Tuberculosis was a disease that was subject, even if wishfully, to the rhythm of treatment and cure but consumption was a vocation, an illness that enlisted you in what Alice James called "the life long occupation of improving."

The purpose of Rothman's book is to tell the story of what she calls "tuberculosis and the social experience of illness" from within, using patients' narratives—letters and journals—instead of doctors' case records. "The distinction is critical," she argues. Case records are written by doctors, and, almost necessarily, they reduce a person to a bundle of symptoms, test results, and medica ments, and they give no hint of what it's like to suffer or to heal, to experience a disease. But patients' narratives are different. They are "intimate, emotive, and deeply personal," and they suggest that illness may "set the parameters of . . . life but . . . not its sum." To remind readers what it means to inhabit an illness, Rothman draws on a diverse group of little-known sources, like the revealing correspondence of Deborah Vinal Fiske, who was the daughter of a successful Boston contractor and the wife of a professor at Amherst College. One of the rewards of Rothman's approach is its rich harvest of nonmedical information. It's impossible to read Fiske's letters, for example, without reflecting at length on the social status of unmarried women in the mid-nineteenth century. "I really think *useful* single people may be called the salt of the earth," Fiske writes. "What would become of us if everybody was married? I am sure all the invalid wives would soon be sold for rags."

Using patients' narratives means that Rothman's subject is inevitably tubercular illness among the literate classes. The poor, who usually leave no literary record of their experiences, appear in Rothman's book the way they often do in medical histories: as statistics. In 1890, she reports, the death rate from tuberculosis in one residential section of the Upper West Side was "49 per 100,000," but "in the crowded tenement sections of lower Manhattan it was 776 per 100,000." Who were these people? The answer lies in Alan Kraut's "Silent Travelers: Germs, Genes, and the 'Immigrant Menace.' "

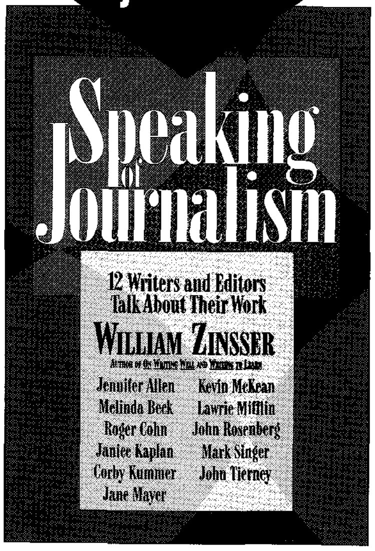
WITHIN its narrower compass, "Silent Travelers" belongs to a genre that includes books like Alfred Crosby's "Ecological Imperialism" (1987) and Kirkpatrick Sale's "The Conquest of Paradise" (1990)—books whose subject is the biological commingling of continents. On this continent, Native Americans, of course, were powerless to restrict what no one called immigration, but as early as 1700, Kraut writes, the Massachusetts Colony "passed a detailed immigration law that selectively excluded the sick or physically disabled." "Silent Travelers" is a history of the legal barricades erected against immigrant-borne disease, and a chronicle of paranoia that can be continued down to the present day. Nearly every wave of immigrants coming to America has been linked—falsely, as a rule—with a threat to the public health. The Chinese were associated with leprosy and bubonic plague, the Jews with consumption, the Irish with cholera and typhoid, the Italians with polio, the Haitians with AIDS. As one physician wrote in 1794, "loathsome and dangerous diseases have been considered by all nations as of foreign extraction." Nobody denies that an immigrant may carry a dangerous or infectious disease. The trouble begins when people start to believe that a particular disease is inherent in the character or the culture or the genetic makeup of an immigrant group.

In March, 1900, for instance, San Francisco's Chinatown was quarantined because a forty-one-year-old man named Chick Gin had died from a disease that looked like the plague. Soon afterward, the quarantine was lifted, and several doggerel satires, attacking doctors and public-health authorities, appeared:

Have you heard of the deadly bacillus,
Scourge of a populous land,
Bacillus that threatened to kill us
When found in a Chinaman's gland?

But after laboratory animals inoculated with tissue from Chick Gin's body died, the quarantine was reinstated, and the mood of the city changed. Asians living in San Francisco were required to receive an experimental vaccine, and, when they protested, railroads were instructed "to refuse transportation to Chinese and Japanese lacking a certificate of inoculation." Chinese leaders took legal action against the San Francisco Board of Health, whereupon one newspaper wrote, "Clear the foul spot from San Francisco and give the debris to the flames." The Board of Health's quarantine was overturned in court when it was proved that Caucasians who had residences and businesses neighboring Chinatown didn't face the same restrictions.

"The very openness, even rootlessness of American society and life nurtured fears of subversion when sudden, unsettling changes in community life occurred," Kraut writes. "These anxieties were fed by a general belief in the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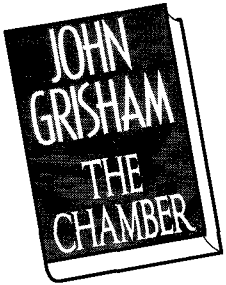
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unsullied quality of the American continent, an Eden of pure air and water that had nurtured a pioneering race of remarkable physical fortitude who had cleared the forests and founded the republic." A point that was overlooked, of course, was that what this mythic Eden of purity had done for one wave of immigrants it could also do for another. Read together, "Silent Travelers" and "Living in the Shadow of Death" illustrate the complexity and the animus that arise when medical myths and political myths overlap. As it happened, the men and women who cleared the forests and founded the republic were often consumptives. In the early nineteenth century, when the United States was restricting immigration for public-health reasons, consumptive American males were embarking on whalers and shipping out on merchant vessels to South America, to the Mediterranean, fleeing the noxious climate of the Northeast.

By the mid-nineteenth century, the American West had become the principal destination of consumptives. Among the trappers and mountain men were consumptives who had come West for their health. "In ways that are quite remarkable, the biographies of health seekers are integral to the history of the westward movement," Rothman writes. The American West became what one patient called the "land of New Lungs," and cities like Denver, El Paso, Albuquerque, Tucson, and Los Angeles were soon filled with consumptives and their physicians. Colorado Springs originated as a health colony. Pasadena began as "a collective undertaking of a group of Indiana families in which husband or wife or both were consumptive." The climate in Southern California was healthy, but its residents were not: many consumptives had come too late to hope for health. "In Santa Barbara, California, the suicide rate in 1893 was thirty per hundred thousand, among the highest in the world," Rothman notes. "That same year, one out of every three deaths in the town was due to tuberculosis." Before long, a familiar reaction had set in. "Why should this glorious State be stocked with consumptives and their offspring?" one doctor declared in 1900. "Instead of this State producing a people with mental and bodily vigor . . . we shall have a race weak in mind and body, and deeply tainted with a predisposition to consumption." This was the same argument that had been used a generation earlier in an attempt to exclude from the state what one California member of Congress called "the Hottentot, the cannibal from the jungles of Africa, the West India negro, the wild Indians, and the Chinaman."

"Silent Travelers" and "Living in the Shadow of Death" are essentially histories of medical difference, and differences, as the biologist Ruth Hubbard has written, "become scientifically interesting only when they parallel differences in power." The distinction between the healthy and the sick does not at first look like a distinction in power, but that's what it nearly always becomes, whether or not it is allied with categories like native-born and immigrant or heterosexual and homosexual. The crudity of California's attempt to exclude the tubercular in 1900 looks transparent now. That's one of the side effects of medical optimism; a cure for disease is also a cure for difference. But in the history of medicine the discrimination of diseases always precedes the discovery of cures. As scientists expand their search for human differences at the molecular level, the risk of paranoia, and exclusion, persists unchanged, and it threatens especially those without power. Tuberculosis has been in the news again recently, largely because it has reëmerged, in several drug-resistant strains, among those, as Rothman says, "without social privilege, in this case, African Americans, the homeless, and those with HIV disease"—among those, in other words, whose narratives are less likely to be heard. It is well to be reminded of something a Denver physician wrote in 1904: "TB is a good respectable disease if you have money, but without it, it is a mean lowdown business." ♦

BOOKS BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Iced
by Ray Shell
(Random House; $20)

THIS novel, by an American actor and musician now working in England, has some of the virtues of performance art—its first-person narrative is energized by the power of the speaking voice, which expresses itself in a jagged, syncopated style reminiscent of a rap monologue. The book also has at least one of the qualities of the best pulp fiction—after the first few pages, it's difficult to put down, even during its most violent moments. These heterogeneous elements are perfectly suited to the story it tells of the descent of Cornelius Washington, Jr., a once promising child of the Brooklyn projects, into crack addiction and madness. Shell understands that an experience so extreme requires its own form and fictional devices: he absorbs political rants, paranoid delusions, and reflections on social disorder into Cornelius's fragmented consciousness and renders with great imaginative sympathy both the mental state of an addict at the pitch of his addiction and the desperation and brutality of the subculture that services such a habit.

The Summer House
by Alice Thomas Ellis
(Penguin; $9.95)

THREE novels are collected here, each telling the same story, of the weeks preceding the wedding of young Margaret to a middle-aged family friend, Syl. Margaret's version comes first; if she loves anyone, it is not her fatuous fiancé, and certainly not her awful mother (with whom she lives, outside London), but, rather, Lili, an old friend of her mother's who comes to stay. Where Margaret is self-abnegating to the point of absence, Lili is vivid and uninhibited, and seems to promise rescue. The second narrator is the fiancé's much maligned but wise old mother—wise enough to see that her son is silly. Last comes Lili, and while it is disappointing to discover that even she has insecurities, in her own rendition she becomes funny and rewarding in new ways. Throughout, one encounters a tangle of secrets that range from incest and murder to having a religious vocation—all touched upon in the lightest, deftest manner while the wedding dress is altered, a gallery opening attended, and a great deal of liquor consumed. This book has the clarity and spiteful wit of the best contemporary British fiction; in addition, it has the ambition to explore the nature of perception and love.

GENERAL

The Kingdom of Matthias
by Paul E. Johnson and
Sean Wilentz
(Oxford; $25)

IN 1830, the carpenter Robert Matthews, reared among devout Calvinists in upstate New York, abandoned his profession and began preaching to all who would listen, proclaiming himself the Prophet Matthias and offering a theology that extolled the subjection of women and excoriated, among others, doctors, lawyers, clergymen, and "men who wear spectacles." He came to New York City and sought out and converted the prosperous merchant Elijah Pierson, whose involvement with evangelical reform had taken a radical turn when, riding on a Manhattan omnibus, he heard the voice of God dubbing him Elijah the Tishbite. Pierson's money allowed Matthias to affect the trappings he judged appropriate for a messiah—expensive clothing, a silver chalice, an elegant sword. With various followers, Matthias eventually settled into a large house in Sing Sing, where he exercised dictatorial powers and where sexual license (and possibly murder) flourished under supposedly divine sanction. The story of Matthias might seem a mere diversion had it not been part of the extraordinary religious ferment that seized New York beginning in the eighteen-twenties, spawning frequent revivals and the birth of new sects, including Mormonism. Just when the reader starts to think that too much is being made of the ravings of a madman, the authors furnish a spectacular surprise ending that connects the tale of Matthias to a central truth of American history.

Certain Trumpets
by Garry Wills
(Simon & Schuster; $23)

THESE sensible, entertaining reflections on the nature of leadership emphasize the point that different kinds of enterprises demand different kinds of leaders: leading a war demands a different set of skills from leading a reform movement. Wills illustrates the diversity of leadership in a series of paired career sketches that often contrast a success with a failure (Washington, who created a durable republic, and Cromwell, who didn't) and sometimes contrast leaders whose contributions have been valuable in different ways (Socrates and Wittgenstein). Wills is persuasive in admiration (Dorothy Day) but humane enough to understand leaders no one admires; for example, when he discusses Cesare Borgia as an opportunistic leader he conveys the desperation of a man trying to disguise the tenuousness of his hold on power.

A Natural History of Love
by Diane Ackerman
(Random House; $23)

"OF all the errands life seems to be running, of all the mysteries that enchant us, love is my favorite." So Diane Ackerman introduces her study of heterosexual love from many angles—among them the biochemical, the literary, and the anthropological—and in many expressions, from the dog fancier's to the coprophiliac's. She cites both *Mademoiselle* and the *Minutes of the Vienna Psychoanalytic Society;* discussions of the origins of bridal showers and stag parties could easily have appeared in *Bride's.* Her conclusion is equally coy and predictable: Love Is Just One of Those Things. Less predictable is her survey of the erotic rush of love—the human ardor for flight and speed, our fascination with the womb-like sea. In a glorious tumult, Ackerman looks at the siren call of mermaids, the Indy 500, and the ecstasies of a levitating seventeenth-century saint. And her exploration of young girls' love for horses takes her to Lascaux, where she wonderfully and wonderingly describes the "floodtide of horses" on the cave's walls, "crashing down through our dreams." ♦

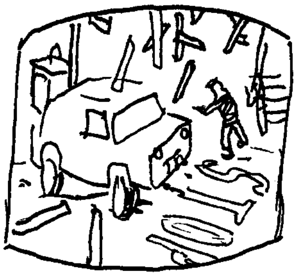
SHOUTS AND MURMURS

YOU, THE JURY!

BY CHRISTOPHER BUCKLEY

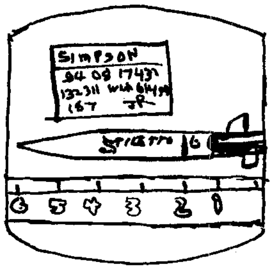
INTERACTIVE TV MOVIE OF THE WEEK: "BEAUTY AND THE JUICE." MENU OF ALTERNATIVE ENDINGS. MAKE SELECTION, THEN PRESS NUMBER OF DESIRED ENDING.

1. O.J. pretends to have a heart attack in the courtroom. In the ambulance on the way to the hospital, he overpowers his guards and leads the L.A.P.D., the National Guard, the United States Air Force, the Border Patrol, and the Coast Guard on a harrowing chase into Mexico, where he claims political asylum. The Mexican government, still angry with the United States for stealing California in 1848, refuses to extradite him. In retaliation, the United States withdraws from the North American Free Trade Agreement. O.J. becomes a greeter at El Conquistador Hotel in Acapulco. Business there quadruples.



2. After pleading their client not guilty by reason of insanity, the defense attorneys Robert Shapiro, F. Lee Bailey, and Alan Dershowitz argue that the "admittedly unfortunate events" were actually all the fault of Nicole Simpson. "Who paid for that house?" Shapiro asks movingly in his summation. "Who paid for that Ferrari? I put it to you—if you came home and found your ex-wife thanking a man who had appeared on the television show 'Studs' for returning a pair of her mother's eyeglasses, wouldn't you go a little nuts?"

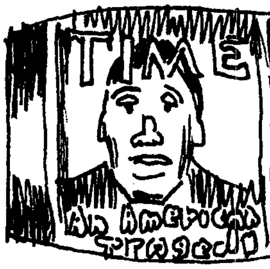
3. O.J. is found guilty on two counts of murder in the first degree and sentenced to death. But as the cyanide pellets drop inside the San Quentin gas chamber, the phone rings. It's the governor, ordering a halt to the execution. The police have just found a suicide note on the Golden Gate Bridge, signed by Al Cowlings, Simpson's longtime friend and sometime chauffeur. After thanking a hundred and twenty-four golfing buddies, Cowlings says that it was he who committed the murders, in an attempt to frame O.J. in revenge for O.J.'s having married his girlfriend many years ago. L.A. District Attorney Gil Garcetti sends O.J. a handwritten letter of apology, saying, "I never thought you did it, man." O.J., through a spokesman, replies, "Hey, no sweat," and asks Garcetti to be his partner in the Pebble Beach National Pro Am.



4. As word of O. J. Simpson's acquittal spreads throughout Beverly Hills, angry crowds of expensively dressed white people overturn gelato venders' carts and set fire to Cartier. The fire spreads to Tiffany and Chanel. People without lunch reservations storm the front door of Mortons and threaten the maître d' with physical violence if they are not immediately seated. Governor Wilson appeals for manners. Letitia Baldrige is brought in by armored riot vehicle and exhorts the crowds with a bullhorn, "Remember where you are!"

5. At the conclusion of the fourteen-month-long "preliminary hearing," Judge Kennedy-Powell determines that it would be impossible to impanel a jury that hasn't already arrived at a verdict, and orders that the trial be held in Guam. Prosecutor Marcia Clark vociferously objects to the change of venue, saying that she looks "ridiculous" in a *mestiza*, the traditional Guamanian attire. The judge sternly informs her that she is under no obligation whatsoever to wear Guamanian garb. O.J., extremely popular with Guamanians, is acquitted by an all-male jury after a two-hour-long trial. The jury foreman tells the press afterward that the jury might have voted to convict if Clark had worn a *mestiza*.

6. The legal battle of the century heads for the highest court in the land: Bailey v. Dershowitz. Bailey is livid with Dershowitz for calling him, in his best-selling book, "Can't Get Enough of Me," a "washed-up, publicity-mongering limousine-chaser who couldn't get Mother Teresa off on a shoplifting charge." Bailey has retaliated in *his* book, "The 'F' Stands for Fabulous," by calling Dershowitz a "short, four-eyed Harvard hairball who cares about only one thing—gross participation in movie deals." After many exciting motions and counter-motions, the Supreme Court decides not to hear the case. In a joint press conference brokered by super-agent Michael Ovitz, Bailey and Dershowitz declare, "Sadly, brilliant lawyers can no longer get justice in America," and announce plans for a miniseries about their reconciliation. ◆



ut from a different cloth. Elvis. Sushi. Tabloid headlines. Ticket
ubs. It was her splashy, silk print ties that first caught the public's
kle eye. Fashion imitating life. Her hip, high energy New York lifestyle.
ut she knew better than to bank on a trend. So she continued to do what
e does best. Cut dresses. Then she hit the runway. And the jackpot.
e business quickly grew to over $45 million a year. And the world
ally saw her for who she is. **Nicole Miller bought her first**
py of Forbes while designing women's raincoats in 1979.

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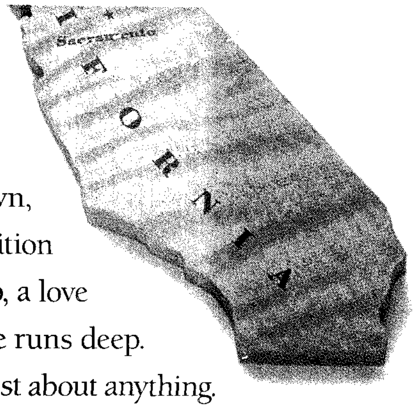

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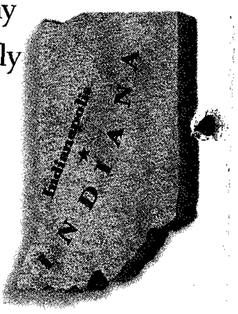
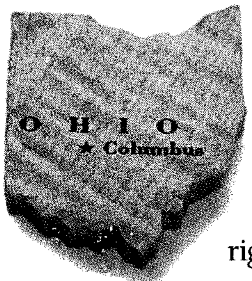


Once We Started Building The Camry In The U.S., All The Pieces Just Fell Into Place.



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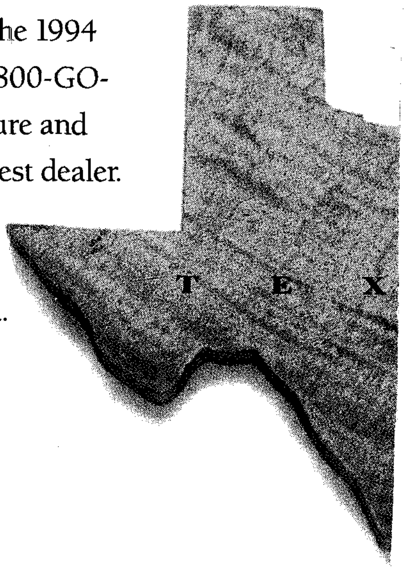
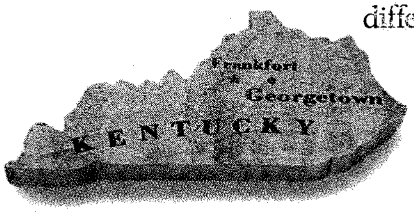
Maybe then all the pieces will fall into place for you.





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